THE LITERARY DIGEST
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(Titles registered in U. S. Patent Office)

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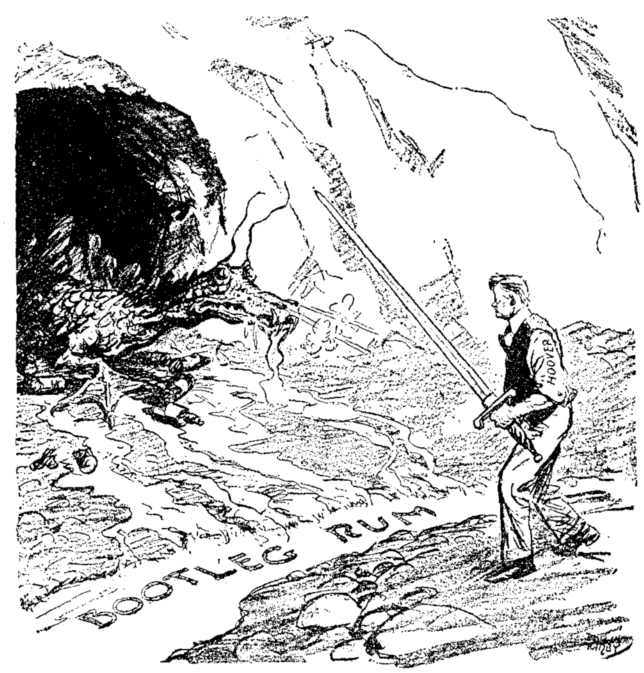
TOPICS OF THE DAY

(This title registered in U. S. Patent Office)

START OF THE GREAT HOOVER DRY DRIVE

ANOTHER IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT engages the attention of the country, as the Jones law begins to function, the President's Prohibition-enforcement program begins to take form, and wets and drys find new arguments and new reasons for extending their campaigns of organization and education. What President Hoover is going to do about Prohibition interests more people than any other of his policies, thinks an observant editor. "President Hoover has risked his prestige at the very start of his Administration on his ability to enforce the law," says David Lawrence in one of his dispatches, and the Columbus *Ohio State Journal* speaks for a large group of its contemporaries in calling it evident that "for the first time in its life, a thoroughgoing effort to enforce the Prohibition law is to be made." The new Attorney-General "has faith that we can improve conditions." While President Hoover takes especial care to have it understood that there is to be no drastic or dramatic program of spectacular, sensational raids and drives, we read in the New York *World* that "prosecuting officials all over the country are moving on the theory that the President means to make Prohibition successful, and that the way he expects to do it is by stiffer efforts of police and Prohibition agents, and by speeding up the courts." "In this, the tenth year since the Prohibition Amendment became at least theoretically effective, the greatest nation-wide drive yet undertaken to make it effective in fact will be launched," writes Carl Randau of the New York *Telegram*. This writer proceeds to note the statement of James M. Doran, Commissioner of Prohibition, that "there will be more activity everywhere" when the extra $3,000,000 recently voted by Congress becomes available on July 1, so that some 400 additional enforcement agents can be put to work. There are indications, we read on, that "in at least two cities, Chicago and Boston, the Federal agents in cooperation with the police have determined on intensive anti-liquor crusades." The Prohibition organizations are starting a drive of their own, we read in the dispatches, and Dr. F. Scott McBride, General Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League, is quoted as saying that "only the big cities are still standing out against the acceptance of Prohibition," and "the final drive, therefore, will be aimed at the larger communities." Women's organizations, church societies, and civic clubs, declares Dr. McBride, will be marshaled in a campaign to see that the law is enforced and that "adequate penalties" are imposed. On the other hand, according to a New York *World* writer, anti-Prohibitionists are getting ready to supply the Hoover crime commission with witnesses and statistics. A group of lawyers has met in New York—and the movement has spread to other cities—to give legal aid to minor offenders facing the heavy penalties of the new Jones law. This, by the way, has been followed by another organization of lawyers practising in Federal courts, who will back the Government's enforcement policy.



ANOTHER ST. GEORGE

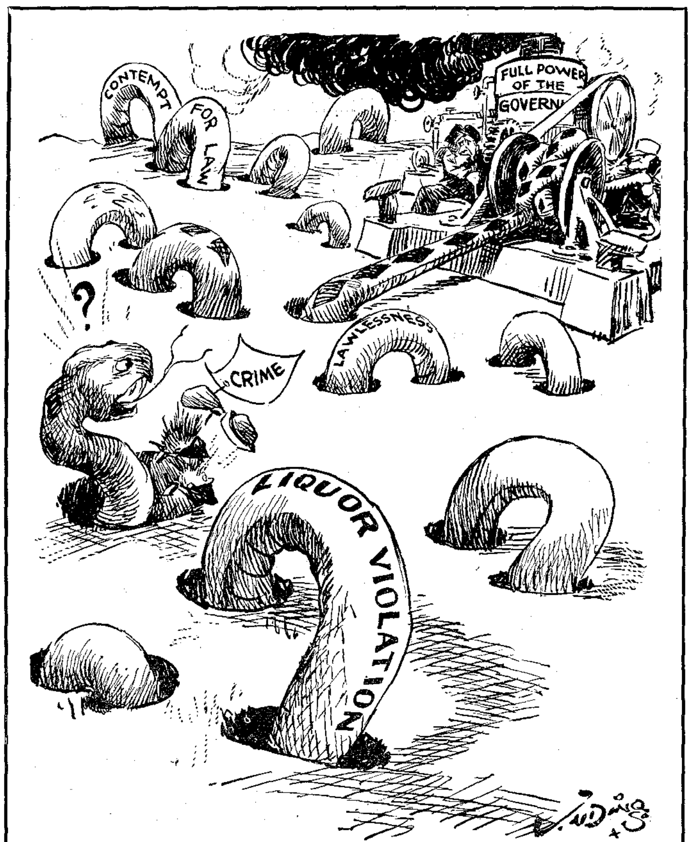
—Kirby in the New York *World*.

"Some of these days there will be a dry crusade, and an enforcement effort, that will make all past attempts seem pale and piffling," the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger* is convinced. In particular—

> "A new effort may be made to enlist the active support of police chiefs, sheriffs, and State police in the various Commonwealths. It is more than possible that many special attorneys will be employed by the Department of Justice to take some of the burden off the backs of the Federal District Attorneys in some districts.
>
> "All this, if the observers are right, will proceed in the very teeth of what amounts to a revolt against the drastic provisions of the Jones Act by many of the younger and more active leaders of the bar. This 'rebellion' has spread to a dozen cities, and may become nation-wide.
>
> "This summer, as it wanes toward autumn, may see a general clash between the legions of enforcement and those powerful elements now bent on driving through some modification of the Prohibition Law. Omens and portents indicate a new and drastic attempt to end smuggling in harbors, to seal up the coast lines, and close the borders against the rising tide of rum."

Thus "forces are being marshaled for the greatest struggle in the history of the country over the question of Prohibition," declares the Washington *Post* in the national capital. As the Washington correspondents have of late been giving serious consideration to this struggle, a few representative dispatches may well be quoted to give a bird's-eye view of the battle-field.

President Hoover's purposes were reflected lately in what seemed to be an inspired interpretation appearing simultaneously in the newspaper dispatches from Washington. According to this, no drastic or sensational steps are to be taken, no sensational raids are planned. There is no thought, as the writer for the New York *Times* puts it, "that the Administration can effectively carry out its program by drastic methods, descents on night clubs, and the use of Federal courts to impose the penalties of the Jones law upon Prohibition violators without regard to the character of their offense." The President, we read on, knows very well that the ills of Prohibition "can not be removed by a surgical operation."



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THE TUG OF WAR
—Darling in the New York *Herald Tribune*.

It is probably true, writes Frederick R. Barkley from Washington to the Baltimore *Sun*, "that no one knows what the President really thinks about Prohibition":

> "If he has his doubts about its eventual workability, as many of his supporters intimated during the campaign, he is putting himself in a splendid strategic position to say so within the next couple of years, in the view of some observers.
>
> "These observers may take an unsound slant at the situation, but their theory is that Mr. Hoover is at once too much of a realist to believe people can be made dry by legislation, and too much of a doer to be satisfied with the present situation. Assuming that this correctly represents his attitude, they say, the only way he can effectively move to correct this situation is by first satisfying even the most enthusiastic drys that he has done everything possible to enforce the law.
>
> "Regardless of his reasons for so doing, this now seems to be exactly what Mr. Hoover plans to do."

"Mr. Hoover is bound to try," says Charles Michelson in one of his dispatches to the New York *World*—

> "And the theory grows that after he has tried—and failed—he will then approach the remedy of modification. This will probably come during his second term."

Meanwhile "there is no disguising the pessimism in the wet ranks," reports Carlisle Bargeron of the Washington *Post:*

> "Publicly, they would not dare to challenge Mr. Hoover's proposition that, while Prohibition is the law, it should be obeyed. Privately, they say that if this is done generally, so much so as to remove the lawlessness now prevailing, Prohibition will never be repealed.
>
> "As one prominent wet exprest it yesterday, 'the fanatical drys are in the majority by far. Because of lawless conditions, the minority wets are steadily adding to their ranks those conservative drys who, while believing in the purpose of Prohibition, are willing to admit that it has failed. But if a law-observance wave sweeps the country, those conservatives will go back to their dry associates.'"

"The wet East is making up its mind that there can be no question as to Mr. Hoover's intention to give Prohibition enforcement an honest-to-goodness test," writes W. W. Jermane of the Seattle *Times*. If the existing machinery is inadequate, it will be strengthened, this correspondent predicts. Larger appropriations will be made. The drys are said to realize that "enforcement thus far has been a failure," and that "unless enforcement conditions can be materially improved, nullification will soon be as well established for the Eighteenth Amendment as it long has been for the Fourteenth and the Fifteenth." Mr. Hoover is said to believe that much improvement can be brought about through better cooperation between the Federal Government and the States. At any rate, concludes this writer—

> "It will be a spectacular fight, and may last for years. There has been nothing like it since the American people, after long-continued preparatory effort, determined to wipe out slavery. There will not be a civil war, but there may be such an upsetting of normal relationships as will stir the entire country."

In the present situation both wets and drys seem to find comfort, David Lawrence remarks in one of his Consolidated Press dispatches. As he explains:

> "The drys are happy because they believe the publicity and emphasis given the whole question of Prohibition by the Chief Executive will start a wave of public sentiment toward observance of the law, whereas the wets are beginning to be comfortable in the feeling that their effort to agitate for a repeal is not going to be interfered with by the President's commission.
>
> "Already some of the wets are saying that a rigid enforcement will cause a reaction against the Volstead Law, and force its repeal or modification, while the drys are hopeful that, once the country gets accustomed to enforcement, it will not be seriously disturbed."

"Almost at the same time that it was allowed to be known that the Hoover Administration was not going to engage in any drastic and dramatic drive for the enforcement of the Prohibition law," notes M. Farmer Murphy in a Baltimore *Sun* dispatch, there was issued from police headquarters of the District of Columbia "the most thoroughgoing order ever known to dry up the national capital." Newspaper interpretation of this move is well summed up by this New York *Times* head-line: "Washington Police Map Padlock Campaign to Dry up Capital as Example to Nation." Representative Clyde Kelly (Rep., Pa.) is quoted as believing the President "will make Washington a model for the rest of the nation." But Morris D. Ervin, of the Cincinnati *Times-Star*, thinks "it is hardly going too strong to say that it will be more difficult to make Washington dry than it will any other city in the country."

We have allowed the Washington correspondents who are on the spot to have their say at some length. Turning to the editorial columns for just a brief glance, we find the wet Republican New York *Herald Tribune* welcoming the unsensational, orderly, "full and sincere test of Prohibition which Mr. Hoover plans":

> "The test is, fundamentally, of the moral sentiment of the nation. If it is in favor of Prohibition, enforcement will succeed. If it is very strongly opposed, enforcement will fail."

"If Prohibition is enforceable at all, it should be enforced under such auspices," says the Democratic Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot*. "If it succeeds, Prohibition will probably become a fixture. If it fails, it will be necessary to conclude that the Volstead Law is impracticable, and to take steps for its modification."

FOCH JOINS THE IMMORTALS

LEADER OF THE MIGHTIEST ARMY ever in battle and symbol of the Allied unity that won the war, Ferdinand Foch, Marshal of France, receives at his death the greatest tribute given a soldier since Wellington. Yet, points out a French language paper, the *Courrier des Etats Unis*, of New York City, "Marshal Foch was not only a fighter, but also a worker for peace. Like the scientist who has a profound hatred for the dangerous microbe he is studying under the microscope, Foch had a profound hatred for war." The Marshal died without suffering, and almost warning. An interne had suggested, for the second time, that the Marshal leave his chair by the window and return to bed. "Well, then, let us go!" was the reply. An instant later he collapsed. His grandfather, we are told, had been a general under the first Napoleon, and Foch himself was a schoolboy at Metz at the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War. He is then said to have felt that his country should prepare for a war that was certain to develop in the next generation. It came, not in the nineties, but in 1914. And, notes the New York *Evening Post*, "while it produced great military leaders, in the records of history it is probable that the name of Foch will lead all the rest." Moreover, we are reminded by the Boston *Transcript*, "Marshal Foch appreciated to the fullest extent the contribution of the American commander, the American soldiers, and the American Government in the winning of the war." Ten days before his death, when it was feared he could not live the day out, he pointed to an American flag draped above his bed, and said to the priest who had administered the last sacrament: "There are our true friends."

When the Germans delivered their supreme attack, eleven years ago this month, and threatened to separate the French and British armies, grim necessity compelled the Allies to unite their forces under one command. Their choice was General Foch. From the moment he took command, observes the New York *World*, he seemed to have the situation within his grasp. "From his brain emanated the impulses that moved the Allied armies like one man, making of them a force that shattered kingdoms and empires," says the Washington *Post*. To quote further from *The World:*

> "It may be said that he took command when the fresh American armies, pouring into an arena where both sides were reeling and groggy, tipped the scales decisively toward victory; that much of the will to conquer came with the arrival of two million men and the assurance of millions more. But much of it came also from the Commander-in-Chief who, when once he struck, never ceased his terrific blows.
>
> "It is difficult, if not impossible, to analyze genius, but certain qualities which entered into Foch's achievement have been clear. He was the most learned of commanders, versed as no other leader in the art of war. The foremost lecturer in the French war schools and an incisive writer, his books on the art of war had become classics. But, despite his erudition, his was also the freshest and most conspicuously brilliant mind on either side in the war. Ludendorff was by comparison a coldly mechanized thinker. War was to Foch a science, but also an art to be dealt with by an artist's flashing perceptions. The combination made him a great strategist who saw, not only the Army and the campaign, but the nation and the national spirit in the background.
>
> "Foch defined war as the domain of moral force, and victory as superior will. No appraisal of his qualities would be complete which did not give prominence to his faith, his moral energy, his incarnation of the determination to conquer.
>
> "It would be a mistake to fail to give subordinate generals credit for a substantial part of the ideas and leadership of the last months of the war. But it would be a greater mistake to miss the precision with which Foch fixt upon a grand plan embracing precisely the correct objectives. Once the German advance had been stopt, he freed the line from Paris east toward Nancy in the Marne region. This done, he thrust back the Germans where they menaced the line from Paris west to Amiens. He pinched out the St. Mihiel salient, liberating the Verdun-Toul-Nancy railway system, and making possible an offensive against Metz. He moved forward to free the northern coal-fields. Then there came the final surge on all the main fronts."

Marshal Foch, at the time of his death on March 20, was seventy-seven years of age. He had suffered for two months, say Paris dispatches, from influenza and then pneumonia. In fact, says a Paris correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune:*

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TAPS!

> "For years past Foch had suffered from lung trouble, under the strain of which his heart weakened. Especially did he feel the strain of the numerous public functions which he was called upon to attend. Never, however, did he complain.
>
> "Last summer he went to his old headquarters at Cassel for the unveiling of his own statue. On this occasion he marched at the head of the procession to the unveiling. His companions set a brisk pace.
>
> "The Marshal remained on his feet for four hours during the ceremonies. The reaction was swift and violent. Withdrawing to his country retreat in Brittany, he suffered during the middle of August a sudden heart attack. For a few days his life was despaired of.
>
> "He was stricken again on January 6. Famous French physicians found him in a state of coma, suffering from congestion of the lungs and with the heart scarcely functioning. For eight days the veteran's death was momentarily expected. Again he rallied.
>
> "On January 31 he suffered a relapse. The congestion of the lungs became worse. During February relapses followed brief rallies. Each of them sapped the patient's vitality.
>
> "Early in March, when he suffered a particularly violent setback, his physicians considered the advisability of an operation, but he realized himself that his strength was not sufficient for such an ordeal."

And so he passed away, with Madame Foch and her two daughters near at hand. Moreover, declares the Boston *Transcript*, "he dies with the honor and admiration of the whole world."

"WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT?"

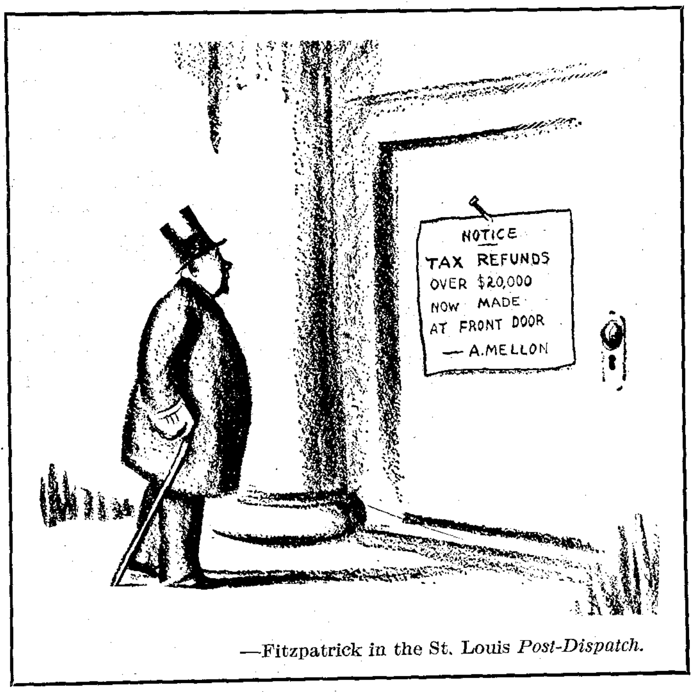
Test your knowledge by the questions below. If you can not answer them turn to the pages indicated. Each one counts 4.

1. How can a house be heated by a big "thermos bottle"? (p. 21).
2. Why are investors advised to buy bonds? (p. 65).
3. What noted explorer goes unarmed and pacifies savages with old clothes? (p. 45).
4. What are some of the causes of our high homicide death-rate? (p. 11).
5. What do the psychologists mean by "ambivalence"? (p. 14).
6. What great thinkers have believed in immortality? (p. 27).
7. Why did Mr. Childs lose control of the Childs restaurants? (p. 10).
8. What Chief Magistrate of a republic was sworn in by his own father? (p. 32).
9. Which is the only great industrial nation in the world without an old-age pension system? (p. 11).
10. In what part of India have women always been "free as the air"? (p. 17).
11. How do "gyp" traders doctor up discarded tires? (pp. 55-6-7).
12. How do forests affect radio-waves? (p. 20).
13. What kind of foreign labor is being smuggled into the Philippine Islands? (p. 16).
14. What situation suggests "a bear market in brains"? (p. 24).
15. What big British power company is owned by Americans? (p. 62).
16. What country is said to be a danger to the independence of Afghanistan? (p. 16).
17. What is the Pauline injunction concerning women in the Church? (p. 27).
18. How many motor-vehicles are there in the world? (p. 58).
19. What machine is successful in saving the lives of new-born infants? (p. 19).
20. What European novelists and poets have been inspired by the Great War? (p. 23).
21. In African slang, what does it mean to say that a person or thing "has got ants"? (p. 48).
22. What was Newman's definition of a gentleman? (p. 24).
23. Whose income-tax refunds are to be made public? (p. 8).
24. What improvements in automobile structure are credited to the practise of high-speed competition? (pp. 52 and 54).
25. Can you name five great symphony conductors? (p. 25).

ANOTHER HOOVER SURPRIZE

PRESIDENT HOOVER'S ABILITY to take Washington by surprize is again evident to an observant press in his executive order to give publicity to tax refunds, credits, or abatements, where the amount involved is more than $20,000. The other day it was his oil-conservation decision; now comes the tax-refund ruling, equally without warning. Apparently, writes Frank R. Kent in the Baltimore *Sun*, "Mr. Hoover does not intend to have Secretary Mellon's gentlemanly assistants do all the financial thinking for his Administration; evidently he intends to do some himself." The fact that Mr. Mellon initiated the change, or at least gave his approval, "does not lessen the force of the President's action in the tax-refund matter," asserts the Brooklyn *Eagle*.

The question of publicity of tax refunds became acute in both the Senate and House of Representatives last January. Senator McKellar, Democrat, of Tennessee, offered an amendment whereby large income-tax refunds would be made only after public hearings had been held in Washington. This, explains J. F. Essary, Washington correspondent of the Baltimore paper, "did not pass in its original form, since it was found to be general legislation, and therefore could not be a rider on an appropriation bill. As passed in modified form, it provided for publicity only on the refund cases covered in the deficiency bill itself." The new order of President Hoover requires the Internal Revenue Bureau to make public, without hearings, a digest of each case where more than $20,000 is to be refunded. As the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* explains:


NOTICE
TAX REFUNDS OVER $20,000 NOW MADE AT FRONT DOOR
— A. MELLON

—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch.*

"During the past eight years, all hearings on applications for tax-refunds have been secret. Despite the fact that these were semijudicial matters involving in the aggregate billions of dollars of public funds, repeated efforts to lift the veil of secrecy surrounding the rulings of the Treasury on tax-refund applications have failed. Within less than two weeks after the most recent failure, Mr. Hoover, by administrative order, accomplishes the very reform the McKellar amendment sought unsuccessfully to effect.

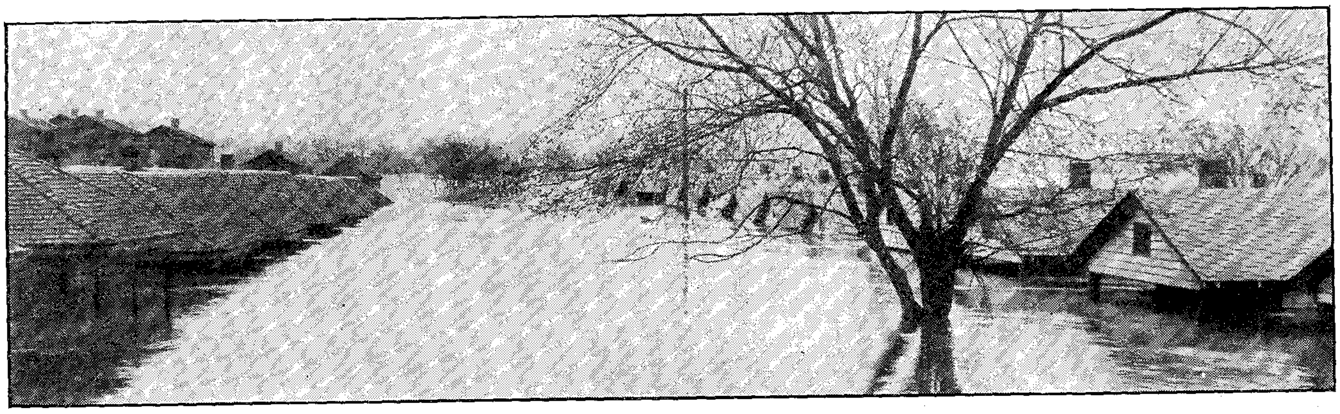
"It is hardly to be believed that Mr. Mellon changed his mind of his own accord in the short space of a month, and inasmuch as no one has been in position to change it for him except the President, the conclusion is inescapable that Mr. Hoover is responsible for the reversal. The decision is certain to redound to his credit and that of his Administration. His action is the more welcome because it comes voluntarily and without coercion from the legislative branch of the Government."

But, points out the Washington *Post*:

"The executive order issued by President Hoover is not a reversal of the consistent policy of the Treasury Department in keeping tax returns safe from public inspection. The order specifically provides that 'under no circumstances shall the provisions of this paragraph be construed as making any return, or any part thereof, open to inspection, or as authorizing the source of any income, gains, or profits, or the specific transactions resulting in losses or expenditures, to be made public.'

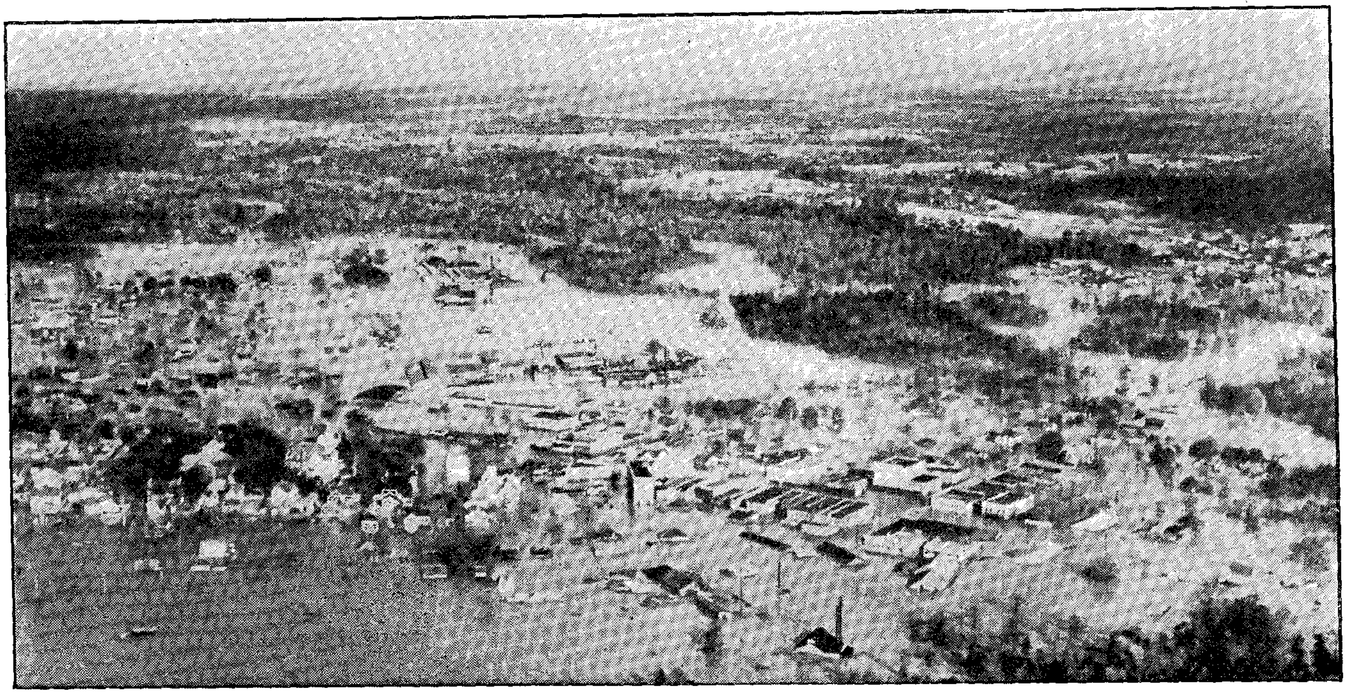
"All that will be open to public inspection under the terms of the President's order are the decisions of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue. When this official allows a refund, credit, or abatement of income, excess profits, war profits, estate or gift taxes, which amounts to more than $20,000, he will cause a decision to be prepared as a public document. The change should not be construed as a weakening of the fundamental principle that tax returns shall not be made public."

WHEN SPRING FLOODS DELUGE THE SOUTHLAND



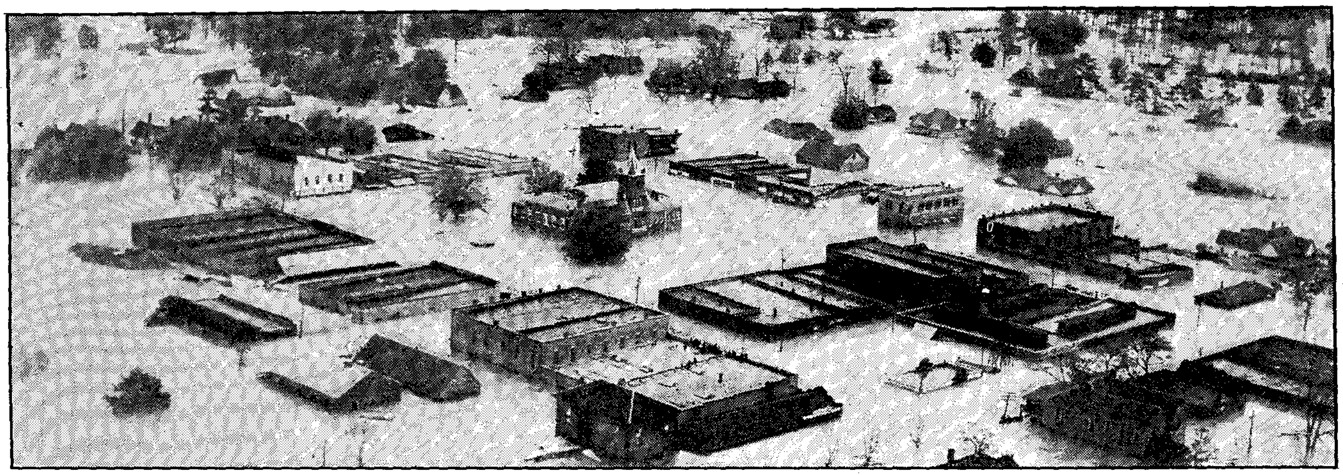
Wide World photograph

HOW THE FLOOD TRANSFORMED A STREET IN GIRARD, AN ALABAMA TOWN OF ABOUT 5,000



Acme Newspicture

A LAND OF FLOOD-MADE LAKES. BREWTON, ALABAMA, AND THE SURROUNDING COUNTRYSIDE



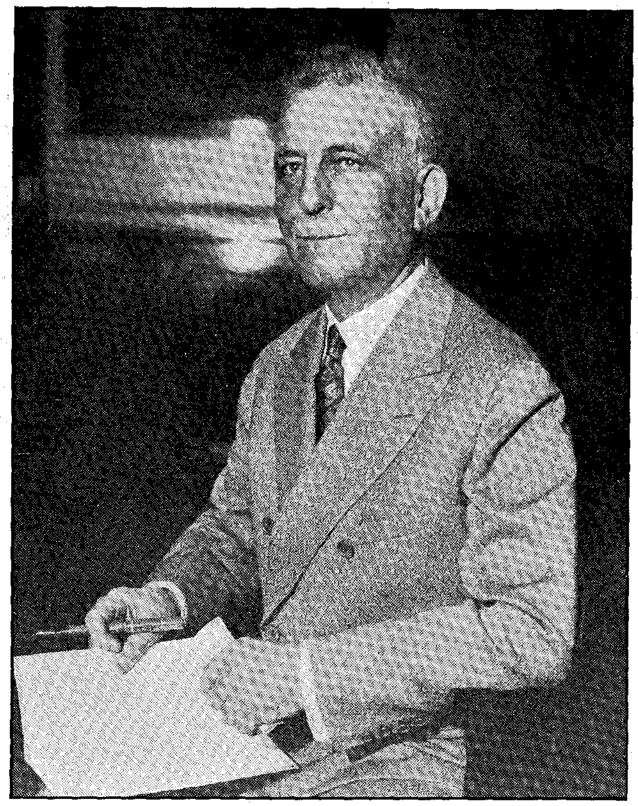
Photograph by the Fourth Photograph Section, U. S. Army Air Corps. From Acme Newspicture

HOMES, STORES, AND PUBLIC BUILDINGS OF ELBA, ALABAMA, SUBMERGED IN THE RISING WATERS

Heavy March rains and spring thaws caused destructive floods this year in many sections, including the New England States, Ohio, Wisconsin, Iowa, Illinois, Georgia, and Florida. But the most serious situation developed in southeastern Alabama, where the Chattahoochee and its tributaries overflowed their banks and inundated hundreds of square miles, marooning many persons on housetops and in trees, and making refugees of thousands of others. While few lives seem to have been lost, the destruction of property was heavy, and the receding waters left in their wake poverty and disease. Such recurring disasters, we are reminded by the press, emphasize the fact that flood-control is a national rather than a local problem. In the central foreground of the photograph of Elba, immediately above, a group of people is seen at the edge of the roof of one of the buildings. Until rescued, food was brought to them by airplane.

CHILDSLESS CHILDS

ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE business episodes of our day was the removal of William Childs of the Childs family from the control of the nation-wide system of restaurants bearing that name, agree newspaper writers all over the country. And the most remarkable feature of it all, as the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* sees it, is the "triumph of the meat-eaters." For Mr. Childs, as this paper puts it, "went vegetable-wise," and then the profits of his $37,000,000 company with its 120 branches were soon cut in half, and the stockholders discovered that as Mr. Childs held less than a majority of the stock, it was possible to oust him. The New York *Herald Tribune* tells the whole story in its news columns:



Acme Newspicture

"I'M THROUGH"

Said William Childs after the stockholders voted him out of control of the Childs restaurants he and his brother founded, because they thought his vegetarian policies were driving away customers.

"William Childs and his brother, the late Samuel S. Childs, were brought up on a farm at Basking Ridge, New Jersey. Samuel studied engineering, but at the age of twenty-three he entered the business of A. W. Dennett, who owned restaurants in New York and in Philadelphia. He induced his brother William to join him. In 1889 the brothers struck out for themselves, opening their first restaurant in Cortlandt Street. They specialized in fresh milk and eggs and in hot cakes and muffins.

"Brought up on a farm, they knew good food, and insisted on having it fresh and clean. They adopted the white tiling and marble-topped tables as outward symbols of cleanliness. Within ten years they owned ten restaurants, and every year saw new Childs restaurants. They bought some of the finest real estate in New York as they built, so that their real-estate holdings are among their most valuable properties. Samuel S. Childs died in 1925 leaving William in control of the business.

"When business suddenly fell off after 1925 and the stock dropt from $74 a share in 1926 to a low of $37 in 1928, the effort to remove Mr. Childs was made.

"The fight was complicated by many factors. Mr. Childs is personally a vegetarian. He predicted in an interview a few years ago that restaurants which served meat would eventually go to the wall. His restaurants always served meat, but sought, in his words, to 'minimize' it and to interest the public more and more in a vegetable diet.

"The public for a time seemed to be going vegetarian and hygienic, but a reaction set in and diners lost interest in calories, vitamins, chlorophil, and that sort of thing, and began to eat what they liked. The sales and profits of the Childs restaurants began to fall off rapidly, alarming stockholders, who demanded meat, and plenty of it, on the Childs' menu, whether it resulted in the American people's absorbing excess protein or not.

"Others demanded high-priced and complicated desserts, instead of the simple wholesome ones. Other stockholders demanded that the dietitians be fired in a body, and that the restaurants be run for the benefit of the palate rather than for the metabolism. Extreme iconoclasts demanded that the muffins and the girls who flipped them be removed from the Childs windows and soda-fountains substituted."

At any rate, the anti-Childs group managed to secure proxies representing 60 per cent. of the stock of the Childs Company, and proceeded to depose Mr. Childs on the very day that the Rockefeller forces were ousting Colonel Stewart from the control of Standard Oil of Indiana. According to one faction, continues the New York *Herald Tribune*, "the outcome was a victory for the carnivores over the herbivores, a victory for epicurianism over longevity. This view was combated by Mr. Childs, who insisted that it was a victory for 'Wall Street' and for big 'vested interests.'" Said Mr. Childs after it was all over:

"I'm down and out. I'm through. I'm vanquished. To the victor belong the spoils."

Said the spokesman for the victorious faction:

"We intend to run the Childs Company as a chain of restaurants, following the ideals of Mr. Childs, seeking to accomplish them in our own way, hoping to make them better and more profitable than ever before."

"Wall Street evidently bulls for meat," remarks the Des Moines *Tribune-Capital* in the Middle West, "for the Childs stocks went up immediately after the election. And of course here in Iowa, where so much pork and beef are produced, we have to agree with the friends of meat, on this one issue, anyway." On the Pacific coast the Portland *Oregonian* finds the incident "suggestive because it involves issues such as do not commonly arise in fights for corporation control":

"Malfeasance was not charged against Mr. Childs, nor was the purity of his motives questioned. There had been, however, a falling off of profits which the opposition chose not to ascribe to normal conditions in the restaurant trade. In a word, Mr. Childs was a diet faddist and sought to embody his personal notions as to what it is good for people to eat into a general policy. The Childs chain became a propagandist against the consumption of red meat. It carried the idea into every kitchen, and supported it with artfully contrived menus, wall placards, and window strips. The scheme seemed to work until the novelty wore off; then business languished and stockholders, thinking in terms of returns on capital investment, stept in with results that the news dispatches record.

"We suppose there are some who will detect in the occurrence an omen that Wall Street is trying to dictate what the common people shall eat. We, on the other hand, prefer to assume that it but had a mind for the principle, well established in commerce but particularly applicable to the business of purveying food, that the way to build trade is to have what customers want."

A few days after the change of control, a *Herald Tribune* reporter dropt into a Childs restaurant in New York and found this conspicuous visible evidence of the new policy:

"Gone from the menus are the C's and numerals denoting total calories which used to parallel the name of every dish; gone are the big V's and little v's, indicating respectively 'items rich in vitamins,' and 'items in which vitamins are present.' The menus, while retaining all except the most Nebuchadnezzarian vegetable wishes, are rich with beef stews, veal cutlets, roast pork, sliced ham, and roast beef."

Apparently, youth will be served in these restaurants, altho a Childs no longer leads them, for one of the new officials explains: "We have taken off the calory and vitamin notations simply because the majority of our patrons are young people, who are more interested in a good meal than in scientific measurements."

EXECUTIONS THAT DO NOT STOP MURDER

MORE MURDERS, it seems, strangely enough, occur in States having the death penalty than in the States that do not have it. This is the conclusion set forth in *The Spectator* (New York) by Dr. Frederick L. Hoffman, statistician of the Prudential Insurance Company, after a study of the country's 1928 homicide record. In naming the ten southern cities with the highest homicide death-rates (which he attributes to a relatively large Negro population), Dr. Hoffman reports that they are located in States in which the death penalty is enforced; also that the "gun-toting" habit is common, and the sale of fire-arms and ammunition practically unrestricted. He concludes, therefore, that while capital punishment disposes of condemned murderers, it does not prevent others from killing. The first step toward a reduction in the homicide death-rate, maintains Dr. Hoffman, "is more drastic regulation of the traffic in fire-arms." Continues this authority:

"At the present time the question is being actively agitated in different parts of the country as to whether the death penalty should not be done away with, on the ground that it serves no sufficient deterrent purpose to restrain the tendency to murder. About a hundred executions took place during 1928, against about the same number during the preceding year. For the country as a whole it is doubtful if the total number of executions of all kinds reaches 200, against a total estimated murder death-roll of possibly 12,000. If we are not willing to enforce the death penalty, it would certainly be much better to do away with it.

"No evidence can be produced to show that capital punishment acts as a deterrent or hindrance to even the worst of murder records conceivable. The death penalty, rather to the contrary, acts as a deterrent to swift and adequate justice, imposes heavy burdens upon the taxpayers as the result of long trials, fosters sensationalism of the worst possible type, and stains the civilization of those who enforce it."

Dr. Hoffman may be correct, says the Charleston (W. Va.) *Mail*, "but the death penalty is so seldom applied that it is not a deterrent." Why should there have been 3,826 homicides in this country's 136 leading cities last year? asks the Troy *Record*, and it replies:

"One difficulty lies in the vast extent of the country and the opportunity it offers to commit crime and escape. Less than 2 per cent. of the murders in America are followed by the hanging or electrocution of the criminal. This is not due alone to juries or judges. It is due to the wide spaces in which wrong-doers may hide their identity.

"And a final handicap to the detection of crime is the lack of a central police or detective power which can follow the trail of suspects from State to State. There is no Federal system of finger-prints. There is no interchange of rogues' gallery portraits. If a criminal can cross a State line, the chance of catching him becomes at once far less favorable."

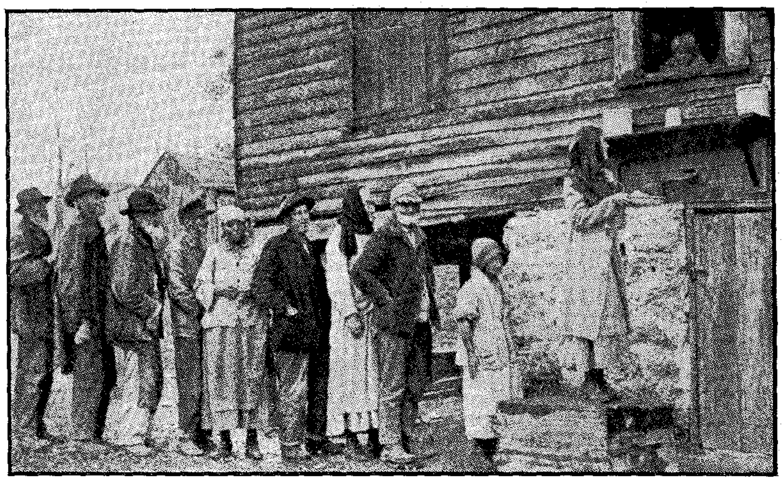
In the opinion of the Albany *News*, however:

"The real explanation probably lies in the fact that this country is altogether too lenient with murderers. Great Britain has swift and certain justice and comparatively few murders. In one year in London there were twenty-seven murders. Think of that in comparison with 228 in Detroit, 498 in Chicago, and 401 in New York last year. Ten of the London murderers were sentenced to death, ten committed suicide, four were found insane, one was reprieved, and two were not caught. Only two were not caught. And the average time between the murder and the execution in these cases was ninety-one days. Here a murderer if convicted may yet have two years of life, with all the technicalities and appeals that are permitted.

"There is one thing that can be done. That is to stop the delays of justice, to close the technical loopholes that permit so many murderers to escape the penalties of their crimes. America must demonstrate to murderers and would-be murderers that they will be swiftly and surely punished."

TO SAVE THE AGED FROM THE POORHOUSE

THE ONLY GREAT INDUSTRIAL NATION in the world without an old-age pension system, declares the New York *World*, is the United States. This fact, probably unknown to the majority of us, is, however, gradually getting under the skins of legislators at the various State capitals, and now and then a Governor comes out strongly in a special message in favor of old-age pension legislation. The latest State Executive to do this is Gov. Franklin D. Roosevelt, of New York. Governor Roosevelt, it seems, is tired of seeing the richest nation in the world placed in the same category with China and India with regard to aid, other than that furnished by the poorhouse, for men and women "in the winter of life." Seven States—Montana, Nevada, Wisconsin, Kentucky, Colorado, Maryland, and Wyoming—together with the Territory of Alaska, have led the way, he declares, and New York should follow their example. Canada has enacted a Federal-Provincial system of old-age pensions, and four of the Provinces have entered into this cooperative plan. Some thirty-eight other nations provide for those whose age make it difficult, if not impossible, to earn their living, but in the Empire State, observes the Brooklyn *Eagle*, "powerful interests are opposed to the plan, and those interests are closely allied with the controlling influence in a legislature preponderantly Republican." Thus the Democratic Governor of New York is having difficulty at the outset. In the opinion of the New York *Evening World*, however, "there is no reason why this State can not find a way to provide for the old and helpless who are in want, without subjecting them to the humiliation of sending them to the State poor-farms."



Courtesy of the American Association for Labor Legislation

DINNER TIME AT THE POORHOUSE

In his plea for old-age pensions, Governor Roosevelt advocates a plan whereby the aged poor may be kept at home or in the homes of friends or relatives.

According to welfare authorities, the speeding-up process in industry, the introduction of labor-saving machinery, and the tendency of employers to establish a maximum age limit throw increasing numbers of elderly men and women out of work, while medical science and modern conditions of living lengthen the span of life. Said the New York Governor in his special message to the legislature:

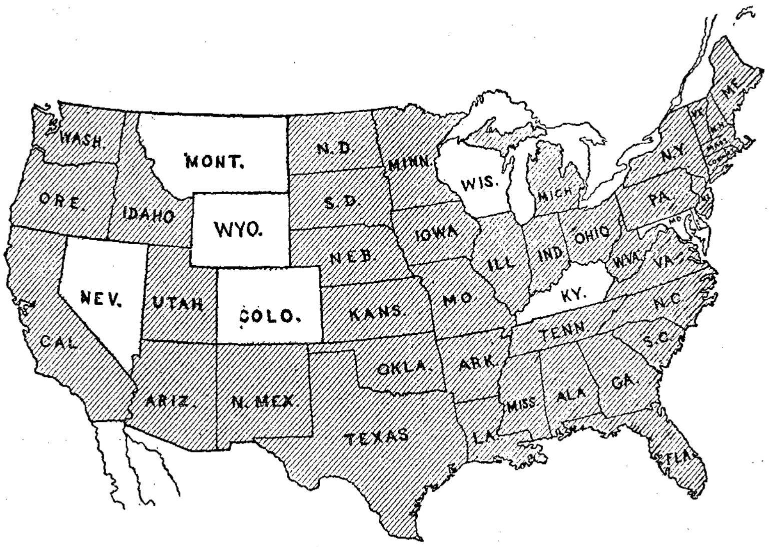
"No greater tragedy exists in modern civilization than the aged, wornout worker who, after a life of ceaseless effort and useful productivity, must look forward for his declining years to a poorhouse. A more modern social consciousness demands a more humane and efficient arrangement.

"Some of our States and some foreign countries have dealt with the problem by adopting a straight pension system, where the Government distributes a certain periodic stipend to aged persons fulfilling the requirements as to residence, citizenship, etc.

"On the other hand, a number of countries have adopted a system in which workers really insure themselves with the aid of the State against old-age want. There is no reason why our

State, which is one of the foremost centers of industry in the world, should not now investigate the plans of these various jurisdictions as well as other proposed methods, and, indeed, the entire question, to determine what should be done by it to meet this rapidly growing problem within our own borders."

The Governor, we are told, would have the aged poor provided for in such a way that they would not be subjected to institutional care, but would receive means of supporting themselves in their own homes or those of relatives. The plan, explains the New York *Times*, "is designed to keep families together where there are aged dependents." "To let this attempt be defeated by practical politicians, with selfish interests, would be a blow at public decency," maintains the New York *American*. At present, says the Syracuse *Herald*, "abundant care is given to the orphan, the sick, and the mentally deficient. Even the inmates of our prisons are provided with wholesome food and sanitary surroundings. But the needs of dependent and wretched old age are strangely neglected." Of the Governor's plan, the New York *Sun* says:



Courtesy of *The American Labor Legislation Review*

THE WHITE STATES HAVE ADOPTED OLD-AGE PENSION LAWS

Similar bills have been introduced in twenty-five legislatures since January 1.

"The usual cry will be raised that this proposal is Socialistic. In a sense, so it is. But poorhouses, orphan asylums, and numerous other institutions supported by public funds are equally Socialistic. The only way by which a State can logically escape a certain amount of Socialism in these matters is to refuse to admit it has any responsibility whatever for taking care of private individuals whom misfortune may make destitute. Because such a course would outrage every sense of public decency, States have frankly acknowledged that support of the aged, the indigent, and the incompetent constitutes a social obligation upon the public which must be discharged.

"It would be fine if there were no need for poorhouses, doles, old-age pensions, and the like. But we are living in a twentieth-century world; not in Utopia."

As Ernest K. Lindley explains in a New York *World* article:

"Roughly, the aims of those who favor pensions or insurance are twofold: The first is to substitute limited assistance in the home for support in poorhouses or workhouses, through a pension system financed by the States. The larger aim is to work out, if possible, a larger scheme under which, in conjunction with the State, a man or woman can in his productive years assure himself of an income for his old age."

In the opinion of Abraham Epstein, secretary of the American Association for Old Age Security, the plight of old people to-day amply illustrates the inadequacy of privately operated pension systems. Mr. Epstein has written a book on the subject, in which he advocates State aid. In "The Challenge of the Aged" (Macy-Masius: The Vanguard Press, New York) he says:

"The underlying causes of old-age dependency to-day lie outside the control of the individual. They are largely a result of the complexities of industrial society. In the world of the machine, age and experience are no longer assets. Concerned as modern industry is only with efficiency and mass production, it finds little use for its worn-out workers. They are discarded and replaced by industry in the same way as out-of-date and worn-out machinery. Under the present conditions of high prices and rising standards, individual savings for the declining years of life are scarcely possible for the great majority of wage-earners. Neither can industrial concerns be depended upon to provide for their aged workers.

"The establishment of an industrial pension plan is urged by business leaders, not only because the retirement of superannuated or inefficient workers makes possible their replacement in a humane way by younger and more competent employees, but also because the knowledge that they will be taken care of in their old age removes the worry and anxiety from the minds of older employees and enables them to render better service."

It is difficult, says this author, to calculate the total sum spent upon the dependent aged in the United States. But—

"On the basis of the findings of the 1910 Massachusetts Commission on Pensions and Annuities, L. W. Squier estimated at $178,899,964.41 the nation's annual cost of the dependent population sixty-five years of age and over, exclusive of those in correctional institutions and insane asylums.

"If we consider the purchasing value of the present dollar at half its 1910 value, it means that to-day every man, woman, and child in the United States is spending $4 a year upon these dependents. Taking the population at only 115,000,000, the total outlay on these aged classes approximates $460,000,000 annually. Approximately $50,000,000 a year in addition is now disbursed by industrial concerns upon pensions to their aged employees. This would raise the total expenditures on the dependent aged—exclusive of those in correctional institutions and insane asylums—roughly to at least $500,000,000 a year. But there is no way of measuring the suffering and humiliation which thousands of these humble and hard-working persons and their families go through when forced to seek relief."

But "organized industry," according to the Albany correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune*, is against State pensions. "The question," notes the New York *Journal of Commerce*, "is how to make provision for the needs of the aged poor without needlessly pauperizing them, and without encouraging the able-bodied workers to cease work prematurely." It is better to keep old men and women in their homes, admits the Albany *News*—

"But whether the State should adopt an old-age pension plan is another question. It is a very serious question, one on which the State should move very slowly. There are many objections. Where such pension plans have been tried, they have not proved very successful. Provision for old age is one of the incentives to thrift. To remove that incentive is dangerous. A pension fund would have to be large. It would be very expensive and entail much work and red tape."

"A system of old-age pensions would only pile additional financial burdens on the State," agrees the New Haven *Register:*

"While the pension proposed may not seem large, there would be constant and unending agitation to increase it if the plan were adopted. That is the history of such schemes.

"Old-age pensions are repugnant to Connecticut's firm belief in the old-fashioned virtues of self-reliance and thrift. What incentive to save would there be among certain classes of people if they were assured in advance of support in their declining years through the pleasant medium of a weekly check from the State treasury?

"The old-age pension system has too few virtues and is open to too many abuses and objections."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

(An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press")

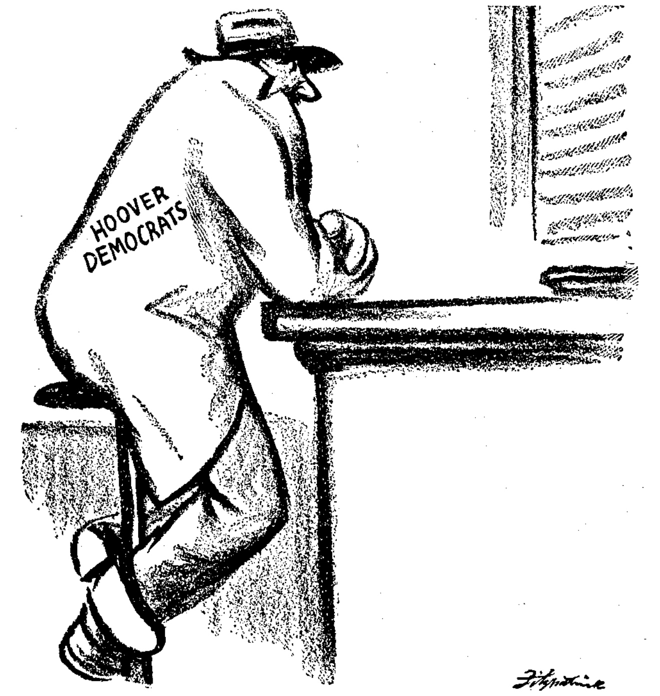
Some people's brain children seem pretty well spoiled.—*Jackson News.*

Bills now pending in State legislatures would end every pernicious activity of man except law-making.—*Brooklyn Times.*

Preparedness will prevent war, they say. You've noticed how peaceable gangs are since they got machine-guns.—*Buffalo News.*

A man suing for divorce out West charges that his wife kissed him only when she wanted money. What an affectionate woman!—*Greenville Piedmont.*

In line with our Government's policy of barring the export of munitions to the revolutionists, we shall refrain from sending slogans which might give aid, comfort, or fighting enthusiasm to those freight-car caballeros.—*Chicago Daily News.*



MYSTERIOUS STRANGER AT THE PIE COUNTER

—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch.*

Church Council Urges Sex Equality.—Head-line. Sure. Give the men a chance.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

Lives of great men remind us we can sell our names for a testimonial ad.—*Marshall County (Minn.) Banner.*

The happy warrior, present-day model, is probably a Mexican soldier interned in the land of plenty.—*Boston Transcript.*

Not many of us ever expected Elinor Glyn and Calvin Coolidge to be head-liners for the same magazine.—*Indianapolis News.*

About time for some of these scientific advertising men to discover that cigarets are full of vitamins.—*Marshall County (Minn.) Banner.*

One of the unpleasant things to contemplate in connection with the next war, which, it is said, will be fought by machinery, is the fact that there will be more cranks than usual.—*New York Evening Post.*

Biography: A compilation of material left out of the autobiography.—*Detroit News.*

Not only are the rules of the Senate unchanged, but as Dawes passes, the pipes seem to be getting right side up again.—*Wichita Eagle.*

And the joyous paradox is the more you have to worry about your income tax the less you have to worry.—*Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger.*

Twenty-two noted gangsters have just been run out of Chicago. That is fine for the whence, but not so good for the whither.—*San Diego Union.*

King Alexander, dictator of Jugoslavia, has dissolved the Skupshtina. At least that is one name that our Congress has never been called.—*The New Yorker.*

That $7,500,000 left to an Eastern college for the study of "human relations" seems like a large sum, but perhaps the donor is thinking of poor relations.—*Detroit News.*

The talking pictures aren't going to get very far, it seems to us, until they can be developed to outtalk the girl who sat behind us at one of them the other night.—*New York Evening Post.*

Texas Republicans and Hoover Democrats in that State have announced that they have completed a working agreement. They probably hope to work Mr. Hoover.—*San Diego Union.*

Ordinary people smoke cigarets, celebrities puff them.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

It would be simpler if Mexico set aside part of the country for revolutions and the rest for business.—*Dallas News.*

Einstein, who knows so much about space, might devote a little of his time to finding some of it for parking.—*Fort Worth Star-Telegram.*

We'd not only rather be right than President of Mexico, we'd rather be most anything you could mention, except maybe judge at a baby show.—*Macon Telegraph.*

This Administration is going to enforce prohibition so thoroughly that we shouldn't wonder if the biggest still in the world would be seized at least once a day hereafter, instead of every other day as heretofore.—*Ohio State Journal.*

The Mexican revolution is a running business, but not exactly a going concern.—*Dayton Journal.*

A philologist hazards the assertion that English is evolving into monosyllabification. Sure.—*Dallas News.*

Charity used to begin at home, but these days there's nobody at home to begin anything.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Mortals are frail, and when the meek inherit the earth it isn't at all probable they will stay that way.—*Atlantic City Press-Union.*

What we would like to see is a league of nations composed of Mexico, Russia, and China, and then see what would happen.—*American Lumberman (Chicago).*

The average age of the members of President Hoover's Cabinet is sixty, and we're waiting with an open mind to see whether this proves that men ought to be chloroformed at that age or not.—*Ohio State Journal.*

For some reason or other Congress is going to give the farmer relief on the 15th of April instead of the 1st.—*Miami News.*

Those who wondered what Coolidge would do with his economizing talents know now. He is to become a writer.—*Council Bluffs Nonpareil.*

If President Hoover really could and should enforce it, it would be a pretty good joke on a lot of Hoover voters we know.—*Ohio State Journal.*

Alleged Car Thief Arrested.—Head-line. If they're starting to steal that kind, we'll have to take out some insurance on our alleged car.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

We gracefully retract all aspersions upon the Duveen jury. The twelve men hopelessly disagreed, thereby proving themselves genuine art critics.—*The New Yorker.*

A London girl has been in a trance for eight months, which reminds us of the New York police department, and how long it has been since the Rothstein murder.—*Miami News.*

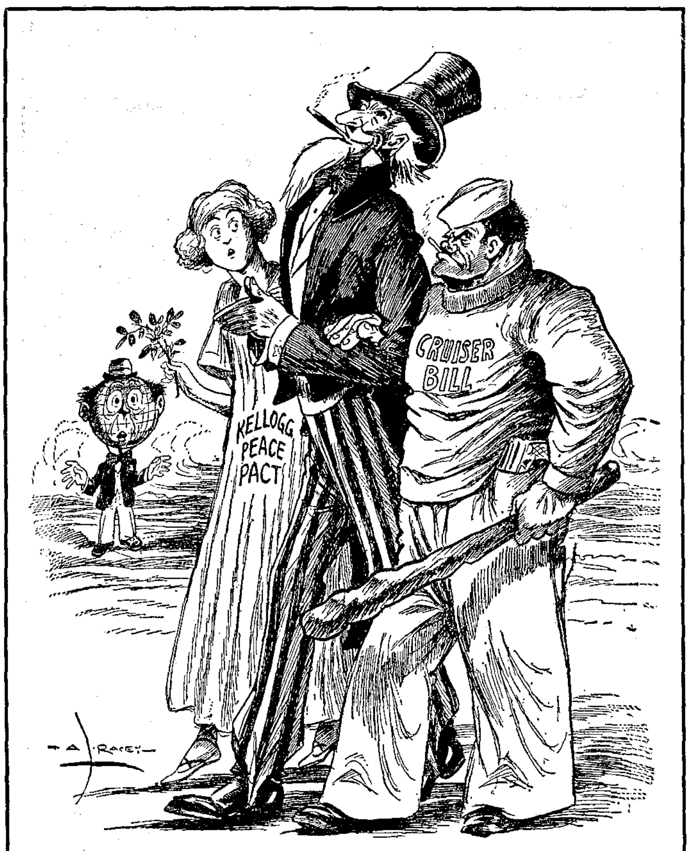
An earthquake was reported in Ohio last week, but it was so slight that if it had taken place in California it could have been put out with a fire extinguisher.—*New York Evening Post.*

Salesmen's calls on prospects, or supposed prospects, cost $5 each on the average, it is stated on reliable authority, and we know where they could save a lot of money.—*Ohio State Journal.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

"COLD" HANDS ACROSS THE SEA

SOMEBODY TAKES THE JOY OUT OF LIFE every so often in the matter of Anglo-American friendship, we are told, and the occurrence is more frequent than welcome, it is said, after the return to England of some Britisher who has been visiting the United States. One such contributes his impressions of American feeling toward England to the London *Spectator* and is described as being "unduly pessimistic" by that weekly, which says it prints Mr. John Strachey's article not because of agreement with it, but because of *The Spectator's* much-cherished subject—Anglo-American friendship. Personal impressions are notoriously unreliable, Mr. Strachey himself admits, yet he is outspoken in avowing that on his return to England he found the strength of anti-American feeling there quite as strong as he found anti-British feeling in the United States. That there are "professional pro-Britains and anti-Britains in the United States," Mr. Strachey notes as a matter of course, but both these classes may perhaps be eliminated "as they more or less cancel out," he thinks, and anyhow no one pays much attention to them. Looking across the United States, this is what he sees:



A VERY DEMOCRATIC GENTLEMAN

"When a man is *not* known by the company he keeps."
—A. G. Racey in *The Daily Star* (Montreal).

"No doubt anywhere west of Chicago the chief attitude which one would notice would be that of indifference. But in the eastern half of the Continent, which still, when all is said and done, controls, altho with difficulty, the political destiny of the Union, strong feelings about Great Britain are common. In seeking to find an apt description for these feelings the present writer is irresistibly reminded of the word 'ambivalence,' so much used by the psychologists. This word is used in psychology to denote an emotion which, while strong, is itself neither love nor hate, but which turns easily, and sometimes alternately, into one or the other. We all, of course, if we have any powers of introspection, can discover such ambivalent feelings in ourselves, usually to members of our own family. It was amusing, tho perhaps it was a mere coincidence, to find this undifferentiated emotion operating between the two nations which are popularly supposed to be relatives.

"In any case ambivalence seemed to me at present the dominant mind toward this country of a great many Americans. The illness of the King served to show the intense interest in Great Britain which exists in America. The very considerable amount of space which was devoted on the front page of every newspaper for weeks on end to his fight for life showed how concerned they are with all that happens in London. But it did not in the least connote a necessarily friendly attitude. I believe that this concern with Great Britain can turn either way very easily and quickly, and that it almost entirely depends on the course and success of the negotiations between the two governments which way public opinion swings.

"In the opinion of the present writer the old, old bone of contention, the question of the freedom of the seas, is destined during the next few years once more to dominate the situation, and it will be necessary for whatever British Government is in power to make up its mind very clearly whether or not it considers that it is more important to maintain our present standpoint on this matter unmodified in every particular, or to reach an accommodation with the United States; for it will be quite impossible to achieve both objectives simultaneously."

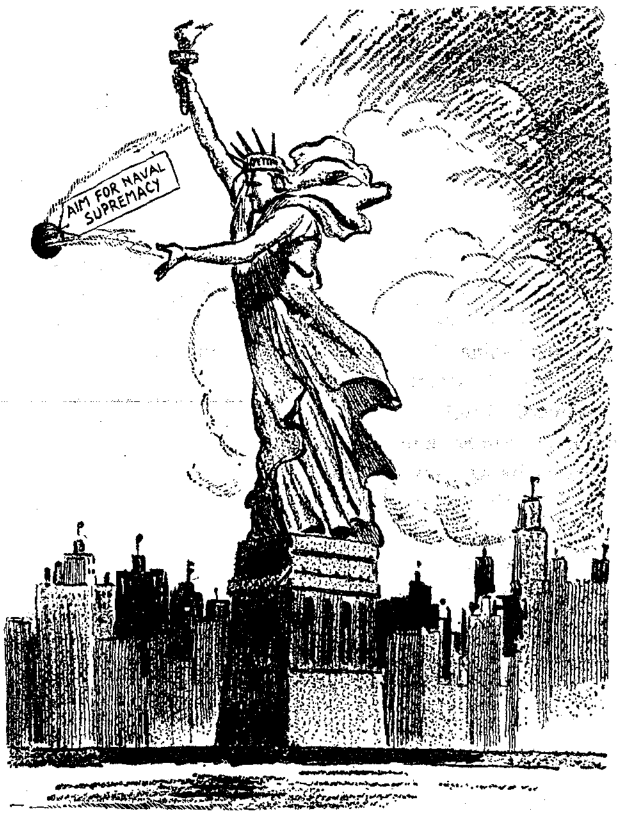
As to the proper course of action for any one who has Anglo-American friendship at heart, Mr. Strachey goes on to state, there are two views, one of which is "quite prevalent on both sides of the Atlantic." This view, we are told, is that a kind of political "Couéism" should be applied. For instance, he remarks humorously, if a sufficient number of Englishmen and Americans repeat publicly—"every day and in every way Anglo-American friendship is getting better and better"—that desirable result will, it is thought, actually eventuate. But others support an almost exactly contrary opinion, and of them it is related:

"They hold that in fact Anglo-American friendship, while admittedly the most important and the most desirable thing in the world to-day, is one of the most difficult of achievement. They are by no means optimistic about the possibility of finding easy accommodations on the various matters which they believe will soon be in hot dispute between the two countries, and they believe that the only possibility of avoiding conflict is to secure an acute and really wide-spread realization of the difficulties involved. Such pessimistic observers believe that Anglo-American accord, like most other really desirable things, can not be had for nothing. The people who suppose that these two great empires, for such they both are to-day, can live in peace together without each of them making what will appear to themselves heavy sacrifices, both of national interests and of national prestige, are living in a fool's paradise. It may be, of course, that both Englishmen and Americans will prefer enmity and ultimate war between the two empires; but, at any rate, let them understand the factors on both sides. Otherwise they may run into conflict simply because neither side will make certain concessions and sacrifices—and not because they really think such sacrifices intolerable, but because they have never grasped that these are the inevitable price of peace.

"This whole view of Anglo-American affairs is, of course, exceedingly unpopular on both sides of the Atlantic. War, it is fashionable to suppose, between these two great countries is 'unthinkable.' This, as a cynical observer remarked, only goes to show that everybody is thinking about it. And, of course, to any objective student of world affairs, who has the least historical sense, it is obvious, not indeed that war is inevitable between the two countries, but that the kind of acute rivalry, which in the past has always sooner or later meant conflict between two great States, must now arise unless active and definite steps are taken to forestall it."

Both the British and Americans are equally lacking in light about the realities of the Anglo-American situation, we are then advised by Mr. Strachey, who found that even the fairly keen student of political affairs in the United States seems only to have reached a state of shocked astonishment at the difficulties and hitches which have suddenly been revealed by the events of the past eighteen months. It is further averred that:

"He is genuinely, and certainly rather naively, astonished that the British Government did not at once fall in with the American view of naval strengths. He finds it quite impossible to believe, even tho the London correspondent of his paper informs him that it is the case, that the British Government did not suppose that America would build up to parity if she was denied it on the lower level. He is, naturally, still less willing to accept the British Admiralty view that the Americans are inherently incapable of creating a navy equal or superior to the British. By one thing alone, has he been profoundly shaken, and that is the discovery of the Anglo-French pact."

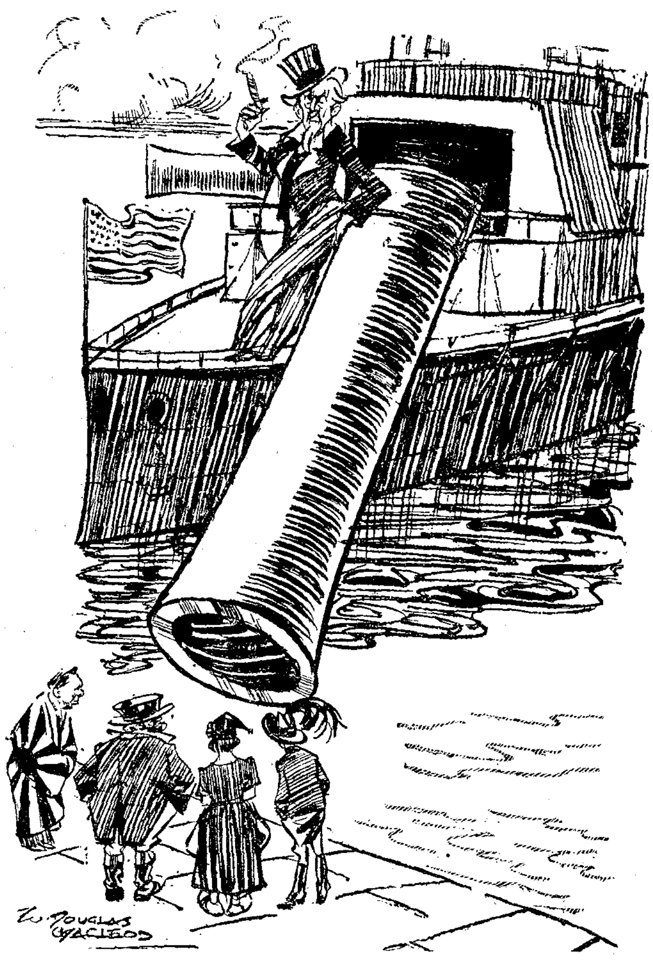


THE NEW LIBERTY

—*The Daily Mail* (Brisbane).

An American statement on Anglo-American relations, contributed by John W. Davis, American Ambassador at the Court of St. James's 1918-1921, and Democratic candidate for President in 1924, is contributed to *Foreign Affairs* (New York). None of the gloom, apparent or hidden, in the observations of Mr. Strachey is to be found in what Mr. Davis has to say, for he believes that:

"All Jeremiahs to the contrary notwithstanding, it may well be doubted whether the fundamental relations between any nations in close and constant contact have ever been more satisfactory than those now existing between the United States on the one hand and Great Britain and the British Commonwealth of Nations on the other. More than that, there are fewer real causes of friction between them to-day than at any time in their common history—the years of their joint participation in the Great War alone excepted."



MONEY TALKS WITH BIG GUNS

The American notion of perfect peace for the nations.

—*The Evening News* (Glasgow).

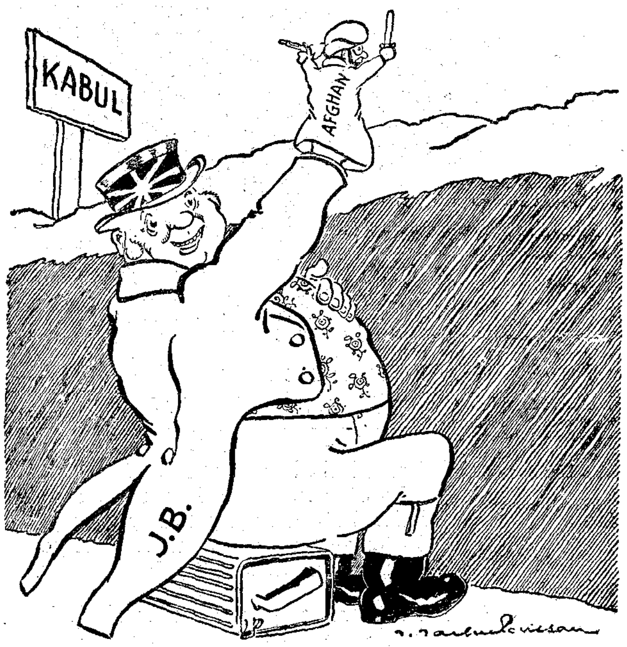
As to the question of relative sea power between Britain and the United States, Mr. Davis tell us that efforts by strategists and technicians to translate naval parity into terms of guns and vessels may be expected to end where they have ended before. In such matters, complicated by geography, distance, and national needs, as well as by national pride, Mr. Davis points out, mathematics alone will not serve us, and he continues:

"The axiom that things which are equal to the same thing are equal to each other no longer applies. Attempts by conference or by treaty to codify the law of the sea are well enough in their way, but if the world is to-day just what it was yesterday the welcome that has awaited previous attempts of the same sort is not encouraging. When the work of the codifier is done, the parliamentary gantlet is still to run, and the strain the work will bear under stress of war is still to be calculated. Behind both processes lies the question of the policy that guns and vessels and codes are designed to serve. Until there is some agreement there, we but treat the symptoms and not the disease.

"In the world of yesterday, the dominant thought was national security against all comers. If the Covenant of the League, the Locarno Treaties, the Four Power Pacific Treaty, and the Kellogg-Briand pact are anything more than idle words, the controlling idea to-day is world-wide peace against all disturbers. I am persuaded that a frank declaration on the part of the United States of its willingness to accept the implications and responsibilities which that ideal demands would do more than all else to convert it into a reality. At the least, it would shrink the whole naval controversy to its true proportions. It would reduce the probability of a collision between the navies of the United States and Great Britain to the vanishing-point. And incidentally it would take away all support from those naval proposals which pretend to secure the sea commerce of each country against imaginary attack from the combined navies of other Powers, whenever and wherever delivered; proposals comparable in their mounting extravagance only to those of the military men, who, as Lord Salisbury exclaimed, 'would fortify the moon against an attack from Mars.'"

BRITAIN'S "HAND" IN AFGHANISTAN

THE ANCIENT SPORT of twisting the British lion's tail has been revived in some marvelous exhibition performances, we are told, by sundry anti-British editors in France, Germany, and in India, not to mention the customary proficiency of Soviet commentators. The opportunity for this carnival of accusation against the so-called designs of British imperialism, say British journals, is afforded by the chaotic topsy-turvy of kings and kingcraft in Afghanistan. While those of adverse mind against England reproach her as being the "cause of it all," the British press is unanimous in claiming that amidst all the chaos of Afghanistan one thing is at least certain, namely, that the policy which the British Government has followed, and is following, is one of non-intervention, to which the British Minister to Afghanistan, Sir Francis Humphrys, has been "consistently and entirely loyal." This is recognized on all hands, the London *Morning Post* declares sharply, despite Soviet propaganda to the contrary, for "Great Britain has no territorial ambitions in Afghanistan, and the real danger to the independence of that country comes from Russia." For a positively opposite view-point, we may turn to the German press. The Berlin *Kreuz Zeitung* is convinced that Great Britain has worked steadily to reestablish the régime of British influence in Afghanistan, which ended with the accession of King Amanullah in 1915, and now it is in sight of success. Continuing, this daily charges:



A FRENCH SLAM

"John Bull's puppet in Afghanistan."

—*Cyrano* (Paris).

> "The British have never shrunk from any means of reaching their aim. The more or less 'peaceful' conquests of England form an unbroken chain of violence and oppression against weaker nations stretching over five hundred years. The process occasionally arouses the indignation of the whole world, but it has always been completely successful. Amanullah's abdication is a new success for this policy. His eagerness for reforms may have caused some internal unrest, but another cause must be sought for a revolt of such magnitude. Great Britain always works unscrupulously and invisibly at the start, makes skilful use of every difficulty in the land concerned, until it sees the moment ripe to take arms 'in defense' of its 'menaced' territory, and ultimately annexes the weakling."

Referring to an alleged effort of the Government of India to stop the publication of statements suggesting "British complicity" in the movement that caused Amanullah's downfall, an Indian contributor to the Calcutta *Welfare* has this to say:

> "It is not possible that even the most hair-brained agitator would 'get away with' a story of an Indian governmental plot to put a new king on the throne of Afghanistan. Nor would sensible people believe that the Government of India made special arrangements for the escape of the Afghan Prince from Allahabad in order to put him up as a 'pretender.' So that we do not think the Government were well-advised to issue hastily a circular which evil tongues might slyly interpret as 'protesting too much.' "

A considered and trenchant denial of all accusations against Great Britain's so-called "aims" in Afghanistan is delivered with uncompromising firmness by the Manchester *Guardian*, which concedes that "those flattering critics of Great Britain who find the finger of our Foreign Office at work in the depths of every pie, dislodging plums and tasty morsels for the insatiable maw of British imperialism, are enjoying themselves over the situation in Afghanistan." This daily goes on to say:

> "Some day, maybe, the news of upheavals in distant areas of the earth, comporting risk to white men's and white women's lives, will find the responsible minds of Europe united in the determination to discover a common policy which combines respect for the independence and aspirations of the non-European peoples with a defense of those interests, such as the safety of diplomatic representatives and other white residents in the country, which are simply the visible sign of the fact that in this century the peoples of the earth live alongside of each other, and that no one any longer can seek to preserve the purity of national traditions by sheltering them from the impact of outside ideas. At the present moment it is much if we can feel sure, as we fortunately can, that the principal governments of Western Europe are not playing against each other. We can not say as much for those who are commonly reputed to be the mouthpiece of those governments."

ROUTING CHINESE LABOR FROM THE PHILIPPINES—Activities of the United States, in fighting the smuggling of Chinese laborers into the Philippine Islands, reveals a problem, it seems to some Chinese critics, the solution of which rests partly with the Chinese National Government. No country need prohibit Chinese labor, if China is to be developed as she must be, remarks the Shanghai *China Critic*, for, by preference, the Chinese worker would remain at home, provided always that he could earn enough on which to live. Incidentally rapping the Chinese National Government, this Chinese-edited Shanghai weekly observes that the present situation is not without its irony, for while Chinese labor, "cheap, but conscientious, is not wanted in foreign countries, foreign labor, on the contrary, like a Woolworth article with a Tiffany trade-mark, commands a high premium in China." We read then:

> "The only reason given for the objection to Chinese labor is that it is too cheap. 'For generations the Chinese, established in little shacks throughout the Islands, have controlled the retail trade, as the Filipinos have no trading ability, and the upper classes look on trade as undignified,' according to a Reuter's report. 'Now they are going into industry, and it is the duty of the Government, under the law, to keep out these low-standard laborers. The local Government has failed in its task, and so the United States Government has had to step in.' We do not wish to dwell upon the justice of exclusion, neither do we wish to deny the right of any government to regulate immigration into its domain. If Chinese labor is not wanted in the Philippines, why then does Chinese labor insist on going there? The answer is obvious. The unsettled conditions of our country are not conducive to industrial developments, and the number of the unemployed is appalling. If the United States Government tries to protect the laboring classes in its territories, what is our Government going to do to protect our labor? Nanking has either to find new fields abroad for our labor or to create opportunities for it at home. The former course is well-nigh impossible, and the latter depends on the sincerity of the Government in its program of reconstruction."

INDIA'S TWO KINDS OF WOMEN

WOMEN ARE ALL ALIKE, may be an accepted masculine cynicism in Western lands, where it is noted by women with a tolerant smile, but in some Oriental countries, particularly in India, we are told, there are two kinds of women—the free and the trammeled. In a part of India known as Kerela, which constitutes the southwestern corner of the peninsula, woman, it seems, has never been bound by the segregating *purdah* and other Indian conventions, and there she has "even been regarded as the head of the house." But, in regions of India where women have been subjected to restrictions, because they are women, it is interesting to learn that they are striving for freedom, and their efforts are said to evoke praise from all quarters, including British-owned and British-edited newspapers as well as the native Indian press. In Kerela, which is almost entirely cut off by mountain ranges from the rest of the country, Indian women are and always have been "free as the air," it appears, and they have enjoyed full proprietary rights in the property of the family of which they are members. This fact was strest in an address to the All India Women's Social Conference, delivered by Her Highness Maharani Setu Parvatibayi, the Junior Maharani of Travancore, and, as quoted in the Calcutta *Modern Review*, she said in part:

> "Speaking of my own country of Kerela, it may not be very well known to all the members of this audience that the woman is the pivot of the family, and her rights are fundamental and extensive. A large proportion of the property in Malabar stands in the name of and is enjoyed by the woman as the head of the household, and innumerable examples of careful management and masterly administration can be produced from our annals."

The Indian Nationalist editor of *The Modern Review*, Babu Ramananda Chatterjee, characterizes the Junior Maharani's address as "able," and informs us that the conference over which she presided—

> "was largely attended by women from all parts of India belonging to the Hindu, Moslem, and other religious communities. It discust and passed resolutions on such important topics as the abolition of *purdah*, marriage of widows, rescue of minor girls, remodeling of primary and secondary education, adult education, revision of laws of inheritance, abolition of dowry to the son-in-law, revision of factory laws, and equal moral rights for men and women."

Incidentally, it is pointed out that the Junior Maharani is the mother of the reigning Maharajah, who, however, is yet too young to act as ruler of his State, which is for the time governed by his mother's cousin, the Senior Maharani. A British-owned daily, the Madras *Mail*, observes:

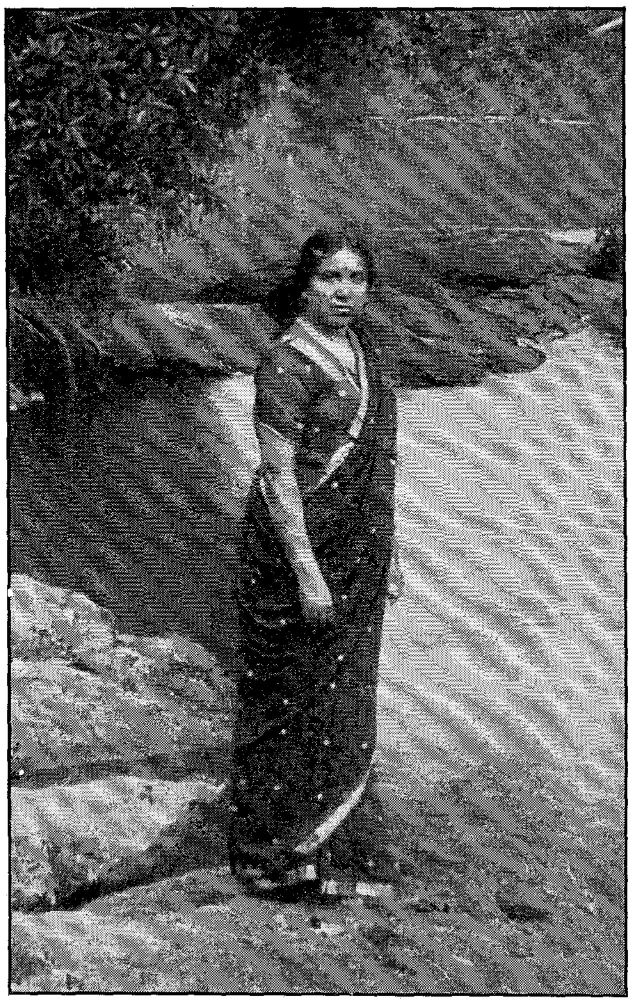
> "The Junior Maharani comes from a part of India in which, as she reminds us, *purdah* is practically unknown, and women have a freedom of movement unique in India. Illiteracy there is uncommon, and female education is more general than in any other part of the Indian States. These facts have to be contrasted with the figures given for the whole of India. We quote the Maharani: 'The total number of women in all the schools and colleges in India, from the primary school up to the arts and professional colleges, was just over a million in late years for which figures are available. Of this number 86 per cent. stopt with the primary school.'
>
> "If the women of India can find leaders as gently outspoken as the Maharani, and if they can gather round them those of their sisters who have come out into the world and tasted the sweets of freedom, it will not be long before the ramparts of prejudice will fall in a mass."

The Maharani-Mother of Travancore, we are advised, would sweep aside all vestige of *purdah* from every part of India, do away with child-marriage and widowhood, and eradicate other evils from which Indian society suffers. Here is part of her program of reform, as indicated in *The Hindu Illustrated Weekly* (Madras):

> "The large number of widows in India, she said, is largely due to the early age of marriage, and partially to the difference between the ages of the husband and the wife, as well as to the prejudice against the remarriage of widows. There is something radically wrong, she believes, in a system which permits such a large number of widows between the ages of one and fifteen. It is a matter of profound gratification, she thinks, that enlightened opinion among the Hindus, and also among the Mohammedans, is declaring itself in favor of marriage at a maturer age."

One understands better the swift progress of Indian women toward social and political freedom, it is said, when note is taken of the fact that in British India the number of women scholars in colleges and schools rose by more than 50 per cent. between 1911 and 1919. The first purely political organization of women in India, according to Vasudeo B. Metta, an Indian barrister, was the All India Women's Union, and he is the authority for another statement in *Current History* (New York), namely, that three years after the Woman's Association was founded, "suffrage was won in half the country." In 1924, we are also informed, Indian women for the first time exercised the voting right during the second election for the Legislative Councils and the Legislative Assembly. It is further pointed out that:

> "Throughout the whole of South India women now have the vote on the same terms as men. In Travancore and in Mysore women may be elected as councilors. Campaigns in Bengal and Behar have recently resulted in women getting the municipal vote. There are women councilors in Madras, and the United Provinces of India, population 47,000,000, have given their qualified women equal political rights with men for the Legislative Council, District Municipalities and Local Boards."


Photograph by St. Nihal Singh

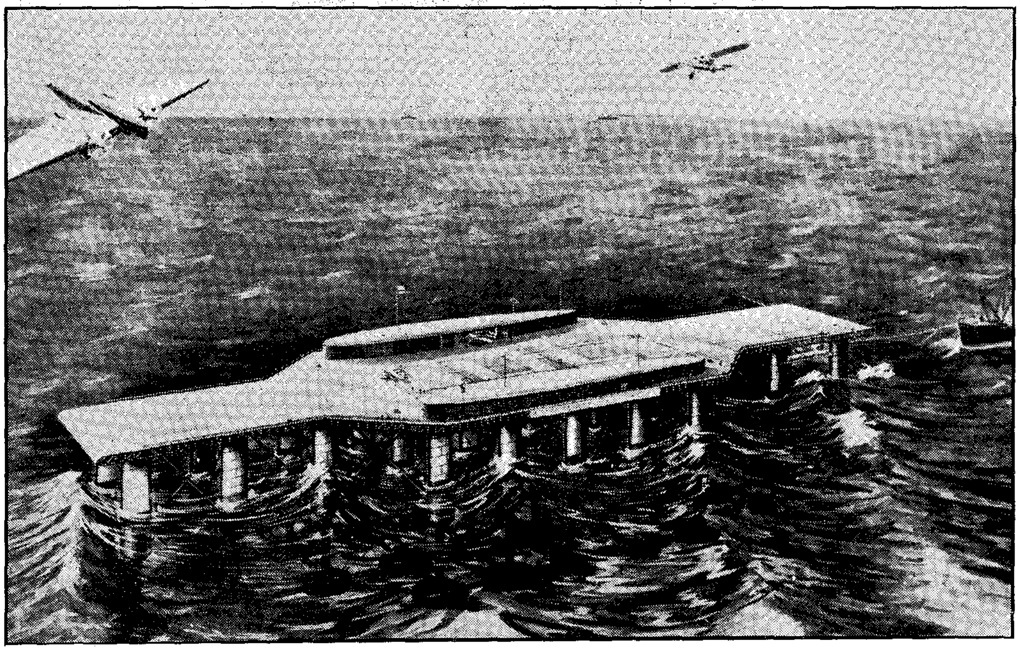
AN INDIAN WOMAN REFORMER

Her Highness Maharani Setu Parvatibayi, who would sweep aside all vestige of the segregation of women and do away with child marriage and widowhood, and other evils that afflict women in India.

SCIENCE · AND · INVENTION

HOW THE AIRPLANE WILL SPEED UP BUSINESS

WHEN RAILROADS REPLACED stage-coaches, business underwent almost a revolution. Now that airplanes are supplementing railroads, business can not possibly remain the same, we are assured by Col. Paul Henderson and Peter F. O'Shea, writing on "Business at Airplane Speed" in *The Magazine of Business* (Chicago). Colonel Henderson is vice-president of both the transcontinental and the National Air Transport Companies. Two years from now, he predicts, 30,000 planes will be threading back and forth across the country like shuttles in a loom. What new pattern, he asks, will they weave into the country's commerce? He goes on:



International Newsreel photograph

MAKING BERMUDA IN TWO JUMPS

Artist's vision of the Armstrong seadrome, to be anchored at sea midway between New York and Bermuda as a half-way supply station. A chain of these floating isles may make the air-trip to Europe an every-day affair.

> "A somewhat unexpected effect of aviation was pointed out to me by a business man of the Northwest. I went to him to talk over a project of running a line of passenger planes to the Northwest. After estimating the probable volume of business and cost, we agreed that the line was not then practicable. 'I wish it were,' he said, 'because we would undoubtedly derive the same sort of benefit that we now derive from your airplane line to Los Angeles.'
>
> "'How,' I asked, 'can an air-line from the East terminating in Los Angeles have any effect upon Oregon and Washington?'
>
> "'Speedy transportation brings men and money to the West coast,' he answered. 'New York men can come to the coast in two days. Four days is vastly different from breaking up a couple of weeks. So they come.
>
> "'A certain percentage of these men who reach the Pacific coast get up into Washington and Oregon. Such men are already helping to build up our Northwestern States.'
>
> "Airplane traffic is going to bring all parts of the country into a closer similarity. Economic hollows will be filled by men with an experienced eye for opportunities. Development of the newer sections will be speeded up. Remote sections of the population will live under the same conditions that now obtain in more settled territories. These new consumers must be served in the new airplane manner.
>
> "Airplanes are already changing the business map. They will continue to change it, not only absolutely, but relatively. Cities far distant will be drawn together more than other towns at shorter distances.
>
> "Air-passenger traffic between cities comparatively close together is being developed by a line which will serve twenty-five cities. These short-distance cities will be within commuting distance of each other.
>
> "One business executive has established a practise of going from Detroit to Cleveland twice a week by plane. Another leaves Detroit field at 7 A. M. and at 9 A. M. is in Dayton. He keeps business appointments in Dayton until 4 P. M. and is back on his own home field in Detroit two hours later.
>
> "I recently within the same daylight day did business in Joliet, Chicago, Cleveland, and New York. When men move around like that they are bound to extend their acquaintance with places, people, executives, methods, and standards. Every man becomes a multiple of what he used to be.
>
> "One man can supervise stores in more cities. A manufacturer can extend his selling territory, even if his kind of sales needs personal service. Consequently more businesses will become national. Every executive will be bigger, in traveling radius, in acquaintance, and in new ideas.
>
> "New standards of business will be disseminated very swiftly. When a man can travel three times as fast as now, he can see nine times as many cities and meet personally twenty-seven times as many other business executives. For when a man moves fast, he learns how to use each minute intensively. Interchange of business methods has been rapid during the last twenty-five years, but it is going to speed up so as to become vastly more rapid in the next twenty-five.
>
> "A San Francisco milliner imported a shipment of hats from Paris. The moment he reached New York he shipped one sample of each to San Francisco by airplane express. At the same time he sent to each of his select women customers in San Francisco an invitation to come to his San Francisco store for a special view. You can guess whether he did a good business."

Eventually, Colonel Henderson assures us, every one must adopt the aviation pace. Those will be surest of survival who are first to perceive and use the new tools of competition. Another effect of air transportation, he says, is economy. Speed saves men, goods, or money. He proceeds:

> "Several banks have kept account of the expense of shipping funds and securities by air mail, as against the interest saved by more days' use of the money. One bank saved $33,000 in one year, on an investment of only $1,200 in the expense of air transport. Business men and buyers of all sorts will be as eager as bankers to get the most intensive use of either their money or the goods they are buying. They will not be content with letting money or goods remain idle in delayed transportation.
>
> "Not long ago stores in small towns used to order bills of goods twice a year, to last for the next six months. Retailers now order for a few weeks. It is quite conceivable that they will order for several days in 1950.

"The elements which have forced changes will continue to force them. Styles will come on the market too fast to allow retailers to risk long-term stocks. Transportation by airplane will be faster; transportation by railroad will be faster, too. Railroads have already learned much about improving transportation. During the next generation, railroads will be compelled to learn and develop anew, for everything they do or fail to do will be compared with the airplane speeding overhead.

"To-day only a small portion of the mail goes by air, but all first-class mail will probably be transported by planes long before 1950. Greater speed in mail is highly valuable in itself, but it is even more important as the standard for a new pace in all transportation. Everything learned about speeding up the mail is immediately applied to freight and express.

"I visualize the transportation situation in the country twenty years from now somewhat like this: All the long-distance passenger hauling will be by airplane; all the short-distance passenger hauling will be by motor-buses. Railroads will carry no passengers at all. That will leave railroads free to do a continuous stream business in freight. All freight will be speeded up from its present rate, so that slow freight may move as quickly as what is now called fast freight.

"All short hauls of freight in that era will be done by motor-trucks. Truck schedules will fit in with railroad schedules, and trucks will have much more convenient facilities at railroad terminals. Many of these changes are already foreshadowed.

"Goods of high value concentrated in small bulk will probably be shipped by airplane express. Goods which require exceptionally speedy shipment will also go on airplanes, regardless of their bulk. This is what people mean when they say that airplanes will knit the country together.

"When we get mail in the air, people in the air, money in the air, and valuable goods in the air, we will have a new country commercially. We will have the same soil beneath us, the same mountains, but a new fast-moving population, a new fast-moving commerce."

RADIO-RUN WATCHES—PERHAPS

"IMAGINATIVE STUFF" is the appropriate heading under which a writer in the New York *Sun's* Radio Section tells of a reported invention by a Russian radio-engineer. The story runs as follows:

"An engineer of a well-known watch manufacturing company of New York City, in addressing a convention of jewelers in Washington, D. C., several years ago, predicted that in the future our watches would be run by radio. His forecast was accepted as visionary, and altho his words were those of an engineer and a fellow watchmaker they fell lightly upon the ears of that body of jewelers. They were inclined to twit this imaginative engineer with the slang of the day—'interesting if true!'

"Only two or three years have elapsed since that prediction, and yet a report from Russia brings such a visionary scheme just a little nearer to realization. A patent has been issued by the Soviet Inventions Bureau to a Rostave radio-engineer in which it is conceded that a device has been contrived for the control of watches by radio. The invention is described as a 'master radio clock,' and it has the capacity for synchronizing watches and clocks. This master timepiece, operated by radio, would supply accurate time signals to a considerable number of smaller clocks and watches.

"While the New York watch engineer envisioned a plan whereby watches would be operated directly from radio impulses transmitted from a broadcasting station, the scheme of the Russian engineer lends an appreciable degree of feasibility to the more direct plan of operation of the American watchmaker. This scheme, however, brings into review the facetious comment of a naval radio-engineer with respect to the recent vision of an automobile manufacturer, where motor-cars would be operated by radio power. 'I hope the transmitting station won't fail when I am driving my car up a hill,' this naval radio man remarked. Similarly, many owners of timepieces will hope that the radio stations sending impulses to our watches will not fail at the lunch hour or when we are hurrying to catch a train!"

SAVING BABIES' LIVES BY FIRE ALARM

THE FIRE DEPARTMENT SIREN, screaming down the street, doesn't always mean a fire, remarks *Safety Engineering* (New York). These days the fire department rescue-squad frequently has another job—saving lives with the use of an inhalator. It goes on:

"Many new-born babies have died in the past from asphyxia, grown-ups have died from illuminating gas and carbon-monoxid poisoning in automobile garages, who might now be saved by the administration of oxygen and carbon dioxid with an inhalator. Dr. Yandell Henderson, of Yale University, in a recent discussion of the developments in this field, states that the use of oxygen alone in cases of asphyxia produced by anesthetics or carbon-monoxid poisoning is of little help, because the oxygen is not inhaled. When carbon dioxid is added to the oxygen, respiration, he says, is stimulated and the increased ventilation of the lungs, aided by the action of the oxygen upon the blood, rapidly expels the carbon monoxid and restores normal breathing.

P. & A. photograph. Courtesy of *Safety Engineering* (New York)

NEW WAY FOR FIREMEN TO SAVE BABIES

But just as actual as the old style, with fire-bells, ladders, and leaping flames. This dramatic picture shows the rescue-squad of the Chicago Fire Department giving oxygen and carbon dioxid to a baby twelve days old, who apparently died after a minor operation. The baby was "brought to life" and lived. The photograph shows the mother, the firemen, nurse and interne at the Chicago Memorial Hospital.

"The most recent application of this theory is in the resuscitation of newborn infants who fail to breathe, or in whom respiration gradually diminishes and passes into a standstill a short time after birth. In many such cases a higher concentration of carbon dioxid is necessary, in some cases 10 or 15 per cent., or even higher.

"Dr. Henderson recommends that such inhalators be available everywhere on emergency notice, and this may be accomplished in any one of three ways: 1. When an anesthetist attends a delivery, his anesthesia apparatus should be provided with an attachment for treating the infant as well as the mother. 2. If no anesthetist is to be present, the obstetrician may have one of the infant inhalators, or there might be one such apparatus at the medical society rooms. 3. The most effective arrangement of all is to see that the city fire or police department and the hospital ambulances have inhalators."

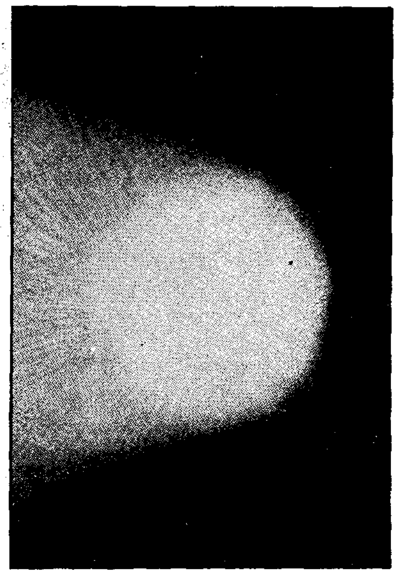
SUBMARINE MOUNTAINS FOUND BY ECHOES—Echoes have just aided in two important marine discoveries that may help explain an ocean mystery, the origin of the Humboldt current, says *Popular Mechanics* (Chicago). We read:

"By firing detonating shells from a twenty-foot brass shotgun, and determining the time the echoes took to return from the floor of the sea, scientists on board the non-magnetic yacht

Carnegie have found two new ranges of mountains under the ocean. One is more than a mile high above the sea floor and 100 miles off the coast of Ecuador. The other rises to a height of 9,750 feet, and runs northwest and southeast, 400 miles to the north of Juan Fernandez Island. It is believed that this range may be a contributing cause to the Humboldt current, and may also be a remnant of the sunken lands whence sprang the mysterious Easter Island civilization."

"HUMAN FLUID"; YES OR NO?

EXPLANATIONS OF CERTAIN OCCULT and nervous phenomena by assuming the existence of some kind of "human fluid" used to be common and are still to be met with. Most scientists believe that the recognized physical and chemical actions are a sufficient explanation, but some few disagree, as is shown by correspondence printed in so orthodox a medical journal as *La Presse Médicale* (Paris). This was stimulated by the published accounts of certain experiments on nerve-electricity by a Dr. de Lorgeril. The first writer, Dr. J. Bonjour, one of the skeptics, writes as follows:



PSEUDOEFFLUVIA

In the photograph of a ticking watch.

"Dr. de Lorgeril's experiment is similar to that made by Veragut of Zurich, thirty years ago, in the hope of diagnosing the intensity of nervous troubles. Veragut put the electrodes in the hands of the patient and connected them with a mirror galvanometer. He pronounced words at random, and all at once would hit upon one that excited some emotion in the patient. The light-spot from the mirror moved on the scale when such emotion was produced, but not when the words suggested no pleasant or painful memory. Veragut gave the name of 'psychogalvanic reflex' to this phenomenon.

"I can confirm the experiments of Captain Mondeil on the electrometers used by hypnotizers. A non-magnetized needle under glass works as well as a magnet and moves always according to the position of the hand and according to the electricity with which it is charged. Guebbard explains similarly the 'effluvia' seen on photographs of magnetizers' hands. The heat of the hand produces a current that alters the film by decomposing the silver-salts. It is by means of a similar phenomenon that one writes on the film of an autographic kodak. The mechanical disturbance caused by the pressure of the stylus decomposes the silver-salt just like a light-ray.

"This influence of mechanical shock on photographs received, in 1927, a new and beautiful demonstration from a Berne radiologist, Dr. von Ries. Interested by photos of a female hypnotizer condemned by the Federal court and defended by a partner who held the 'fluid' theory, Dr. von Ries made some experiments by placing his watch on the photographic plate instead of his hand, and he obtained a superb circular image surrounded by a magnificent aureole of 'effluvia.' He rightly attributed the image to the shaking of the molecules by the shock of the balance wheel, and he believed that the results obtained from the human hand were likewise due to the beating of the pulse.

"It will be seen that phenomena attributed to the effects of a special 'fluid' are more and more being explained on physical and mechanical grounds."

Dr. Foveau de Courmelles, in the same issue, calls attention to the fact that psychogalvanic effects are like the acoustic and optical tests to which aviators are subjected, which he says are merely "psychotechnics utilized for professional orientation." The "human fluid" has nothing to do with this matter; but he is not sure that something like it does not exist. He writes:

"Louis Forest, in *Le Matin*, has reported that an electric lamp has been lighted between the hands of various subjects, the effect varying with the dryness or moisture of the skin and the subject's health. He has received confirmatory letters.

"The existence of animal magnetism, or the 'human fluid,' in treating disease, is sometimes denied and sometimes admitted in the courts. Mr. Peytal has cited, in *Paris Médical*, judgments acquitting and others condemning magnetizers, according as no powers at all, or a curative power, was attributed to them.

"All electroradiologists have noted—and also electrologists before the discovery of the X-rays—electric variations without apparent cause, also increased rapidity of the heart-beat under the rays. Fear would appear to be the dominant element, since a few kind words will return the galvanometer needle to its place and slow down the heart. I have endeavored, when nothing seemed to justify the difference of intensity of the current, to find out what the patient was thinking about. It is manifest that the electric resistance of the human body varies with our emotions and thoughts; I have proved this and communicated it to the Society of Comparative Pathology on October 9, 1928. It is 'electropsychoanalysis.' Many electric accidents vary in gravity according to whether the patient is asleep, or awake, or frightened.

"Electrologists have already assisted the biologists by their study of the muscles and nerves. Will they also now aid the psychiatrists, in the way noted above, by the electrical study of internal reactions?

"But if some cerebral phenomena show themselves thus — are 'materialized,' in some fashion, may there not also be visible exterior materializations of a 'human fluid,' a nervous radiotelegraphy?"

RADIO LOST IN WOODS

WHEN RADIO GOES INTO a dense forest it rarely comes out. Great forests act like screens to the radio-waves. For this reason, we are told by Albert Nodon, writing in *La Nature* (Paris), radio is practically useless in the neighborhood of the immense forested regions of the tropics, especially in Africa. It is not the trees themselves that are the trouble, he thinks, but the fact that the space around them is turned into an electric conductor by emissions from the foliage. Such a conducting medium opposes the passage of electromagnetic waves. Writes Mr. Nodon:

"Forests have a mysterious absorbent action on electromagnetic waves. Barfield in England has undertaken a new investigation of this interesting question and has found that the absorption is much greater in wooded regions than elsewhere. He has also proved that it is 30 per cent. greater in summer than in winter.

"In southwestern France it is well known that the great forests of pine that cover a large part of the departments of the Landes and the Gironde, act like screens toward the sending-stations at Mont-de-Marsan and Bordeaux.

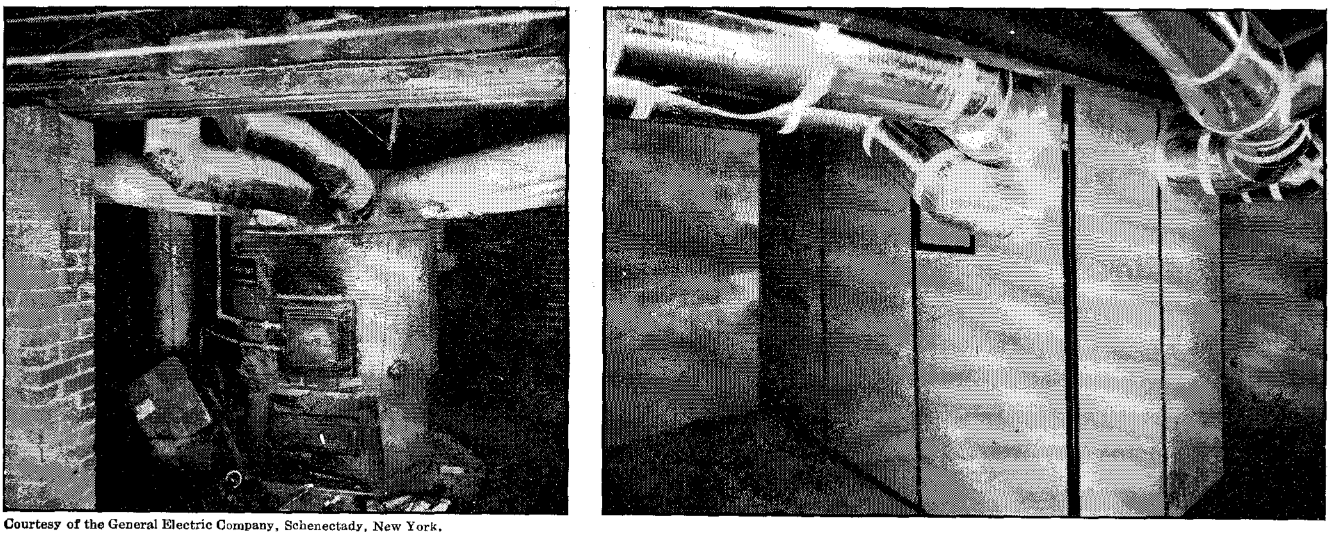
"The persistence of the foliage in these forests causes the disturbance to be almost as great in winter as in summer. In immense tropical forests, particularly in Africa, the effects are still more striking, and radio communication there is practically impossible.

"The investigations that I have undertaken on the radioactivity of plants may furnish a satisfactory explanation of these facts. I showed as early as 1923, in researches published by the Paris Academy of Sciences and the Spanish Royal Academy, and in various scientific reviews, that plants, and in particular the foliage of trees, are the seat of radioelectric manifestations, provoking an abundant emission of ions into the atmosphere.

"In winter, owing to the absence of leaves, these effects are lessened. But in the immense tropical forests, where the vegetation is exuberant, the effects of ionization, which is naturally much greater than in the northern temperate regions, oppose an almost insurmountable obstacle to the passage of hertzian waves, especially by day.

"The waves, passing over the forests, undergo more or less complete reflection, which turns them aside from their original direction. There would seem to be no other practical way to avoid the trouble due to the forests, than to put up in such regions emitting or receiving antennas at such a height as to escape the absorbent or reflecting action of the conducting layers.

"In certain cases, inequalities may be utilized, by erecting the antennas on mountains or hills partially deforested."



Courtesy of the General Electric Company, Schenectady, New York.

THE OLD AND THE NEW: THE OLD HOT-AIR FURNACE AND THE NEW THERMOS-BOTTLE HEATER

HUGE ELECTRIC THERMOS BOTTLES FOR HOUSE HEATING

THE ELECTRICALLY HEATED HOME, without chimney or coal bin, is now asserted to be a reality. Homes and buildings in a half dozen cities, we are told, have been successfully heated by this means this winter. Chester I. Hall of Philadelphia developed this new method of heating while a research engineer of the General Electric Company, in charge of its experimental laboratory at Fort Wayne, Indiana. The method consists of heating large storage tanks of water, practically huge thermos bottles, using electric current only at night, when it can be obtained at the lowest cost, and releasing this stored heat within the home as required. We read in a press bulletin issued by the General Electric Company:

"The same plan, either in conjunction with the home-heating system or independently, can be used to supply the domestic hot-water needs. The Hall heating system can be installed as a hot-air, hot-water, vapor, or double-pipe system. The charging or storage of heat is substantially the same in all cases, the only difference being in the manner of discharging the heat.

"'Electric heating is no longer experimental, and the cost is reasonable,' says Mr. Hall. 'This is the second winter in which the system has been used in Fort Wayne, and from data received from that city, as well as from other restricted territories in which the company is operating, I feel sure that it is firmly established. I believe that the average eight-room home in the central belt of States can be heated electrically for approximately $350 per winter, provided, of course, the building is well insulated.

"'Heat by electricity is not the product of combustion, and does not consume oxygen. The amount of oxygen in the air ordinarily used to a great extent by coal, oil, gas, or wood fires, is therefore left intact, and the products of combustion, such as smoke, gases, soot, and ashes, do not exist.'

"Instead of transporting household fuel, in many instances thousand of miles, heat or power is generated at the power station and conveyed to customers in the same way electric current is conveyed for lighting homes, heating ranges, cooling refrigerators, and operating other electric appliances.

"'To the home-owner, the safety factor is perhaps the most important,' Mr. Hall pointed out. 'As there is no combustion in the house, there is, consequently, no danger from fire. It is noiseless, and all energy purchased is delivered into the house as heat. It is simply the release of stored heat controlled by a thermostat.

"'From the housewife's view-point it reduces to a minimum the cleaning of drapes and the need of redecorating, for the customary ashes, smoke, and soot are entirely eliminated. In addition there is also the absence of obnoxious and dangerous gases and odors, which often come from other methods of heating.'

"Mr. Hall's idea was first submitted to a year's practical test in an average house before commercial installations were made. The first sample installation consisted of a water-tank containing electric heating elements. From an insulated air space around the tank the radiated warm air was distributed by pressure to various parts of the home, as necessity demanded. Automatic timers turned on the electric current during the off-peak period of the power company, and when the water became heated to proper temperature the electric current was automatically turned off. With temperatures as low as 5 degrees below zero this home was kept comfortably warm.

"'The general principle,' says Mr. Hall, 'is similar to that of the thermos bottle. In substance, heat is simply stored in a well-insulated large thermos bottle, and is drawn off by the customer when he has need for it.'"

THE "EXPERT WITNESS" NUISANCE—One of the expert witnesses in a murder case, a Missouri alienist, has been suspended, we read, by the State Medical Society. This action, thinks the San Francisco *Chronicle*, "gives reason to hope that the medical profession itself is about to do something toward abating the 'expert witness' nuisance." It goes on:

"The employment of highly paid physicians to befuddle courts and juries at so much per day is nothing less than a scandal in American administration of justice.

"The theory of the law is that witnesses are summoned to tell the whole truth with a view to getting at the vital facts and doing substantial justice. It shocks the public to feel that there are so-called 'experts' who are exempt from this rule, and are expected to give only such testimony as will help the side that is paying them a high fee.

"This sort of 'expert testimony' has brought a degree of contempt both on the administration of justice and on the profession of the 'experts.' It has developed a class of alienists openly on sale to whoever can pay their charges.

"The medical profession, in the main an outstanding example of high-minded devotion to exacting ideals, has frequently indicated its discomfort under the blot which the 'expert witnesses' cast on the public esteem to which the profession is in the main entitled. Now if the medical societies disown those members who auction their services in defense of criminals, the 'experts' will lose much of their value in court and nearly all of their professional standing.

"California's new insanity law has done much to mitigate the evils of the expert witness by requiring that the question of a criminal's mental capacity shall be tried apart from the facts of the crime itself.

"Massachusetts has gone even farther by providing that the question of insanity shall be determined by an impartial commission appointed by the State.

"But whatever steps are taken by the law do not excuse the medical profession from responsibility for its own members. If the Missouri action on the Hickman witness means that there is to be a housecleaning in the matter of 'experts,' it will redound to the prestige of the medical profession and to the improvement of criminal justice in America."

LAUGHTER EVEN IN THE TEETH OF DEATH

The domesticity of the dugout is depicted with the fidelity of an old Dutch master in R. C. Sherriff's war-tragedy, entitled "Journey's End." The newly arrived *Lieutenant Trotter, Private Mason, Lieutenant Osborne* and *Second Lieutenant Raleigh* are dubiously inspecting the "lean bacon."

AN AMATEUR WRITES ENGLAND'S "FINEST WAR PLAY"

INDELIBLE MEMORIES of his war experience impelled a London insurance surveyor to write a play. R. C. Sherriff had been an infantry officer. He knew the dugouts, but he did not know the drama. So he was told by London managers, every one of whom turned down "Journey's End"—for so Mr. Sherriff named his play. About ten months ago, for the private entertainment of a Thames rowing club—we follow the account of Sydney W. Carroll in the London *Daily Telegraph*—this play was produced in semi-amateur fashion. Finally Maurice Browne, an Englishman who founded the Little Theater in Chicago, and had been active in America for many years, decided to open his season at the Savoy with this play, which the London correspondent of *Variety* now admits to be "the greatest war play ever written." Its triumph was immediate and overwhelming. It is now being translated into German, and will shortly be produced in Berlin. Gilbert Miller, who recently renounced Broadway, nevertheless organized a company in London, and has lost no time in transporting hither this play, which is acclaimed by the London *Daily News and Westminster Gazette* as "the most memorable piece of dramatic war literature written since the war ended."

In what does the greatness of "Journey's End" reside? Mr. Carroll of *The Daily Telegraph* is perhaps most successful in crystallizing London's enthusiasm into lucid words. The faithful transcription of actual life, he writes, has never been accomplished to greater effect by any playwright. "It is unaffected, inevitable, great, modern tragedy." It disregards all the cherished conventions of the stage. It contains not a single female character. There is no plot or story to speak of. The author has been content to present a vivid, graphic and full realization of war. The London critic elucidates:

"It presents war, with all its manliness and its cowardice, its deadliness and its humor, its honesty, its meanness, its savagery, its pathos. It has not a false note—not a bit of manufactured sentiment. It is true, sound, and English all through. There is no rhetoric, no flight of fancy, no preaching, no propaganda, no jingoism. Just the warp and woof of actual fact spun out of the most fateful moments in England's story.

"The action takes place in a dugout in the British trenches before St. Quentin. We pass from the evening of Monday, March 18, 1918, to the dawn of Thursday, the 21st. Doom is in the air. The guns thunder in the distance. The menace is felt of an impending German attack in force. The little party of officers and men whom we meet represent actual well-known types, individualized, portrayed with the fidelity of a Dutch old master.

"Towering above the rest, purposeful, passionate, is the terrifically human figure of *Stanhope*, a nerve-wracked, brilliant, self-sacrificing company commander, tall, slim, broad-shouldered, with a superb sense of duty, but soaking himself day by day in drink—whisky, bottle after bottle—to drown his feelings and his fears.

"These men bring the war back to us. They grub it in this fetid, gloomy, underground hole, joke and quarrel, the air reeking of bacon, candles, and sardines, mysterious stews and cutlets, dank earth, tobacco fumes, and worse. The action ranges from the tremendous to the trivial."

Tho there are no woman characters in "Journey's End," "the sense of wifehood, of motherhood, of sweethearting," writes Mr. Carroll, "is dispersed through it all." Nor is it all sheer, stark, unadulterated unhappiness.

"It abounds with laughter even in the teeth of death. The soldiers' badinage, persiflage, suppression and concealment of sentiment are always there to relieve the tension. Your eyes may stream, your nerves break, your heart throb—you may have a catch in the throat, but you will be the better for it. You will be brought into the presence of Fate. You will never sense the Theater. This is not 'acting,' but reality. The hand of God presses itself firmly on your shoulder. You realize how

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truly noble, in spite of all its shortcomings, is this lump of clay called 'man.' Your soul will be full of gratitude that such men existed and that they were Englishmen—that the inherited nobility of the race survived at such a moment. You will forget your prejudices, your selfish needs, your search for anodynes, and tell all your friends what I am telling you.

"What a joyous sense of comradeship, what an absence of heroics, there is in this play! One of the best scenes, and probably the finest, is that between *Osborne* and *Raleigh* in the few moments before the raid that leads to *Osborne's* death. The end to both seems certain. What shall they talk about? Pigs and rural England. A little place called Allum Green, just outside Lyndhurst, which they both know well. Then of the fresh chicken sent up for them specially from Noyelle farm. The unutterable charm and delicate sentiment of this quaint flirting with death could not be excelled."

Mr. Sherriff does not beat the drum-didactic, notes Ivor Brown in the London *Saturday Review*. He is obviously concerned to be accurate. Tho his subject concerns the ghastly monotony of life in the catacombs and cellerage of war, as well as the flourishes and alarums above ground, he succeeds in being exciting:

"He creates for us the domestic interior of a dugout; he shows in the foreground the fretful rhythm of food and drink, of fractiousness and of facetiousness, of comradeship and of animosity, and behind it he suggests the cosmic process, the ineluctable degree that has ensepulchered these wretches in that death-brink lodging-house and takes no more heed of them than of ants or worms. When the play closes *Osborne* is a shattered corpse outside and *Raleigh* is lying dead within; over his body the dugout begins to collapse under shell-fire. There are no funerals with military honors here; dust to dust. The tragic heroes of old had their cortège and their hymns of honor; over their graves were dance and drama held. For the Nordics a Valhalla opened; the fight was like a football-match and great feasting followed and honors in high and holy places. . . . For *Hamlet* came four stretcher-bearers of rank 'with soldier's music and the rites of war'; for *Antony*, joint burial with his queen unparagoned and all Roman valor to attend the funeral. For *Osborne* and *Raleigh* there is only the swallowing and consuming earth over which the slaughterous scramble goes pauseless on, bound year upon year to annihilation's crazy discipline: their funeral offerings are just more broken bodies of boys, more dust to more dust, waste without end."

Evidently the dramatic critic of the London *Times* alone feels that the sweep and gathering force of true tragedy are lacking in this faithful and unsentimental picture of modern warfare. For this dissentient writes:

"There is hardly any narrative in which tragedy may gather itself. The play is a series of scenes almost as unrelated and as difficult of interpretation as they would be in actual life. They turn loosely upon the troubles which the company commander encounters or makes for himself in the course of his work. He, a good soldier who is drinking hard to keep his sanity, is compelled to threaten a subaltern whose nerves have passed out of control, and, in the midst of the strain of preparation, to arrange a raid for which he sees no necessity. Half the raiders never return. After the raid the refusal of another subaltern to join in an orgy of champagne is resented by the company commander, and he forces a furious quarrel on his junior. Later the junior is hit and dies in the presence of the company commander, who is then called out to almost certain death.

"Emotions born of memory rather than imagination are evoked by this play and given no definite direction. Watching it we find ourselves wondering, as perhaps we wondered in the actual presence of similar scenes, how and when these strange uncouth events would get themselves rendered in a work of art. Mr. Sherriff, for all his efficient realism, leaves this question unanswered. He has written an exciting play, but he has not made the wonder and the awe felt in the war articulate to ourselves or to others."

James Agate, the observant critic of the *Sunday Times*, answers this criticism:

"There are those who say this not true tragedy, that it is individual and not universal, that such particularities of our own time will not abide. . . . But give me leave to insist that pity and fear are not smoked out of their old semblance by hand-grenade or gold-flake, and that *Stanhope*, *Osborne*, and *Raleigh* of this piece are as deep sunk in authentic tragedy as any of the ancientry. Surely every work of art is to be judged according to its success or failure in achieving what it sets out to do. It seems to me that Mr. Sherriff has succeeded perfectly. He did not set out to write a piece like 'The Unknown Warrior,' the philosophisings of which take place in a country house miles away from the line and not when the philosopher is fitting on a gas-mask. 'Journey's End' is a realistic play, and a realistic play is to be judged by its realism. If it is good realism, the alchemist who is in every playgoer will transform it into poetry, philosophy, or any other unnecessary thing."

A GERMAN PRISONER

At a cost of some half-dozen lives, this German soldier has just been captured. His examination by *Colonel Eric* leads to an exciting moment in R. C. Sherriff's triumphant success, "Journey's End."

Five minutes after he had found his right seat in the Savoy Theater, Hugh Walpole, the novelist, confesses that he had forgotten he was in a theater at all. He had been captured into a conviction of reality—a conviction more profound, he writes in *The Morning Post*, than any the English theater has given him for many years:

"At the end of the evening, in common with the rest of the audience, I went out into the street ennobled and simplified by a superb experience. And yet I suppose that there can never in any play have been less accessories, fewer props to one's eagerness for sensation. One scene, a dugout on the French front, no single woman character, no 'plot' in the theatrical meaning of that overworked word, and the theme that one of all others that lends itself to sentimentality, sham heroics, false posturing—the catastrophe of the war.

"For ten years we have demanded the truth about the war. Barbusse, on one side, Maurois on the other, Zweig and Bruno Frank, the poets—Sassoon, Robert Nichols, Julian Grenfell, Blunden—the novelists, Mottram and Ewart and A. P. Herbert, and yet we have never, with all this fine literature to help us, quite recovered our own memories of Reality.

"Here in this play, 'Journey's End,' it is at last recovered. I know neither author nor actors. The production is superb, the acting perfect. But the author, an amateur, I believe, in the traffic of the stage—how I envy him! To have given his conviction to the world, with humor and common sense, to have touched our deepest emotions without one word of sentimentality, to have hit war the hardest blow in its swollen stomach that war has yet had, and this without a word of direct propaganda or rancor against any one or anything."

THE SHEEPSKIN NOT THE GOLDEN FLEECE

IS A COLLEGE EDUCATION "convertible" in the financial sense of that word? Can it be exchanged for cash? Harold Florian Clark, of Teachers College, Columbia University, has precipitated a controversy among educators and editors by answering these hypothetical questions in a brief and emphatic "No!" In a report based on nearly a year's study, this young investigator of the economics of education, who has been studying the relation between "higher education and the average American's earning power," asserts that "you can not train 100,000 for 90,000 jobs without creating pressure to decrease the remuneration of the 90,000." Dr. Clark's preliminary report is quoted in the New York *Times:*

HE DEBUNKS THE DIPLOMA

Dr. Harold F. Clark declares education is a commodity like wheat.

> "The persons who are earning high wages to-day would have made them without the help of education. You can take a number of equally capable persons, giving one group education and putting the other group to work. You will find then that an education does not help much. It can even have an opposite effect.
>
> "It is quite natural that if you compare non-educated persons with educated persons you will find the latter earning more money, because that type of person is going to school to-day. To reveal the actual results of education you are obliged to compare two groups of equally capable persons. If any one thing stands out from all the material it is that numbers are a determining factor in the economic effects of education. It can not be too strongly emphasized that any one kind of education can be oversupplied from the economic standpoint. . . . Education is just as much a commodity as wheat, and must be governed by the laws of economics. You can not have the present percentage in high schools and expect them all to go into the 'higher callings.' If all tried to do so, salaries would drop to unbelievable levels. The higher callings might even be more overcrowded than the field of unskilled labor is to-day.
>
> "The boy with ability will get to his destination in the business world quite regardless of a college education. A college education is likely to make a man too pensive and hesitant for the task of money-making, when daring and courage are the prime necessities. Schooling has tremendous powers of directing people into channels other than the most productive ones, and doubtless had that effect at times in the past."

The immediate response by educators and the press to this challenge indicates wide-spread interest in the problem thrust into public consciousness. As the situation is interpreted by the Baltimore *Sun,* "this country faces a condition that allegedly prevailed in pre-war Germany, when brilliant young chemists, physicists and engineers labored for $100 or so a month. A bear market for brains impends." Others point out that it is not with the aim merely of increasing their earning capacity that young Americans march off to college every year. This point of view is eloquently summarized by Heywood Broun, in his column in the New York *Telegram:*

> "The success or failure of modern education must not be judged wholly by a mere process of arithmetic. It is ridiculous to class every person of moderate means, or less, as one who has been marred by his years at college. I have always supposed that the chief purpose of higher education was to fit the individual to lead a fuller and happier life. I don't see how that can be measured in terms of dollars. There are thousands of citizens more worthy of national regard than Jack Dempsey, and several of them make quite a little less in money."

The New York *World* remarks that Dr. Clark's report sounds very learned—"especially as it is buttressed by many months of research." But this influential daily claims to discover several fallacies in his reasoning. The chief is his idea that "education is just as much of a commodity as wheat." *The World* retorts: "Education is not a commodity. . . . Degrees, it may be admitted, are commodities; they cost so much in work, time and money; they may be exchanged for so much in jobs, security, and prestige." But all of this, in the opinion of *The World,* has little to do with the living effect of education on our national productiveness and national wages.

THE LOWLY READER'S RIGHTS

EVEN THE LOWLY READER enjoys certain fundamental rights. The author who forgets them is very apt to be forgotten himself. So suggests the late C. E. Montague in an essay published posthumously by *The Saturday Review of Literature* (New York). The first right of the readers, remarks this penetrating critic, is the right to be pleased. The relation between writer and reader is a delicate one, and Mr. Montague hints that a book of etiquette for authors might prove of benefit to literature. "Meredith and James lie amoldering, more or less, at least for the moment, while Stevenson has, so far, discomfited time and its little changes of critical fashion. . . . Is it that he recognized, more freely than those other two, a writer's obligation to please us all the time that we are reading him?"

> "It is a discourtesy common in writers to tackle the reader as if he had to read them and need not be wooed—as tho they were preachers in some garrison church where troops must sit it out to the end, however they may suffer. Carlyle and Ruskin, in their less inspired hours, practised this incivility freely. Like a reader of the lessons in the services of the Church of Scotland, they challenge your attention with a prefatory 'Hear now the Word of God as it is written,' etc., and then plunge straight into some knotty matter handled with less charm than that which almost always graces the pencil, as Bacon calls it, of the Holy Ghost. Some of these uncivil writers are prone to aggravate their offense by the sophistical plea that matter is more important than manner, and that if your heart be sound you need not mind how you splutter it out. They feel they are so wise or so good that they need not be urbane."

The successful writer is no dictator, nor a slave driver riding roughshod over the fundamental rights of his readers. Mr. Montague insists upon good manners in writers and the rights of readers:

> "In his intercourse with readers he will satisfy Newman's famous definition of a gentleman as one who never inflicts pain; he will always try to be good company, to make you at home and at ease and pleased with yourself. To this end he will practise the light urbanities and coquetries of eighteenth-century essayists—the allusion made not too explicitly; the points only indicated, not prest; the humorous turnings-back from the very verge of set eloquence, the headings-off of any overstrained feeling; the current implication that you are a choice spirit, quick at the uptake, and do not need to have every point strest. Perhaps he will not quote many things in the formal way that uses the inverted comma; but he is likely to make play with the submerged quotation, the turning of some phrase of his own in a way that seems almost to wink at the reader, as tho he would say, 'of course, being as well-read and bright as you are, you know what I have in mind.' Whatever your own degree of education may be, you feel, as you read him, that you are getting good value for any trouble you took, or pangs you endured at school: now it is all coming in; it is fitting you to embrace this agreeable chance of consulting with the elect. There may be nobler modes of appeal, but few are more winning."

TOSCANINI THE AUDIENCE-TAMER

TOSCANINI WAS JUST FINISHING the first movement of a new concerto by Ildebrando Pizzetti, when a crowd of latecomers began to troop down the aisles of Carnegie Hall to hunt for their seats. The great conductor rapped for order and did not get it. Then, to follow the account of W. J. Henderson, music critic of the New York *Evening Sun*, Toscanini "folded his arms and waited for the late arrivals to seat themselves, meanwhile bowing sarcastically at them and transfixing them with the baleful eye that makes fiddlers quail." Mr. Gilman of *The Herald Tribune* reports that King Arthur (*Re Arturo* as he is known in Italy) even added words of rebuke to his audience of latecomers. The incident, which occurred at a recent concert of the Philharmonic Society, is significant. It reveals the complex psychology of the great conductor of music, whose thirty years' intermittent reign at La Scala in Milan has just been celebrated. Raymond B. Hall, who from Milan sends an illuminating tribute to *The Musical Leader* (Chicago), frankly admits that no writer who deals honestly with Toscanini can omit reference to his furious fits of wrath:

"The tiniest technical error, a mistake in intonation or solfeggio, or raggedness in attack, is to Toscanini a cause of acute suffering, and reveals itself immediately in the clouding of his face. Nothing escapes his attention, no matter how minute. Time and time again, he stops the symphonic torrent, sweeping along in full tide, to point out a single instrument that has erred, perhaps by the sixteenth of a beat. No one else would have noticed it in the sweep of that harmonic flood, but Toscanini never fails. And these miraculous feats of mechanical sensibility play their part in the Maestro's uncanny hold upon his men. They must galvanize themselves to the last notch of which they are capable, because the failure to do so means disaster and disgrace."

It is wrong to conclude that Toscanini's outbursts are due to mere peevishness, suggests Mr. Hall. He is much more sensitive to music than are ordinary men; and he loves it more than most musicians. Mr. Hall quotes the lawyer-critic, G. M. Ciampelli, of the Milan *Secola-Sera*, to the effect that Toscanini is as dynamic as Nikisch, as austere as Richter, as singing as Mancinelli, as poetic as Martucci, as colorful as Mengelberg, and as imperious as Weingartner. He is not responsible for his outburst. Music lifts him out of himself. In his tribute, Mr. Hall supports this statement with an analysis of this phenomenon, made by the eminent Italian psychologist, Dr. Pastore:

"It is sufficient to watch him at a rehearsal to realize that when he conducts, he is absolutely out of himself. Hyperesthesia gives him an astonishing vivacity of word and gesture. The liberation of the Dionysian man in fact resolves itself into a true orgiastic transfiguration, in which every inhibitory power is suppressed, while the power of impulse is exaggerated to the point of paroxysm.

"Normal men understand only with difficulty the involuntary *praxis* of the artist in the grip of the tyranny of the tragic (not individual) will, and in the tremendous act of shattering every obstacle and of shattering himself like Dionysius. The faculty of discerning and working good and evil is replaced by the faculty of vibrating to beauty and to ugliness, acting and reacting with extreme violence. The acts do not proceed from deliberate intentions; their involuntary character is obvious. Esthetic monoideism acquires, in Toscanini, such violence that to pass judgment on the acts done in moments of esthetic orgasm, it is essential to eliminate the factor of responsibility; at least his responsibility becomes solely esthetic."

There are many other anecdotes concerning Toscanini's prowess as a tamer of audiences and orchestras. They illuminate, says Mr. Hall, the "sensitive nervous equilibrium of this great artist, whose will-to-power is so formidable that he has set himself the goal of perfection, and is laboring with strokes of unabated energy to correct his deficiencies of sensibility and culture." For decades Toscanini has warred against the custom of encores and similar interruptions from untamed audiences. As Mr. Hall recounts:

"A less adamantine will would have succumbed long ago, so deep-rooted is the practise in all Italian houses, save the very highest. It was at Palermo many years ago. Deaf to the cries of 'Bis!' the *duce* continued inflexibly to beat the time until the tumult obliged him to cease and wait, arms folded and imperturbable, for a chance to reattack, naturally at the point where he had left off. Fresh tumult. The Maestro is surrounded by a furious, gesticulating mob that is just about to lay violent hands on him. But in the nick of time a man with the jaw and eyes of a Bowery thug had sprung to his side. It is the head of the *Mafia*, the local Black Hand. An imperious gesture, a peremptory command, and that mad mob becomes as meek as a lamb. The performance proceeds in perfect order, and at the close the conductor leaves the theater unmolested, arm in arm with his picturesque protector.

"Many will remember that a similar scene at La Scala back in 1903, when a stubborn, infuriated audience insisted on a repeat of the quintet from the 'Ballo in Maschera' caused the Maestro to throw down his baton in disgust, and to leave at six o'clock the next morning for America."

DEMIGOD OF THE BATON

Italians look upon Arturo Toscanini as a superman of music.

THE COVER—The *Fête Galante*, reproduced on the cover of this issue, was painted by Honoré Fragonard, and is now in the collection of Mr. R. G. Thomas of Brooklyn, New York. Fragonard was one of the most brilliant French painters of the eighteenth century. He was one of a group which included Chardin, Watteau, Pater, and Lancret. Despite the gaiety and frivolity of his subjects, Fragonard's work is acclaimed by French critics as worthy to be included in the great tradition of European painting. Among his patronesses were Madame Du Barry and the celebrated dancer, La Guimard. A set of four panels by Fragonard, now in the collection of Miss Helen Frick of New York City, is valued at more than $1,000,000. The "divine Frago," as he was known to his contemporaries, is represented in the Metropolitan Museum of Art and other American collections. His drawings in red chalk are greatly prized by connoisseurs.

Born at Grasse, in 1732, Fragonard remained all his life a true child of the Mediterranean. At eighteen he was sent to Paris to study art under Boucher. Recognizing the youth's rare gifts, Boucher sent the young Southerner to study with Chardin. At twenty-three he became a student at the French Academy in Rome. Returning to Paris, he was admitted to the Academy in 1765. The demand of the wealthy art patrons of Louis XV's pleasure-loving court turned Fragonard toward the creation of the type of painting represented by the *Fête Galante*, reproduced on our cover.

For Madame Du Barry's Pavilion at Louveciennes Fragonard designed a series of decorative panels entitled "The Romance of Love and Youth." These came eventually into the possession of the great American collector, the late J. Pierpont Morgan. The tender beauty of his color, the virtuosity of his brush-work, the insouciance of his wit, together with the completeness with which he exprest in his painting the spirit of the French eighteenth century, have all helped to reinstate Fragonard in the estimation of art-lovers. After his death in 1806, he was forgotten for half a century. According to P. G. Konody, art critic of the London *Observer*, "within the last thirty years he has regained the position among the masters of painting to which he is entitled by his genius."

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

"IF A MAN DIE"

"I AM THE RESURRECTION and the life"—the sonorous phrase which has given hope to uncounted millions for nearly 2,000 years—is it true, or a dream that fades into an endless night of death? The answer will ring out in tens of thousands of churches during these Easter services, when worshiping congregations will see in nature's annual resurrection a sign from God that their own hope will not be denied them. But there are doubters; and others who deny, who believe that when the body disintegrates there is nothing to go on. There is no soul, they cry; there is no life hereafter, all ends at the grave. Among these is the voice of Clarence Darrow, noted criminal lawyer, who has taken to beguiling himself with the great questions which agitate the human mind. He is one year past the allotted span, and the long morrow which is soon to come, he believes, will be one with his fading retrospect, lost in complete forgetfulness. The Rev. Clarence True Wilson, General Secretary of the Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals of the Methodist Episcopal Church, on the other hand, holds fast to the belief that death is not utter extinction. "If a man die, shall he live again?" Yes, says Dr. Wilson. Both give their views in *The Forum* (New York), and at this season they are not out of place here.

Keystone photograph

YES

Says Dr. Clarence True Wilson. If a man die, he shall live again. "Life itself is the best denial of death."

Beginning with Mr. Darrow, we find him saying that the "evidence against the persistence of personal consciousness is as strong as the evidence of gravitation, and much more obvious. It is as convincing and unassailable as the proof of the destruction of wood or coal by fire." He has never known any one to go on the long journey and return with the desired information. The beginnings of life, he tells us, yield no evidence of the beginning of a soul, and fading memory of past events in personal experience convinces him that consciousness, too, is dulled with the weight of time, and will slip away with death. "I often fail," he writes, "to recollect the names of some of those I knew full well." And he goes on:

> "Many events do not make the lasting impression that they once did. I know that it will be only a few years, even if my body still survives decay, when few important matters will even register in my mind. I know how it is with the old. I know that physical life can persist beyond the time when the mind can fully function. I know that if I live to an extreme old age, my mind will fail. I shall eat and drink and go to my bed in an automatic way. Memory—which is all that binds me to the past—will already be dead. All that will remain will be a vegetative existence; I shall sit and doze in the chimney corner, and my body will function in a measure even tho the ego will already be practically dead. I am sure that if I die of what is called 'old age,' my consciousness will gradually slip away with my failing emotions; I shall no more be aware of the near approach of final dissolution than is the dying tree."

The scientific doctrine that matter and force are indestructible is sometimes used to support the argument that personal consciousness persists after death; but Mr. Darrow points out that the scientific theory carries with it a corollary that the forms of matter and energy are constantly changing through an endless cycle of new combinations. "Of what possible use would it be, then," he asks, "to have a consciousness that was immortal, but which, from the moment of death, was dispersed into new combinations so that no two parts of the original identity could ever be reunited again?" As he sees it:

> "The thing we call 'life' is nothing other than a state of equilibrium which endures for a short span of years between the two opposing tendencies of nature — the one that builds up, and the one that tears down. In old age, the tearing-down process has already gained the ascendency, and when death intervenes, the equilibrium is finally upset by the complete stoppage of the building-up process, so that nothing remains but complete disintegration. The energy thus released may be converted into grass or trees or animal life; or it may lie dormant until caught up again in the crucible of nature's laboratory. But whatever happens, the man—the You and I—like the lump of coal that has been burned, is gone—irrevocably dispersed. All the king's horses and all the king's men can not restore it to its former unity."

NO

Says Clarence Darrow. If a man die, he shall not live again. "Nothing remains but complete disintegration."

But there is nothing in science or philosophy inconsistent with a belief in immortality, replies Dr. Wilson. There is no possibility of proving that immortality does not exist, for no one is justified in making that statement until he has explored the entire universe and found that it contains no souls. Dr. Wilson argues that as our sense organs are not sufficiently acute to discern all qualities of matter, so may they not be expected to discern a spirit. Even in evolution he finds an argument for immortality, for, "if development ceases at the door of the grave, if death ends all, then we ask the doubter to explain why a God of wisdom and power should ordain development to proceed so far and no farther. We ask him to show how he knows that death is the sudden and arbitrary cessation of all growth and development. . . . Does it not seem probable that at death the soul, comprising all the elements of personality, merely lays aside the body like a garment?" The soul's capacity for "endless improvement, service and worship," argues Dr. Wilson, "points to a future which will make possible further development than we achieve here.' For—

> "If immortality be but an iridescent dream, the most illustrious lives that earth has known may well be represented by broken pillars and unfinished shafts. Think of the men who perished in the bloom of youth when all our skies were dark with clouds of war. Count the poets who scarce began to sing ere death laid hold on them—Keats, Shelley, Byron, Burns, and Poe. Remember the men of genius whose sun was eclipsed at noon—Shakespeare, Lincoln, Robert Louis Stevenson. Recall those who, tho they lived their fourscore years, went down to death with eyes undimmed and mental vigor unabated. No man who ever lived and wrought to truth and righteousness exhausted his capacity at eighty or could exhaust it at twice eighty. He only exercised it transiently and passed away. These are life's 'withheld completions.'
>
> "A man does not come to himself here. The majority of men have scarcely any idea of the potent and splendid faculties slumbering in them. Shall God bring out all there is in an insect that flits for an hour in the summer twilight, and then to the best and loftiest being He has made—the being to whom He gave the rule and dominion of this world, and whom He has crowned with glory and honor—shall He give him no chance to come to himself? Sir Isaac Newton, when he was an old man, said he did not know how he appeared to other people, but to himself he seemed like a little child, picking up a few pebbles of truth here and there upon the shore, while the great ocean of undiscovered truth lay unexplored before him."

The universal desire for immortal happiness is additional evidence to Dr. Wilson that immortality is true. "No race or tribe, even partially civilized, has been found without it. It is as persistent as it is inescapable; it grows stronger as the race advances. Some beliefs are outgrown; they belonged to the world's childhood. But the greatest thinkers of the ages have been the strongest advocates of man's immortality—Socrates or St. Paul, Sir Isaac Newton or John Wesley." And—

> "Is it possible that God has so constituted the race that it can only be governed by a lie? If not, the universal sense of immortality must be based on truth.
>
> "The inequalities of earthly rewards and punishments form a strong presumptive argument for a future state of conscious existence. Human life is too brief to exemplify divine justice. Let the curtain drop with Herod presiding with his adulterous Queen by him and John the Baptist beheaded, with Paul in prison and Nero on the throne of empire; let existence cease with Booth at large and Lincoln dying with the fatal bullet in him, and there is no justice in the universe, no God worthy of respect. But to the spiritually minded, there is no question here. We believe that the ethical element is supreme in the God of the universe. His justice blossoms into love. His benevolence furnishes a future life for man; it provides a way of blessing as well as a way of expiation. The Tribunal of Eternity has no part in the horrors of man's injustice unto man."

OPENING THE PULPIT TO WOMEN

"LET YOUR WOMEN KEEP SILENCE in the churches," said St. Paul; but, on the theory that a new day brings new duties, the General Council of the Presbyterian Church, which met recently in Philadelphia, has adopted an overture recommending that the right to be ordained and to be admitted to full membership in all official organizations of the denomination be extended to women. Altho the overture must first have the approval of the General Assembly of the Church, which meets in St. Paul in May, and, following that, must have the confirmation of a majority of the 299 presbyteries throughout the country, we read in the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, it is a matter of record that no major action of the General Council has ever been reversed by other branches of the denomination.

DENYING THE PAULINE INJUNCTION

These two Presbyterian workers have succeeded, with the aid of others, in persuading the General Council of their church to recommend that the right of ordination be accorded to women. On the reader's left is Mrs. Fred. S. Bennett, vice-president of the Board of National Missions, and on the right, Miss Margaret E. Hodge, vice-president of the Board of Foreign Missions.

The full effect of the change in the status of women, we read in the same paper, would enable them to serve as elders, evangelists and ministers, as well as to sit in full equality with men in local church sessions, presbyteries, synods and General Assemblies. All of these privileges are now denied them. The only equal official privilege allowed them under the present ruling of the Church is the right to serve as deacons, a preaching office similar to "local evangelist" in other Protestant denominations. They are allowed to preach, but have not the right to perform marriages or to administer the sacraments. These additional rights would be given them, so that in the future a congregation calling a new pastor may not only consider various men eligible for the office, but also may divide between those desiring a woman as their new pastor and those more favorable to a man. The approval of the overture by the General Council, we read, is the direct outgrowth of a study by Mrs. Fred. S. Bennett, vice-president of the Board of National Missions, and Miss Margaret E. Hodge, vice-president of the Board of Foreign Missions. For several years, we are told, they had seen the need for the same recognition of women by the Church that is now accorded them by the State through the passage of the suffrage amendment. The action of the council is made more emphatic by its request, accompanying the overture, that action by the presbyteries shall be preceded by referenda of the congregations, thus providing for an expression of opinion by the women. Women have an equal vote with men in congregational meetings, but are otherwise barred from the official deliberations of the Church.

Frankly considered, says the Brooklyn *Eagle*, which is one of several to look favorably on the recommendation, present conditions in all Protestantism seem to call for sex-equality. The Church depends largely on women, and *The Eagle* notes that, "with our fast shifting sociology and economics, women in greater and greater numbers are invading wage fields, claiming industrial independence, enjoying political suffrage, managing their own clubs and associations in their own way, and are resentful of all suppression." Even Presbyterianism, *The Eagle* is sure, "must eventually yield to the apology that is proposed in this pending overture to the General Assembly." Considering their capability, it is surprizing to the Troy *Record* that the Church was not the first to encourage a more active leadership for the women. For, as *The Record* recites:

> "At present the average congregation is predominated by women, the most active organizations under the supervision of the Church are those composed of women, and in practically every branch of church activity, except that of administration, the burden of the work is borne by the 'ladies of the church.' Further proof of their religious importance is their position in the home. What religious instruction is administered in modern homes is one of the responsibilities of motherhood. Churches would see very little of the growing generations if the duty of insistence of attendance at church were left to the fathers of the world."

WINTER GARDENS

By Arthur Wallace Peach

HERE where the spirit of the springtime wrought
Of earthy things a glimpse of Arcady,
Where bloom immortal knows no waning year
And summer has no ending drear,
The quiet of the winter snows has hushed
To still forgetfulness the white-throat's song
And shut the beauty of the radiant June
From eyes that dream and long.

So in the garden of the years the snows
Bring silence to all song, and bear away
The beauty of the rose, yet never take
The heart's deep faith that has no day;
For every garden knows that springtime waits
Beyond the hills the robin's challenging,
That in the heart eternal beauty dwells
Since God has promised spring!

The Churchman, New York.

AN ACQUITTAL OF THE COLLEGE GIRL

IN HER "MAD PURSUIT OF IMMORALITY" in the colleges, as a Wellesley girl phrased it, Rita S. Halle found that there wasn't much of it after all; in fact, very little beyond what was on the glib tongues of natural prevaricators and amateur Munchausens. For instance, as she tells us in the New York *Herald Tribune Magazine*, Miss Halle had it direct from two "unimpeachable" witnesses that a college president had said that 20 per cent. of the girls who came to college had committed indiscretions before they entered. What actually was said was that 20 per cent. of the college women, who had replied to a questionnaire, admitted pre-marital intimacies. "Shocking enough, if true," says Miss Halle; "but as they referred to women from thirty to sixty-seven years of age, they can hardly be called an indictment of to-day's college girl, or, since there are no figures from non-college women with which to compare them, of her college mother or grandmother."

The chief accusations against the college girl, writes Miss Halle, are on the one hand that she is bad-mannered, that she smokes and drinks and pets, and on the other hand, that her cloistered life has led her into habits which, until a few years ago, were practically unknown. Miss Halle spent some time at Wellesley, Vassar, Smith, Mount Holyoke, Barnard, Radcliffe, and Bryn Mawr, talking with the presidents and the deans, with the psychiatrists and the heads of residence, with the heads of student organizations, with the rank and file. She found nothing on which to base the charge that college girls are bad-mannered. On the contrary, she found them courteous and charming. Smoking, says Miss Halle, can hardly be called a moral question, despite the man who wrote to one college, when it abolished its smoking rules, that there may be some good women who smoke, but he had never seen one. Several colleges have rules permitting smoking, under certain provisions. At two colleges smoking is prohibited, and here there is undoubtedly smoking in secret, "but the authorities do not have a disproportionate amount of trouble on this account." Smoking, then, may not be considered a serious problem, if a problem at all. The slight attention which the student-government authorities find it necessary to devote to problems from drink would disappoint certain people, for, writes Miss Halle:

> "Out of the 8,300 students in the seven colleges visited, there have been less than twenty cases of drinking brought up in the last three years. The large majority of those accused were freshmen who had not been in college long enough to come under the college influence for either good or ill.
>
> "None of the college students interviewed had actually seen any drinking at college, altho many of them had heard that there was some. Without exception they felt that the girls they knew outside of college drank a great deal more than the college girls did, largely because they went out socially so much more, and it was expected of them. Many said they took cocktails at parties at home, but all agreed that they would not knowingly drink enough to be affected by it. Nor would any of them invite to the college proms men who had reputations for drinking excessively, if for no other reason than that it would be too embarrassing.
>
> "Still the drinking stories persist. At one of the colleges some girls, returning home one night, made more noise than usual. The neighbors complained to the authorities that they had been drinking. A thorough investigation was made, and not the slightest evidence was found to support the complaint. Yet the neighbors persist in saying that the college girls drink, and quote this story as evidence."

As to petting, which is difficult to trace, Miss Halle writes:

> "While a number of the college girls said that they would pet mildly with a very good boy friend, or one whom they especially liked, they were practically agreed that they would not pet promiscuously, nor did they believe that promiscuous petting is common among college girls. They felt that it is much more common among the girls they know on the outside, largely because those girls have not so many things to talk about, so many interests in common with the boys they go out with, and because they attend more parties and are more interested in that side of life than the college girls. They felt that this is not necessarily proof of a difference in standards, but of a difference in interests."

Of actual immorality many wild stories go the rounds. One story recited had it that three girls had been expelled from one college. As a matter of fact, no girls at all had been expelled from this institution; one girl had married and gone to live with her husband in an adjoining town. That was the germ of the story of immorality. Another story had it that three girls—three is the favorite number—were living with men of a near-by college to whom they falsely claimed they were married. This story grew out of the misdeeds of a couple who had no connection whatever with the college. So, writes Miss Halle,

> "It will be surprizing to those who have been fed on stories of this sort to know that in the last three years less than half a dozen of the 8,300 girls in the seven colleges have been expelled because of sexual immorality—surely a remarkably low percentage in this cavorting old world. Of course, these figures do not cover the cases of girls whose behavior is dubious, girls who are spared the humiliation of expulsion by a suggestion from the authorities that they do not return after the term or the vacation.
>
> "Moreover, these figures can cover only cases that have come to the attention of the authorities. We can no more make definite assertions based on them, than we can be sure of the morals of our best friends. Still, in the women's colleges, where girls are expelled for acts that would not cause the staidest professor of a man's college to turn a hair, they would surely seem to prove that there is no general overt sex indulgence."

CURRENT POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned

IN a long poem in *The American Mercury*, Mr. Hoffenstein views "The Cliff" and "The Shore," titles of two parts of this poem that show their serene impassivity over "the but" and "the if" that disturbs mortal thinking. So his troubled hero seeks escape in:

VOYAGE

[Part III of "A Lubber Looks At the Sea"]

By Samuel Hoffenstein

On the other side of the setting sun
I've seen the ashes of things done
And the sand-bars of Avalon.

Peace was there like a white stone;
Peace you could lay your hands upon
And be healed of the hurt of things won.

On the other side of desire I've seen
Stiller than earth, a still demesne,
And colors better than blue or green.

And death walked on the farthest rim
Horizon-high and friendly and dim,
And all went to confide in him.

And they walked together, the little and large,
In a soundless air by a strange marge
Where time was moored like a spectre-barge.

And far away on the nearer side
There crept a little wounded tide;
And some remembered and some cried.

For that was the world and all its pain;
And that was living and all its gain;
A small cry in a handful of rain.

Yes, some remembered and some cried
For note that none of us there had died
Though the spear was years-long deep in our side.

By our own graves on the gray strands
We sat and warmed our cold hands—
But the hands that we warmed were living hands.

And therefore, some of us heard the tide
Crawl and cry and on the nearer side,
And the hands remembered, and some of us cried.

But peace was there like a blessed stone
To lay the remembering hands upon
And the red stigmata of the sun.

And a great healing came thereof,
Of the ashes under, the sky above,
And closed the wounds of life and love.

Spread your sail and bury your mirth,
Your hope and sorrow and dreams and dearth
And your very love in the tight earth,

And sail to the dark of the setting sun,
To the dunes where all things done and won
Heap the pale sands of Avalon.

For there in the dark of desire I've seen
A gray sweeter than blue or green.

There in the dark of desire I've heard
The soft apocalyptic word.

ART makes its savage demands of life, and their battle is unceasing. *The New Statesman* (London) offers a contribution to ward the paramount issue:

LIFE AND ART

By F. L. Lucas

"My lover, when you talk of Art
I listen with a smiling heart—
What is it but a game we play,
A bubble blown, a dream apart,
In this frail life that dies away?
'But laurels last, when roses fade'?
What of it? Has your Shakespeare made
Aught perfect as a morn in May?
Not all his glory is arrayed
As was our love that dies away.

Lips can fashion nought that is
Lovelier than a lover's kiss.
Time to write books when you are grey.
You will not write the worse for this,
When all our love has died away.

I too shall love the dreams that rise
Out of your mirrored memories,
As lilies from a lake, one day—
The one thing left for me to prize,
When all your love has died away.

Ah, well to dream of Juliet—
To live is better. You forget.
The crown of Art that lives for aye
Is that it makes more lovely yet
The loveliness that dies away."

PEOPLE are now reading Katherine Mansfield's "Letters," so this interest fits in with two poems printed in *The Bookman* (New York). In a preparatory note her husband, J. Middleton Murray, writes:—"She had, as she wrote in a letter shortly to be published, two distinct moods from which she wrote: the one, an overflowing delight in the sheer beauty of the created world, the other a movement of rebellion against the pain of things. Both these poems have their origin in the latter mood." We quote one:

A SUNSET

By Katherine Mansfield

A beam of light was shaken out of the sky
On to the brimming tide, and there it lay
Palely tossing like a creature condemned to die
Who has loved the bright day.

Ah, who are these that wing through the shadowy air?
She cries, in agony. Are they coming for me?
The big waves croon to her: Hush, now! There, now, there!
There is nothing to see.

But her white arms lift to cover her shining head,
And she presses close to the waves to make herself small.
On their listless knees the beam of light lies dead,
And the birds of shadow fall.

IN "The Upper Slopes" (Houghton Mifflin Co.) lovers of cats will find this to soften the pain of the loss of a favorite:

IN MEMORIAM—LEO: A YELLOW CAT

By Margaret Sherwood

If to your twilight land of dream—
Persephone, Persephone,
Drifting with all your shadow host—
Dim sunlight comes, with sudden gleam
And you lift veilèd eyes to see
Slip past a little golden ghost,
That wakes a sense of springing flowers,
Of nesting birds, and lambs new-born,
Of spring astir in quickening hours,
And young blades of Demeter's corn;
For joy of that sweet glimpse of sun,
O Goddess of unnumbered dead,
Give one soft touch—if only one—
To that uplifted, pleading head!
Whisper some kindly word, to bless
A wistful soul who understands
That life is but one long caress
Of gentle words and gentle hands.

IN *The New Yorker* there is exultation or chagrin, as you like it, over the mechanizing of emotions:

APT. 1018

By Scudder Middleton

This that once was meadow grass
Now's a place where hammers beat.
We can press no daisies down,
Ten steel floors above the street.

This is Forty-second Street—
Just because the years must pass,
Trees and hills are tumbling down,
Brick and granite rise like grass.

Up above in metal boughs,
We shall work our passions out,
Put the blow-torch to our love,
Or rivet it beyond a doubt.

ONE comes upon such sights occasionally—and hurries by—for there are fewer more depressing sights, but this writer in *The Step-Ladder* (Chicago) catches the sadness of it:

LINES FOR A DESERTED VILLAGE

By Mildred Plew Merryman

There's something dies when houses stand too long;
An essence is diffused, a candle thaws;
Some foot-fall wans and lapses from the throng,
Some phantom writes "finale" and withdraws.
Above these sills the sound of mirth has thinned
And mummied into silence long ago,
And every plaintive shutter tells the wind
Another age is wasting with the snow.
When homes were more than houses built of cards
These timbers graced, four-square, a proud metier,
Now they are spectres passing—the old guards—
Who died of grief perhaps on that first day,

When youth went down the street and took the train,
And left the old folk peering at the pane.

ST. FRANCIS never loses his charm. He speaks to all, whatever one's creed. This tribute is printed in *The Commonweal* (New York):

SAINT FRANCIS

By Dorothy Bennett

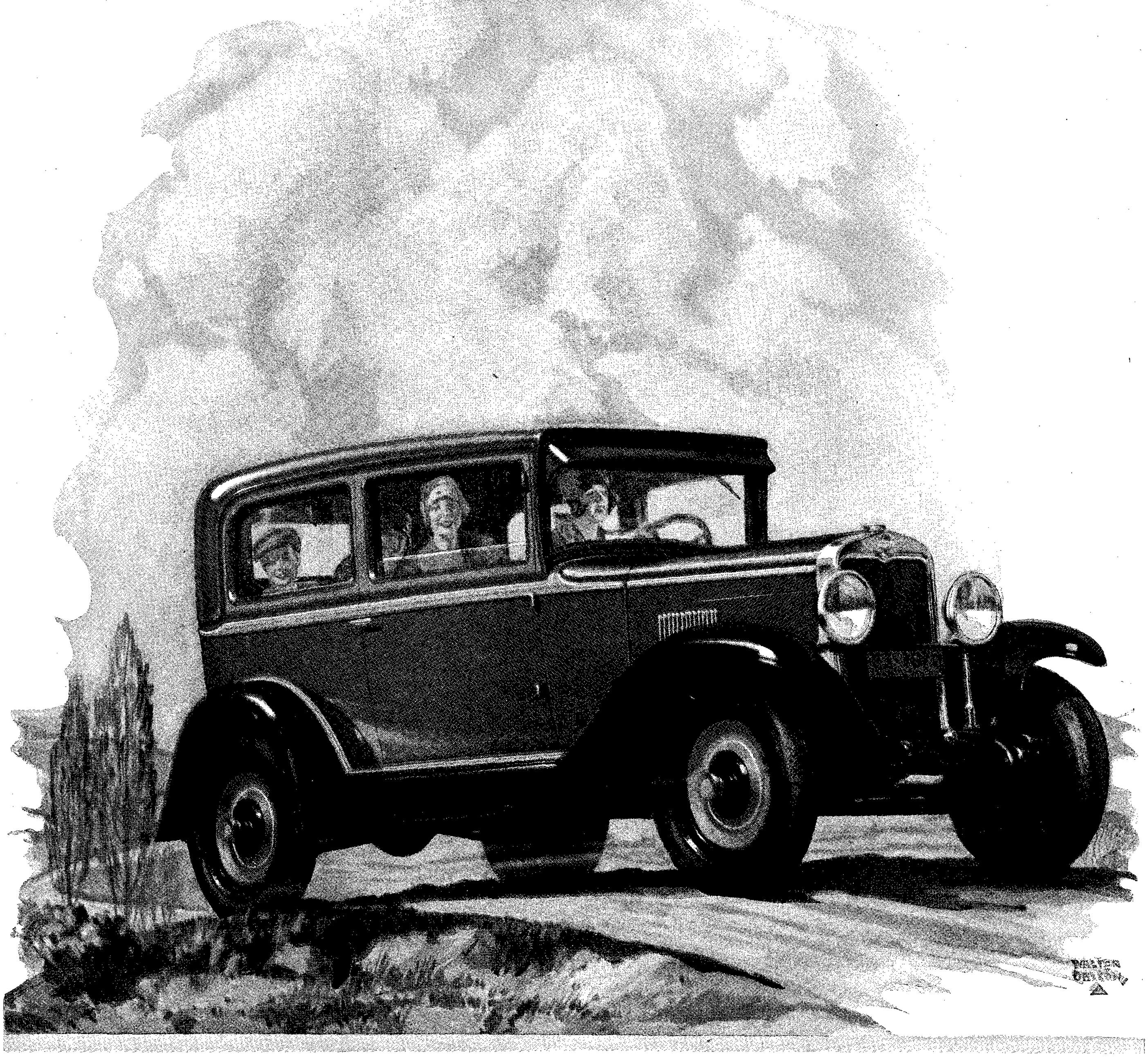
Francis spoke to the birds
By the blue Italian sea,
Feeding them full with his words—
"Oh little brothers," said he,
"I bring you the love of God
And the hope of eternity.
The thousand years since He trod
Up steep Gethsemane
Is but the dust of the street,"
Said Francis, "to His feet!"

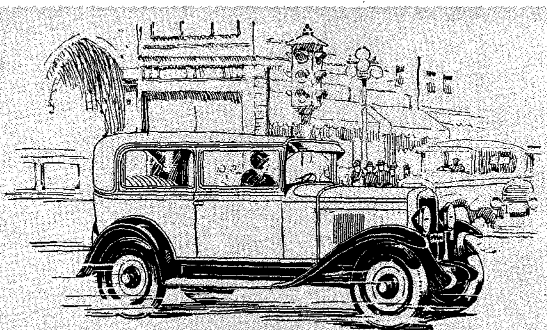
Francis spoke to the beast,
To Messer Death spoke he,
"Our brother the wolf, not least
Are you in God's beauty!
Your strength is as a hill,
It is a dark pine tree."
And Messer Death was still,
His head on Francis's knee.
And in his eyes the red
And awful glare was dead.

Four hundred years is a breath,
A thousand years is a day,
Still men fear Messer Death
Since Francis went that way.
Yet still the sparrows keep
Their tryst with verities,
The years are but a sweep
Of street-dust in their eyes!
Give us, then, world without end
And Messer Death, our friend!

for Economical Transportation

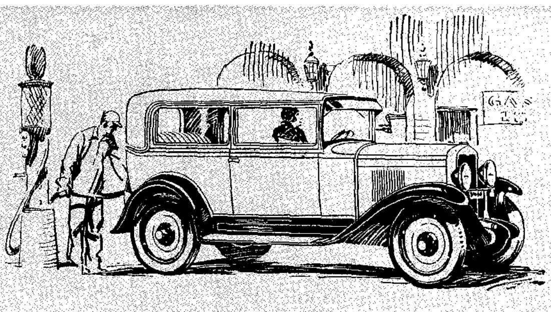
CHEVROLET





Fast Getaway

Due to a high-compression non-detonating cylinder head, an automatic acceleration pump, and the abundant reserve power of its new six-cylinder valve-in-head motor—the acceleration of the new Chevrolet Six is remarkably fast . . . shooting you ahead at the traffic light smoothly, quietly and swiftly.



Better Than 20 Miles to the Gallon

The new Chevrolet Six delivers better than 20 miles to the gallon of gasoline. Such economy would be unusual in *any* automobile. But in the new Chevrolet it is an outstanding achievement—for here it is combined with all the power, speed, smoothness and acceleration of a marvelous six-cylinder valve-in-head motor!

QUALITY AT LOW COST

Six Cylinder Smoothness

with increased Speed and Acceleration

The new Chevrolet Six is enjoying the most enthusiastic reception in Chevrolet history because it provides—in the price range of the four—every element demanded in a fine automobile . . . *plus an outstanding degree of smoothness never before achieved in a low-priced car.*

Flashing away from a traffic stop . . . rolling along at twenty-five miles an hour or doing well above sixty on the open road—the new Chevrolet Six delivers its power easily, freely and without annoying vibration. Throughout the entire speed range you travel in smooth, quiet comfort, without any sense of noise fatigue.

The new Fisher bodies are longer, lower and roomier and reveal an order of distinctive smartness and beauty that represents one of the greatest style triumphs ever achieved by Fisher designers.

Exceptional handling ease is achieved through the use of the greatest array of advanced engineering features ever offered on a low-priced automobile: ball bearing steering mechanism with slender rim steering wheel, quiet non-locking four-wheel brakes with separate emergency brakes, easy action disc clutch, two-beam head lights with foot control button conveniently located on the floor board, adjustable driver's seat and Fisher VV full vision and ventilating windshield in all closed models, and a complete instrument panel including theft-proof Electrolock and electric motor temperature indicator.

Such an exceptional six-cylinder car in the price range of the four represents in itself a remarkable accomplishment. But to provide, in addition, an operating economy of better than 20 miles to the gallon is an epoch-marking achievement.

The COACH

$595

The Roadster	$525
The Phaeton	$525
The Coupe	$595
The Sedan	$675
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The Convertible Landau	$725
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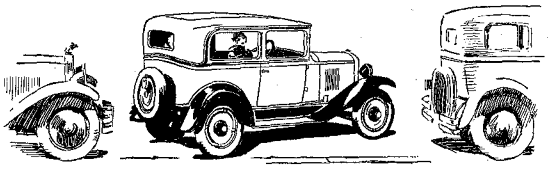
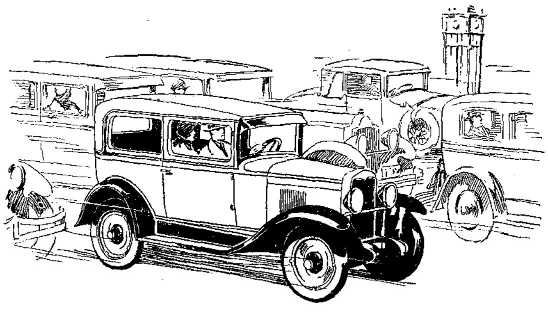


Easy to Park

The new Chevrolet Six is an exceptionally easy car to park. It fits into a small space. The steering mechanism is fitted with ball bearings throughout—the gears shift with unusual quietness and ease—and the new six-cylinder engine responds immediately to a touch of the accelerator.



Remarkable Handling Ease

Women, especially, appreciate the wonderful handling ease of the new Chevrolet. It steers with the weight of the hand—the brakes are positive, quiet and easy to apply—all control instruments are grouped on the instrument panel—and the adjustable driver's seat in all closed models assures the most comfortable driving position.

A SIX IN THE PRICE RANGE OF THE FOUR

PERSONAL • GLIMPSES

WHAT IT COST CALVIN COOLIDGE TO BE PRESIDENT

CLIMBING THE STAIRS IN THE NIGHT, the old man called his son. Important news had flashed across the breadth of the land to that little New England home—news that would evoke exclamations at breakfast tables throughout the civilized world, that would be canvassed among workers on farms and in city subways and offices, that would be debated in chancelleries and stock exchanges, flabbergast political bosses and probably give a riffle of goose-flesh to the sensitive and cautious magnates who rule the financial world. It was the night of August 2, 1923. A President of the United States had died — a perfectly "safe" President—and his comparatively unknown successor lay sleeping under his father's roof in Plymouth, Vermont. Small wonder that the rugged old man was agitated as he climbed the stairs, calling, "Calvin!" "I noticed that his voice trembled," writes ex-President Coolidge in *The Cosmopolitan*, launching the first of a series of copyrighted articles under the title, "On Entering and Leaving the Presidency"; and he adds significantly, "As the only times I had ever observed that before were when death had visited our family, I knew that something of the gravest nature had occurred. His emotion was partly due to the knowledge that a man whom he had met and liked had gone, partly to the feeling that must possess all of our citizens when the life of their President is taken from them." And here Mr. Coolidge, dropping some of his customary reserve, gives us a glimpse of his own filial reactions, thus:

International Newsreel photograph

HE SWORE IN HIS SON

The late Col. John Coolidge, as he appeared on the historic night of August 2, 1923, in the scene of that unique Presidential inauguration, with everything in place, including the lamp and the family Bible.

> But he must have been moved also by the thought of the many sacrifices he had made to place me where I was: the twenty-five-mile drives in storms and in zero weather over our mountain roads to carry me to the academy, and all the tenderness and care he had lavished upon me in the thirty-eight years since the death of my mother, in the hope that I might some time rise to a position of importance, which he now saw realized.
>
> He had been the first to address me as President of the United States. It was the culmination of the lifelong desire of a father for the success of his son.
>
> He placed in my hands an official report, and told me that President Harding had just passed away. My wife and I at once drest.
>
> Before leaving the room, I knelt down and, with the same prayer with which I have since approached the altar of the church, asked God to bless the American people and give me power to serve them.
>
> My first thought was to express my sympathy for those who had been bereaved, and after that was done to attempt to reassure the country with the knowledge that I proposed no sweeping displacement of the men then in office, and that there were to be no violent changes in the administration of affairs. As soon as I had dispatched a telegram to Mrs. Harding, I therefore issued a short public statement declaratory of that purpose.
>
> Meantime, I had been examining the Constitution to determine what might be necessary for qualifying by taking the oath of office. It is not clear that any additional oath is required beyond what is taken by the Vice-President when he is sworn into office. It is the same form as that taken by the President.
>
> Having found this form in the Constitution, I had it set up on the typewriter, and the oath was administered by my father in his capacity as a notary public, an office he had held for a great many years.
>
> The oath was taken in what we always called the sitting-room, by the light of the kerosene lamp, which was the most modern form of lighting that had then reached the neighborhood. The Bible which had belonged to my mother lay on the table at my hand. It was not officially used, as it is not the practise in Vermont or Massachusetts to use a Bible in connection with the administration of an oath.
>
> Besides my father and myself, there were present my wife, Senator Dale, who happened to be stopping a few miles away, my stenographer, and my chauffeur.
>
> The picture of this scene has been painted with historical accuracy by an artist named Keller, who went to Plymouth for that purpose. Altho the likenesses are not good, everything in relation to the painting is correct.
>
> Where succession to the highest office in the land is by inheritance or appointment, no doubt there have been kings who have participated in the induction of their sons into their office, but in republics, where the succession comes by an election, I do not know of any other case in history where a father has administered to his son the qualifying oath of office which made him the Chief Magistrate of a nation. It seemed a simple and

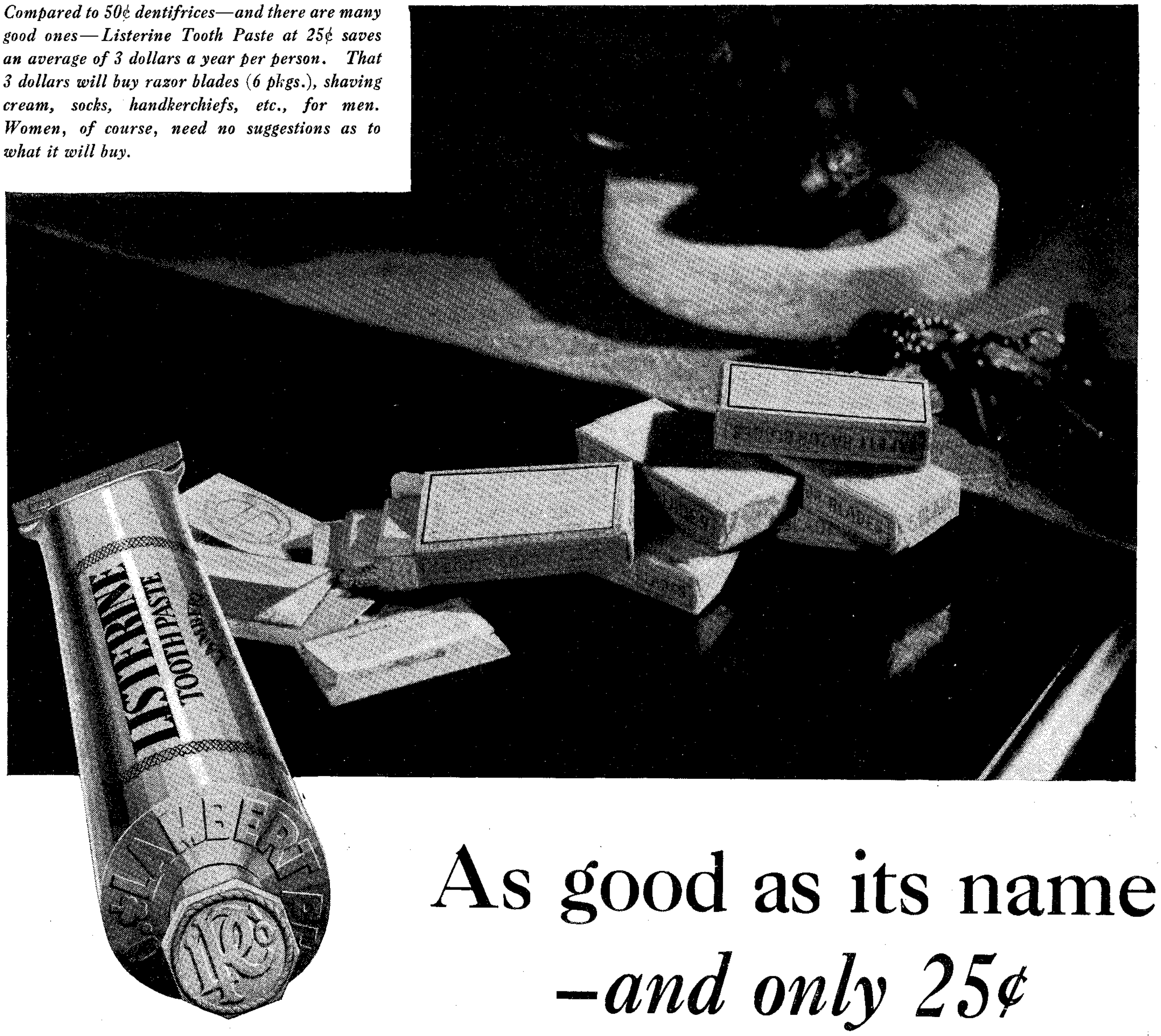
International Newsreel photograph

BACK AT THE DESK OF A COUNTRY LAWYER

But there is no suggestion that Mr. Coolidge will resume his old practise, at the modest little Northampton law office where his name still appears with that of his partner, and where the above picture was taken the other day.

Could you use these extra razor blades?

Compared to 50¢ dentifrices—and there are many good ones—Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ saves an average of 3 dollars a year per person. That 3 dollars will buy razor blades (6 pkgs.), shaving cream, socks, handkerchiefs, etc., for men. Women, of course, need no suggestions as to what it will buy.



As good as its name

–and only 25¢

WHAT accounts for the immediate success of this speedy new dentifrice? Certainly not the price alone.

While it is true that at 25¢ Listerine Tooth Paste accomplishes an average saving of 3 dollars a year per person, over costlier dentifrices, this would not carry it so quickly to a position among the leaders.

It is the combination of outstanding quality, unquestioned results, and a reasonable price, that has done the trick.

Such a price for such a paste is made possible only by ultra-modern methods of manufacture and mass production.

We urge you to try Listerine Tooth Paste. It will be a revelation to you.

Note how white it makes your teeth. How gently it polishes them—yet how speedily. Note, too, how cool, sweet, and refreshed your mouth feels long after the brushing is over. Compare it with any paste, at any price, and judge by results alone. At all druggists. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

natural thing to do at the time, but I can now realize something of the dramatic force of the event.

This room was one which was already filled with sacred memories for me. In it my sister and my stepmother passed their last hours. It was associated with my boyhood recollections of my own mother, who sat and reclined there during her long invalid years, tho she passed away in an adjoining room, where my father was to follow her within three years from this eventful night.

When I started for Washington that morning I turned aside from the main road to make a short devotional visit to the grave of my mother. It had been a comfort to me during my boyhood, when I was troubled, to be near her last resting-place, even in the dead of night. Some way, that morning, she seemed very near to me.

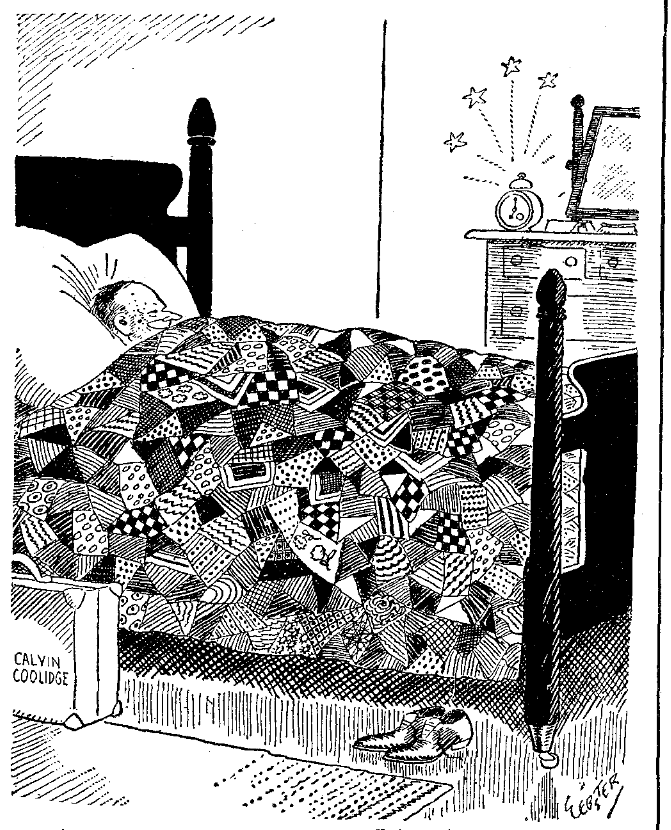
With the same simplicity and directness with which Mr. Coolidge did his work as President, comments the New York *Herald Tribune*, he now tells the personal story of his entering and leaving the White House. Reading on:

There are new items in the recital as it appears in the current *Cosmopolitan*. But its greatness as literature and its poignant appeal to the reader are due neither to surprize nor sensation. There is the starkness of the King James version in the setting down of these details of Mr. Coolidge's heart and mind, and their power is due primarily to the unmistakable sincerity with which the tale is told.

There is a lesson for any author in Mr. Coolidge's autobiographical writing. If a man's best style is that which most completely expresses his personal slant on life, his inmost thoughts and desires, then Mr. Coolidge has found his perfect medium. There are as many ways of writing as there are human beings. But sincerity, the expression of a man's true self, is the basis of all.

For the man in public life, the lesson is not dissimilar. Reading Mr. Coolidge's bare, vivid sentences, telling of his hardships, of his father's care, of his life of application, it is clear that his strength in public life was, again, his complete sincerity. He refused to deceive himself or any one else as to his abilities. He attempted no change in his fundamentals of faith. As he was bred on the hills of Vermont, so he lived and served an increasing public. The American people, who never failed to read Mr. Coolidge's character aright, despite the wall of dignity and reserve which his office built around him, will welcome this brief candid record for the confirmation it yields of their estimate and the justification of their faith.

Other commentators remark that Mr. Coolidge's hegira from the White House to private life was made racier than most Presidential retirements by his triple entry into the field of periodical literature. No sooner had President Hoover been inaugurated than three magazines announced in quick succession the early presentation of Coolidge contributions. The first to reach the public with its offering is *The Cosmopolitan*, from which we quote in this article. As to how this result was achieved, the New York *World* relates in its news columns:



Copyright, 1929, by the Press Publishing Company (New York *World*)

THE THRILL THAT COMES ONCE IN A LIFETIME

—Webster in the New York *World*.

It was only by exercise of the most extraordinary precautions that the fact that President Coolidge had written an article for the April issue of *The Cosmopolitan* magazine was kept a secret, and that the contents of the article were kept from leaking out, until Mr. Coolidge was out of the White House.

Ray Long, editor of *The Cosmopolitan*, who persuaded Mr. Coolidge to write for his magazine, and who planned the complicated subterfuges by means of which his success was kept hidden until the last moment, told a reporter for *The World* yesterday just how it was done.

It was on Friday, January 25, that Mr. Long called at the White House to make a final plea with Mr. Coolidge.

"No one could have been more surprized than I was on January 25," Mr. Long said, "when Mr. Coolidge, instead of saying either yes or no, produced the first two instalments, and sent me into the Cabinet room to read them. He was scrupulous to a fault about the articles, and told me that if they didn't suit my purposes I needn't take them. I had to read only two pages to know they were perfect.

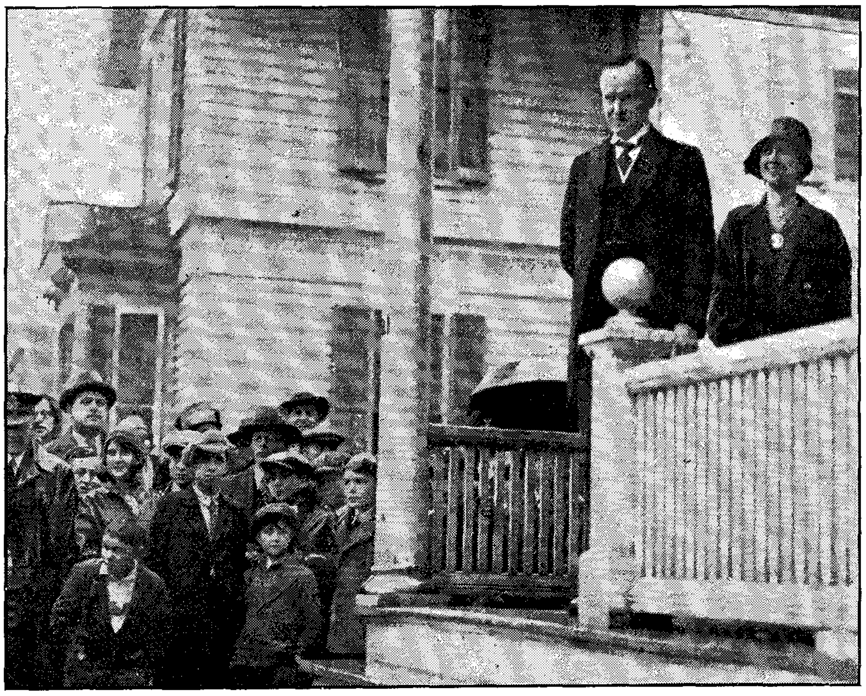
"That night I hurried to New York with the manuscript, but I did nothing definite until Sunday. It was necessary to keep things secret.

"On Sunday morning five of the assistant editors of the magazine, all pledged to silence, met me in the empty office and we tore the 'dummy' apart, so we could make the Coolidge article the first one in the issue. We didn't tell even the advertising department what we had done.

"Sunday night I left for the coast, and by that time all the arrangements for keeping quiet the very fact that we had such an article were made."

The plates from which the magazine is printed are ordinarily made in Brooklyn

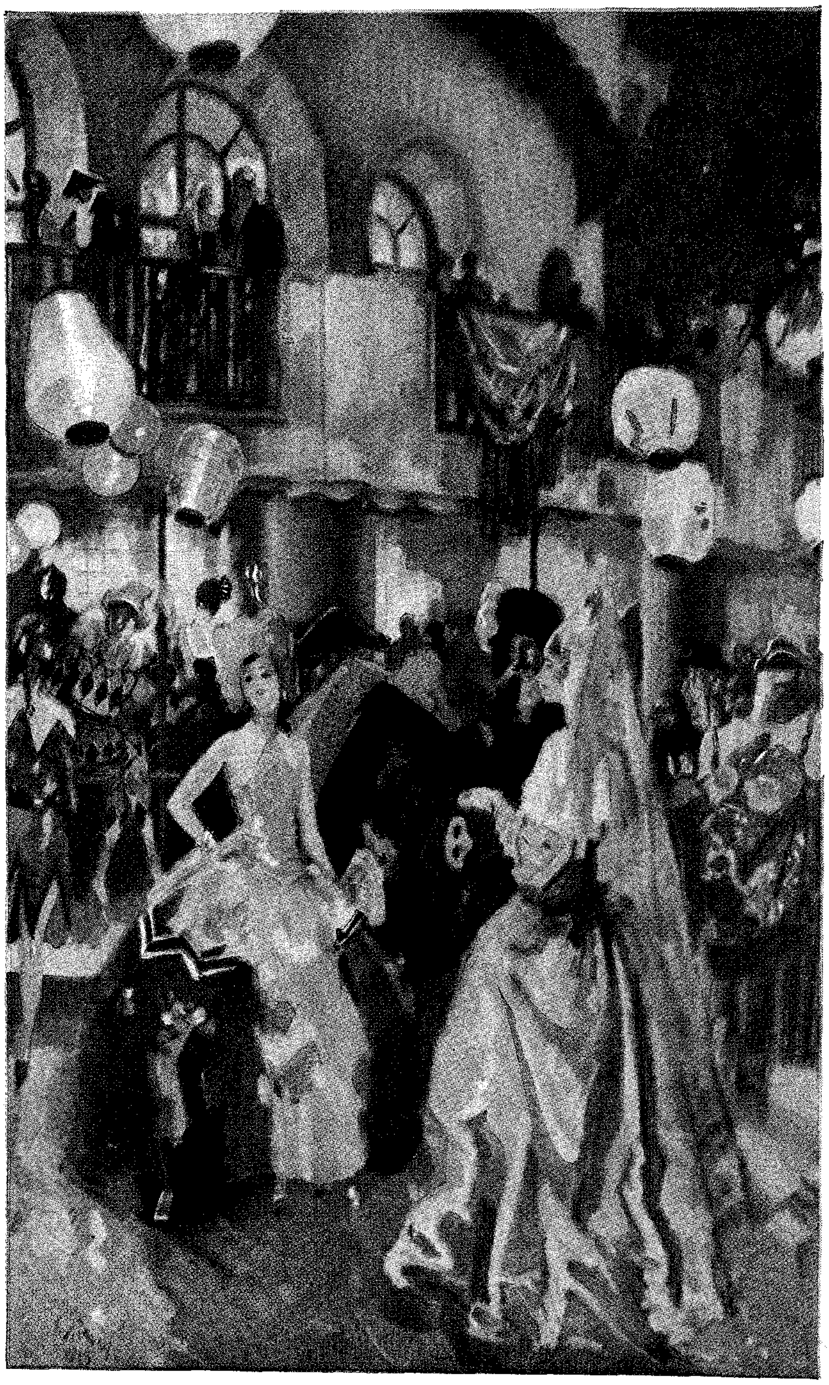
(*Continued on page 39*)



International Newsreel photograph

AND THE BAND PLAYED "HOME, SWEET HOME"

Neighbor Coolidge and his wife on their plain little porch at Northampton, Massachusetts, acknowledging the greetings of their townsfolk and having a final bout with the photographers.

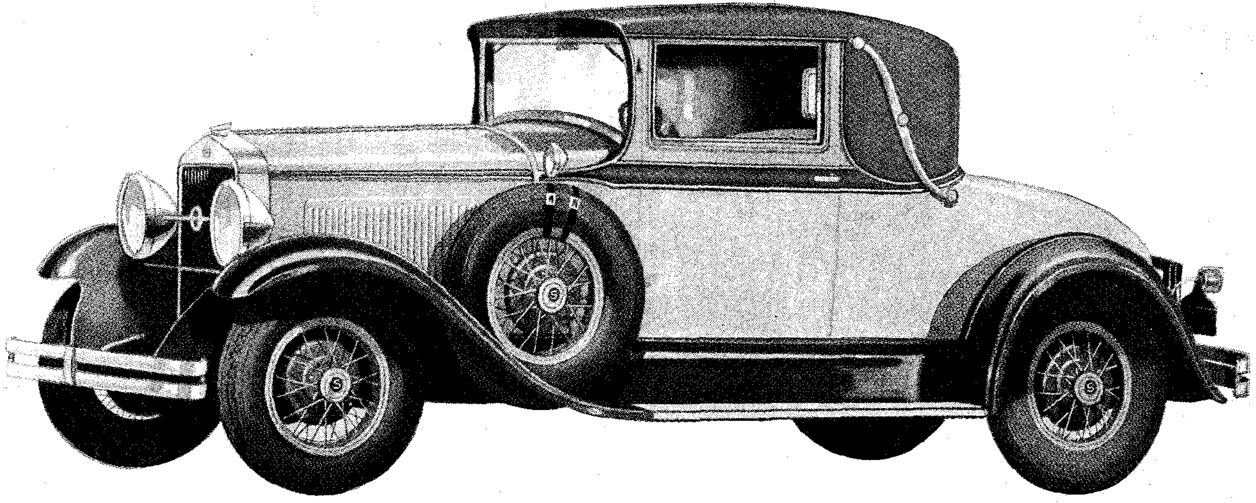


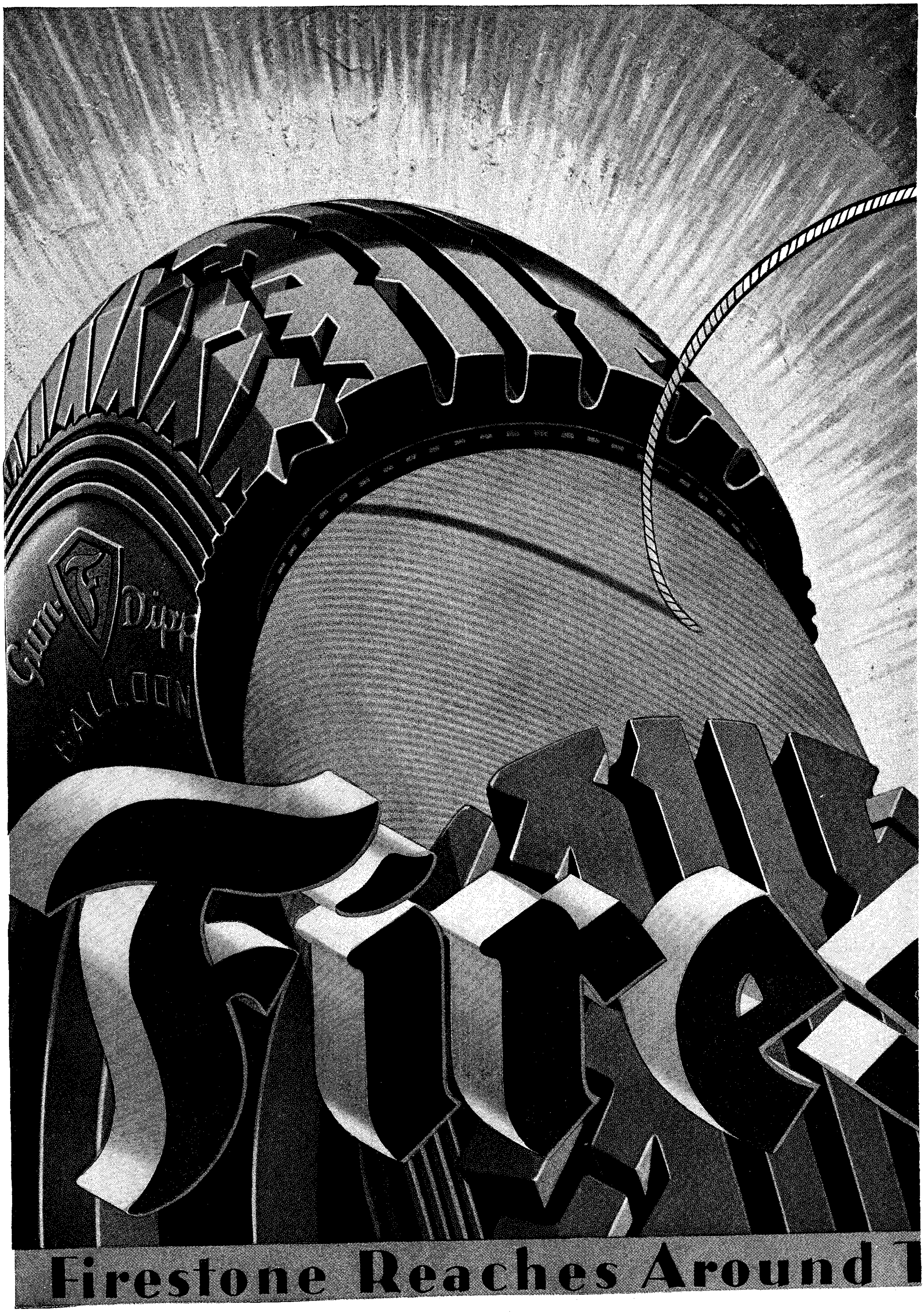
BAL MASQUE AT THE
BEACH AND TENNIS CLUB
PALM BEACH, FLORIDA

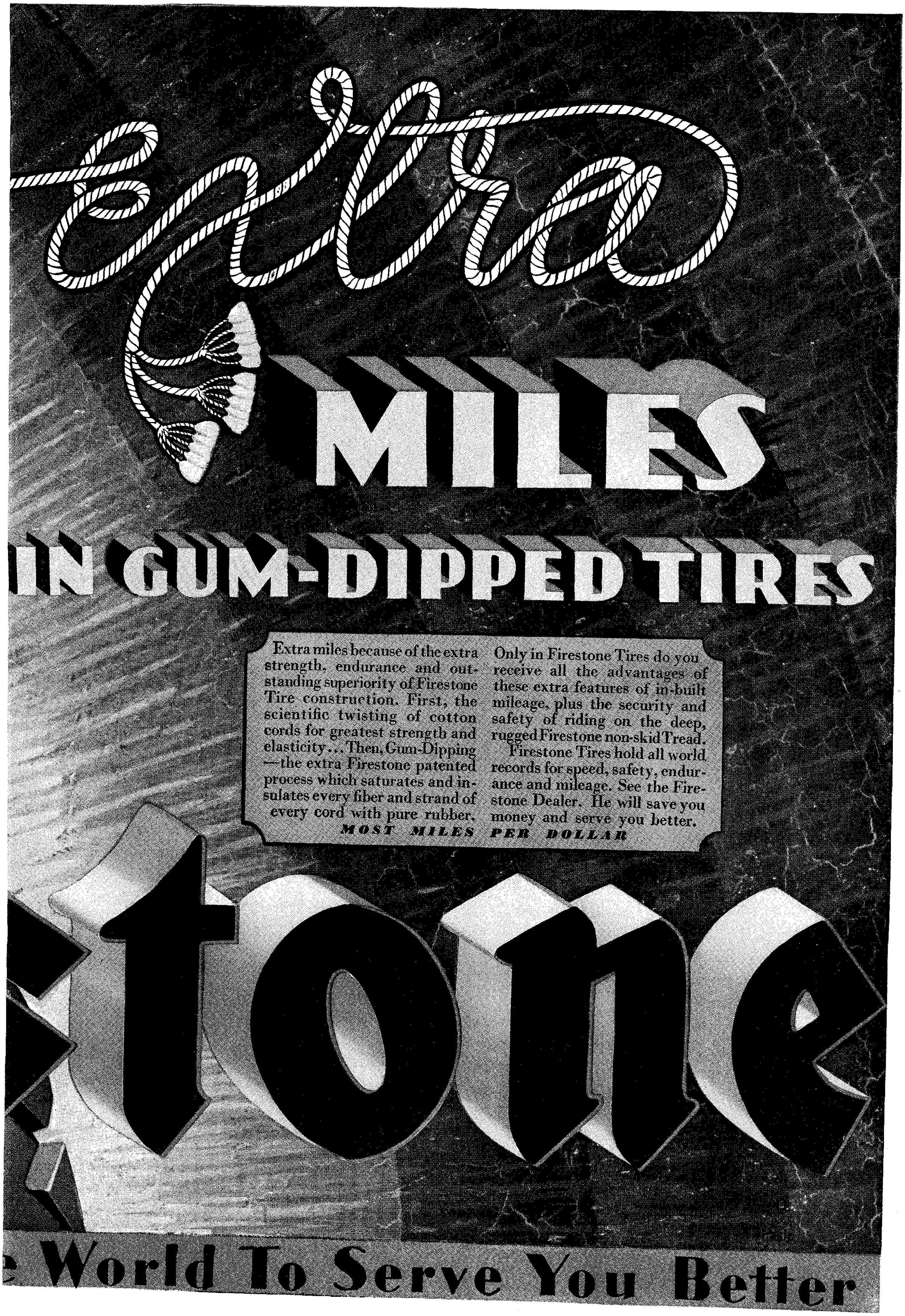
WHERE those who best know and appreciate fine motor cars foregather, as at The Beach and Tennis Club, Studebaker prestige runs deservedly high. For Studebaker's splendid eights and sixes hold *every* official stock car speed and endurance record. ▾▾▾ Their renown for beauty is quite as notable as their fame for fleetness. They offer in color and in contour the youthful, forward styling that only true genius in design could achieve. ▾▾▾ And Studebaker's unique One-Profit manufacture permits prices that never before bought so much. Car illustrated is The Commander Convertible Cabriolet for four, available with six or eight cylinders. Six wire wheels, trunk rack standard.

Studebaker

BUILDER OF CHAMPIONS




Gum Dipped
BALLOON
Fire
Firestone Reaches Around T



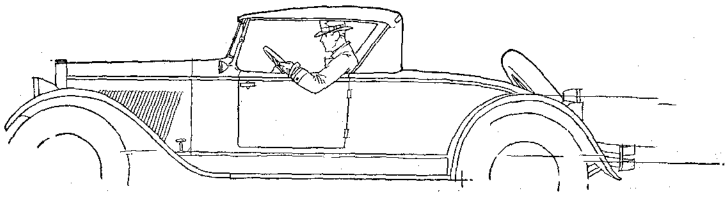
Extra miles because of the extra strength, endurance and outstanding superiority of Firestone Tire construction. First, the scientific twisting of cotton cords for greatest strength and elasticity... Then, Gum-Dipping—the extra Firestone patented process which saturates and insulates every fiber and strand of every cord with pure rubber.

Only in Firestone Tires do you receive all the advantages of these extra features of in-built mileage, plus the security and safety of riding on the deep, rugged Firestone non-skid Tread.

Firestone Tires hold all world records for speed, safety, endurance and mileage. See the Firestone Dealer. He will save you money and serve you better.

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

30,000 miles with the first-year feel in every mile—



probably $150 less expense for repairs and carbon removal the first two years

10% to 30% more power—

with the New Mobiloil in your engine!

If the above figures about the New Mobiloil seem like superlative claims, you may be assured that the records on which they are based are even more startling.

For example: Through use of the New Mobiloil, we definitely offer you 10% to 30% more power than other oils generally sold for the same motor. Our tests have usually bettered the higher figure by a considerable margin.

"30,000 miles with the first-year feel in every mile"—may seem excessive to you. Actually, the New Mobiloil has preserved the first-year feel in many engines for more than twice this distance.

We suggest that consistent use of the New Mobiloil, plus reasonable care of your engine, will save you probably $150 a year in repair bills. Our test cars have required *no* major engine repairs or adjustments during test periods comparatively longer than an average year's running.

Finally, we have established in thousands of miles of running tests on speedways, highways and dirt roads, that the New Mobiloil stands up better and consumes more slowly at high speed than other oils—and it is now an accepted engineering fact that the oil which lasts longest and stands up best at high speed also lubricates best at any speed.

Drain and refill regularly with the New Mobiloil, and the assurances we have published here should quickly begin to demonstrate their soundness *right in your own engine.*

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Makers of high quality lubricants for all types of machinery

the New

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

(*Continued from page 34*)

and then shipped to Chicago, where the printing is done by the Cuneo Press, Inc., Mr. Long explained.

The April issue, however, with its precious burden of Mr. Coolidge's article, was set in type in the Milwaukee plant of the Cuneo firm and printed in the same plant.

The greatest care was taken to make certain none of the contents of the article leaked out. Only Mr. Cuneo and his first assistant knew the full details. The article was divided into short fragments, meaningless by themselves, each of which was set in type by a separate compositor.

These fragments were then assembled under the watchful eyes of a corps of private detectives, and the plates were made. It takes two weeks to run off the complete issue of 1,850,000 copies of the magazine, and during this time the detectives never relaxed their vigilance. Every night the plates were carefully locked up in the plant's safe.

Disaster threatened once during the printing process. Five hold-up men with sawed-off shotguns entered the plant late one afternoon and took the pay-roll of $8,000. But they left the plates untouched.

Then came the greatest risk of all—the distribution of 1,850,000 copies all over the United States. Under ordinary circumstances the process would begin on the first of the month, the magazines going first to wholesalers at railroad centers, and from them to retail newsdealers, who would get them on the 4th of the month under pledge not to sell them until the 7th.

The arrangement allows two days' leeway. In order to reduce the risk to the lowest possible point, this usual leeway was done away with. To insure delivery, the issue was shipped by express instead of freight, at an extra cost of $12,100. Just before shipping the magazines, the publishers took the wholesalers into their confidence, and enjoined them to secrecy.

The first copies arrived at the wholesale offices on March 4, and were sent out by truck. The secret had been so well kept that it was not until announcements were sent out to the newspapers on March 6 that even the advertising department in New York had an idea that the magazine carried anything unusual, or that the "dummy" to which they had originally fitted their advertisements had been radically altered to make way at the top for the President's piece.

Photograph by George E. Jones, Rutland, Vermont

BEFORE DEATH DIVIDED THE HOUSE OF COOLIDGE

In this rare family group, taken in the old days of the Governorship of Massachusetts, young Calvin peers out at the reader's right (John is at the left), and Col. John Coolidge stands at the rear.

The April and May instalments, we learn, cover Mr. Coolidge's experiences from President Harding's death to the present time, and include the reasons why he did not "choose to run," while the June and July instalments will contain the story of his boyhood. Of one passage in his initial article, the New York *Sun* says in an editorial:

> Those who have wondered, ever since Calvin Coolidge issued the "I do not choose" statement, exactly why a man who held another Presidential term in the hollow of his hand should put it aside will be enlightened by a single sentence in Mr. Coolidge's article in *The Cosmopolitan*. After referring to the death of his son and namesake, which occurred less than a month after Mr. Coolidge was nominated in 1924, the former President says:
>
> "When he went the power and the glory of the Presidency went with him."
>
> That, coming from a man whose habit it has never been to wear his heart upon his sleeve, explains away all the mystery that was created by the guesses of politically minded persons who could not understand that to this taciturn New Englander something could be lost that was far more precious than the highest office in the world.

Young Calvin Coolidge, according to his father's account, "was a boy of much promise, proficient in his studies, with a scholarly mind, who had just turned sixteen." Furthermore:

> He had a remarkable insight into things.
>
> The day I became President he had just started to work in a tobacco field. When one of his fellow laborers said to him, "If my father was President, I would not work in a tobacco field," Calvin replied, "If my father were your father, you would."
>
> After he was gone some one sent us a letter he had written to a young man who had congratulated him on being the first boy in the land. To this he had replied that he did not merit the title, which should go to "some boy who had distinguished himself through his own actions."
>
> We do not know what might have happened to him under other circumstances, but if I had not been President he would not have raised a blister on his toe, which resulted in blood poisoning, playing lawn-tennis in the South Grounds.
>
> In his suffering he was asking me to make him well. I could not.
>
> The ways of Providence are often beyond our understanding. It seemed to me that the world had need of the work that it was probable he could do.
>
> I do not know why such a price was exacted for occupying the White House.
>
> Sustained by the great outpouring of sympathy from all over the nation, my wife and I bowed to the Supreme Will and with such courage as we had went on in the discharge of our duties.
>
> In less than two years my father followed him.
>
> At his advanced age he had overtaxed his strength receiving the thousands of visitors who went to my old home at Plymouth. It was all a great satisfaction to him, and he would not have had it otherwise.
>
> I knew for some weeks that he was passing his last days. I sent to bring him to Washington, but he clung to his old house.
>
> It was a sore trial not to be able to be with him, but I had to leave him where he most wished to be. When his doctors advised me that he could survive only a short time, I started to visit him, but he sank to rest while I was on my way.
>
> From my personal contact with him during the last months, I had to resort to the poor substitute of the telephone. When I reached home he was gone.
>
> It costs a great deal to be President.

These and other intimate confessions in his first magazine article give an added interest to the accounts of Mr. Coolidge's resumption of his old life in one-half of a rented two-family house at 21 Massasoit Street, Northampton, Massachusetts. As Byron Darnton Hulen tells us in the New York *Evening Post:*

> Mr. Coolidge has come home to the town in which, right to his face, he used to be called "Cal."
>
> Six thousand of his townspeople turned out in a cold, mean drizzle to welcome him. They cheered him shyly, for even after all these years this sleepy New England town isn't free and easy about having world fame in its midst.
>
> Behind Mrs. Coolidge, who was at her happiest, the former President walked down the steps of his private car and held his high hat down to dodge the rain. He, too, was smiling. There was no care of place on him. "Pretty strenuous business getting back to private life," he said.
>
> In a big blue sedan the former President and his wife drove

through crowded streets to their forty-dollar-a-month rented home on Massasoit Street.

The Coolidges, home at last for a chicken dinner, prepared by what New England calls the hired girl, had completed their night's rest on a siding at Northampton station. As early as 7:30 o'clock the townspeople began sighting down toward the station, taking refuge from the rain under the wide porticoes. Place of honor inside the police lines—police lines are unusual things in Northampton—was reserved for Mayor Andre and his committee of welcome.

The Mayor wore new rubbers, a derby unaccustomed to rainstorms, a newly prest overcoat. He is a short, round-faced, good-humored man, and there was a bit of nervousness about him as he waited to fulfil his official duties. "No," he said as a dozen reporters interviewed him at once, "we don't know just how he will adjust himself to life in our community."

International Newsreel photograph

HOW NORTHAMPTON TURNED OUT TO SEE THE COOLIDGES COME HOME

In spite of a desolate rain, the occasion was a rousing and warm-hearted burst of "whoopee."

He laughed when some one suggested that maybe a school trusteeship would help to satisfy the public-service desires of the town's greatest man.

"I don't think he would be interested in anything like that any more," said the Mayor. Thomas J. Hammond, son of John C. Hammond, in whose law office Calvin Coolidge started out, was busy inside the special car while the Mayor was talking. He was chairman of the welcome committee. He burst forth on the rear platform, a busy man indeed.

"Remember," he cautioned the reception committee, "you're to file through the car and go out the other end." The committee members, twelve men and six women, stirred restlessly. They kidded one another. "Don't talk too long," they said. "It's seconds instead of minutes." They knew Mr. Coolidge was scheduled to descend those train steps at 8:30, and when Mr. Coolidge is scheduled to do something at 8:30, he does it.

Mr. Hammond called to four men in roustabout clothing who serve as red-caps when the great come to Northampton. They entered the car, caps in hand, and toted out luggage. Mr. Hammond himself helped, for he wanted to lose no time. Then he gave the signal. Inside the Mayor did nobly. He showed that he, too, could rise to great occasions.

"In behalf of the people of Northampton," he said, "I welcome you home. We are happy to have you here."

"That's very nice of you," said Mrs. Coolidge.

"How do you do, Mr. Mayor?" said Mr. Coolidge, when it was his turn. "I'm glad to see you."

One by one the other members of the committee performed their honored function, and then they returned again to the platform and the rain.

As they gathered about the rear of the car Mrs. Coolidge, wearing a brown suit and a natural fox neck-piece, appeared. And Northampton shouted. Behind her was the former President in formal clothes. He removed his silk hat and smiled.

At the foot of the steps they stopt to give the photographers a chance. Over near the station the American Legion band was playing. Above the shouting it was difficult to hear, but Mrs. Coolidge caught the tune. "They're playing 'Home, Sweet Home,'" she said to her husband.

"Are they?" he answered, and there was a lot more pleasure in his tone than appears in the words. From the roof of the station a photographer yelled, "Mrs. Coolidge! Mrs. Coolidge!"

She looked up. "Will you wave?" Obligingly she performed the gesture. Mr. Coolidge bowed and made a brief arc with his silk hat.

A Boy Scout sidled over near to the ex-President and plucked at the austere coat. Mr. Coolidge turned and extended his hand. The boy wore the numerals of the troop in which Calvin Coolidge, Jr., who died shortly after his father became President, learned to tie knots and build fires without matches.

The photographers finally satisfied, Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge walked down a lane cleared by police and entered their sedan. And the parade started. First it was a police car. The distinguished home-comers. Then Maj. James F. Coupal, who was Presidential physician; then Frank Stearns, followed by Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Hills, the particular friends and neighbors of the Coolidges.

Into Main Street, a wide thoroughfare lined with the best stores, the parade turned, proceeding slowly past City Hall, Memorial Hall and the High School. At College Hill, seat of Smith College, the line turned into Elm Street.

The Smith girls were standing shoulder to shoulder for four blocks. Hatless in the rain, most of them, they waved and shouted. Meanwhile the college chimes sounded welcome.

A short distance farther on the Coolidges passed a group of children of the Clark School for the Deaf, in which Grace Goodhue was a teacher when Calvin Coolidge was courting her. The children had been provided with small flags. Clark should be gracious to the Coolidges, for they have just succeeded in raising a $2,000,000 fund for the institution. Mrs. Coolidge had with her a certified check for $100,000 that completed the fund.

Massasoit Street turns off Elm, just a spell up from the hill on which Clark sits. And in their own street the returning ones encountered another crowd.

The modest front porch of the double house, on which Mr. Coolidge has paid rent from month to month since he left, eight years ago, had been taken over by photographers. The walk was lined with Boy Scouts of Troop 101, which daily raises the flag to the front-yard flagpole in honor of Calvin Coolidge, Jr.

As the ex-President's car drew up the boys came to salute, a position they held without fidgeting during the long inning of the photographers. Once again it rained into the Coolidge top hat. Neighbors who knew these Coolidges as ordinary folks stood about in the snow to catch a view of them in their latest scene of greatness.

Mr. Coolidge, whether he ever again holds office or not, can no more cease to be a public man than he can cease before death to breathe, asserts William Hard, an experienced Washington observer, and the author of "Who's Hoover?" Writing in the *Herald Tribune* Magazine, Mr. Hard adds shrewdly:

> Somewhere, somehow, his talents—which are those of public life—will be summoned to public life, officially or unofficially.
>
> Let Mr. Coolidge be made the president of a private corporation capitalized at $20,000,000,000 with a salary of $1,000,000,000 a year. He will still fall to wondering whether the local school board is all that it should be; and his neighbors will fall to wondering if he would accept the post of school trustee; and soon, by an operation as inescapable as that of the magnet and the needle, Mr. Coolidge and public duty, in one form or another, from small to high, and from local to national, and perhaps international, again will be found adhering together, somehow, with title or without title, with salary or without salary, with office or without office.

© 1929, M. L. I. Co.

The "Left-behinds"

A SHORT time ago a promising young business man, happily married and the father of two children, one seven and one nine, showed unmistakable signs of failing health. His doctor suspected the cause at once. A searching examination confirmed the doctor's suspicions. Tuberculosis. He was ordered to give up his business immediately and go to a sanatorium for proper treatment and care.

An uncle of the young man was greatly shocked when he heard the report. It didn't seem possible that it could be true. He asked for the evidence. They handed him x-ray photographs which showed that his nephew's lungs were seriously affected. The uncle asked permission to show the photographs to his own doctor.

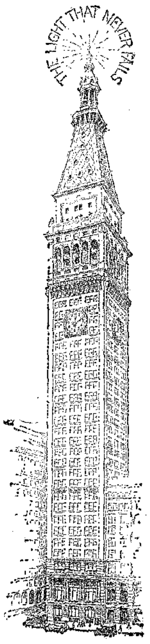
When that doctor saw the photographs he said, "The right thing was done. Your nephew will probably get well. Now, what have you done for the man's family, especially the children? Have they been examined? You have no time to lose. While tuberculosis may not have made any serious inroads on their health as yet, it is hardly conceivable that his wife and children are entirely free from infection. An appearance of ruddy health does not exclude the possibility of tuberculosis."

Every child who at any age has had prolonged exposure to tuberculosis should have an immediate, thorough physical examination, especially including the tuberculin tests and x-ray photographs, to determine whether or not active or latent disease is present. While tuberculosis usually attacks the lungs, it may attack any part of the body—eyes, ears, nose, throat, glands, joints, bones or vital organs.

It is now believed that many cases of tuberculosis in adults are the direct result of infection in childhood. The germs may have been taken into the body when the person was very young and have remained dormant for many years.

Boys and girls who are apparently healthy may have latent tuberculosis; without a sign of infection—no cough, no loss of weight, good color. But years later, when some extra strain is put upon the body, the symptoms appear—loss of weight, persistent cough, "indigestion" and fatigue.

When every child is properly fortified against the ravages of tuberculosis, the final victory over this deadly enemy will be in sight.



THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

This year there will be a great forward step in the battle against tuberculosis. Efforts will be made to protect "the others"—the family and friends of the stricken person—even *before* the signs of tuberculosis show themselves, but while the disease may be latent.

Organizations for the prevention of tuberculosis—national, state and local—will warn people of the infection which may follow living in the same household or associating with one who is suffering from tuberculosis.

Their action-inspiring slogan, "Early discovery—Early recovery," will be displayed on billboards, car cards and banners all over the country.

By checking tuberculosis in its earliest stages, before the germs have had time to destroy bone or tissue, tens of thousands of lives can be saved. Send for the Metropolitan's booklet, 49-L—"Tuberculosis." It will be mailed free on request.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

Use it for those little EMERGENCIES

YOU KNOW how it is with a family of children. Bumps. Bruises. Scratches. Cuts. Burns. Little emergencies to be sure, but painful all the same.

A jar or tube of "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly is a necessity; a real protection and first aid remedy.

For "Vaseline" Jelly is a pure natural substance, with special healing properties; mothers have used it for several generations of childish ailments.

Follow these directions:

Minor Cuts—Wash under running water and apply "Vaseline" Jelly.

Burns and Scalds—Cover the affected area with "Vaseline" Jelly, spread on clean linen or gauze. Change dressing daily.

Bumps and Bruises—Apply cold compresses immediately, then dress with "Vaseline" Jelly.

Blisters—Prick the edge of the blister with a sterilized needle, press out the water, and dress with "Vaseline" Jelly.

Sores—Apply "Vaseline" Jelly at frequent intervals and bandage lightly.

Remember when you buy, that the trade-mark Vaseline on the package is your assurance that you are getting the genuine product of Chesebrough Manufacturing Company Cons'd.

© Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd, 1929

Vaseline

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
PETROLEUM JELLY

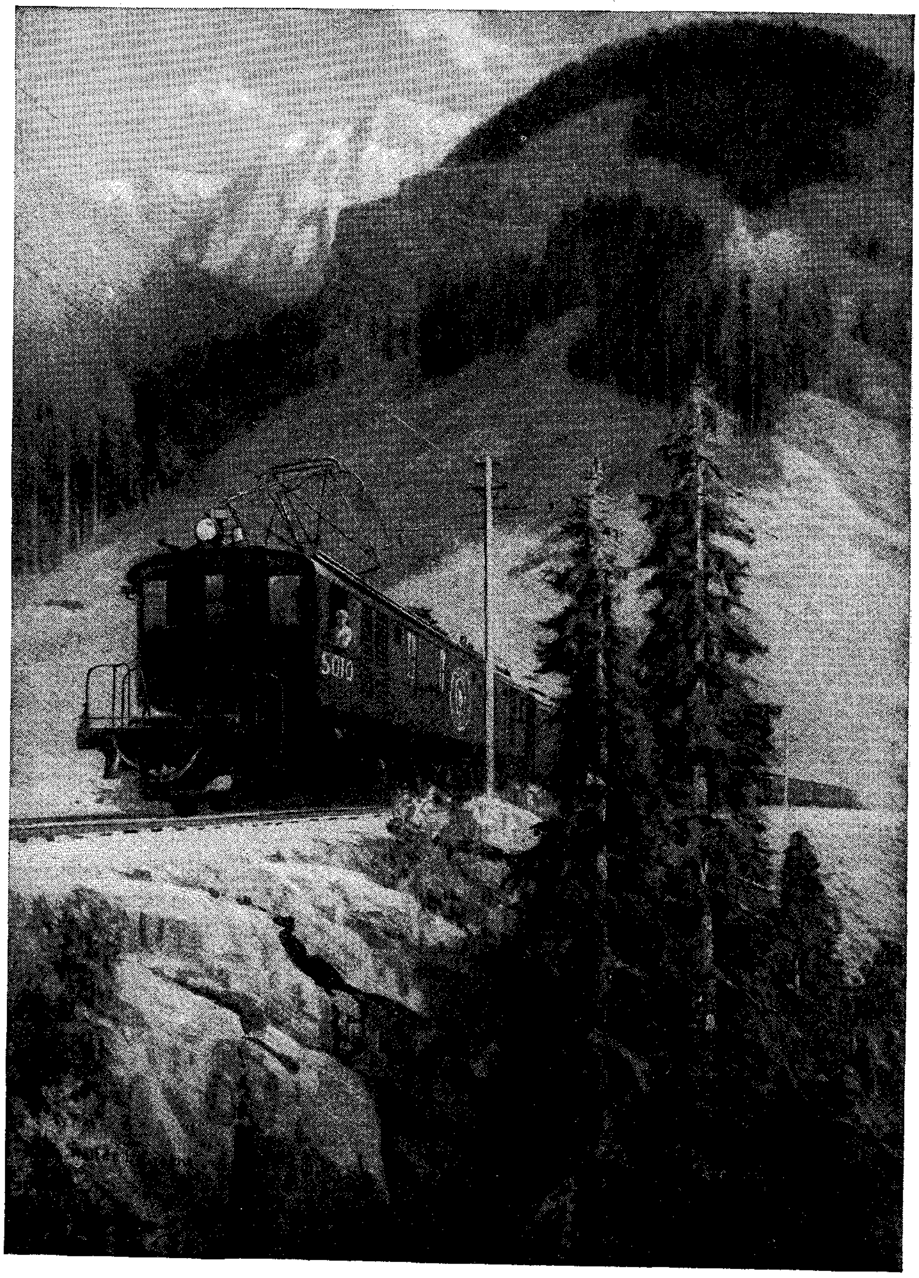
HOW RUSSELL SAGE HELPED A GHOST-WRITING FRIEND TO A NEW OVERCOAT

"THE weather's getting cold and $50 will buy me an overcoat." Altho the newspaper reporter said it jocularly, the financier, his good friend, evidently believed that he was in earnest. "Oh, goodness," said Russell Sage, the financier and philanthropist, "if you need an overcoat that's all right." He picked up his pen and signed the article for Henry Irving Dodge, the newspaper man and playwright, who relates the incident in an article on friends who have helped him, in *The Elks Magazine*. In explanation of his unusual plea, Mr. Dodge tells us that he had written an interview with Mr. Sage for which he would be paid $10 by his paper. But an editor thought that it would be better if the views exprest appeared as an article signed by "Uncle Russell," as Mr. Sage was popularly called. This was agreeable to Mr. Dodge, who prepared the material, for he would receive $50, not merely $10, if he could persuade his friend to sign it. But he knew that this would be a hard job, and remarks that "Uncle Russell, like the other great financiers of the street, was exceedingly loath to put his name to anything. And if he did, it was a rare test of friendship." But the reporter's fears were groundless, as we have already seen, for Mr. Sage signed the article. Other glimpses of this cryptic genius are given us by Mr. Dodge, thus:

> Of course, all the newspaper men knew Russell Sage. But I knew him quite well. He was, in a way, arrogant, imperious, but when you got to know him he was a real good fellow. And when Mr. Sage found he could trust you, he didn't mince matters in speaking of men in the other camp.
>
> Very good. On one occasion Collis P. Huntington and Jay Gould were engaged in a colossal railroad battle down in the Southwest. It involved the Southern Pacific, a Huntington road, and the Texas Pacific, a Gould property. One day I asked Mr. Sage, who was Mr. Gould's closest associate, about Mr. Gould's health. Everybody who knows anything of recent history knows that the wizard of the Street was not a strong man. He'd been living for decades on his nerve. And no wonder. For in a few short years he, a farm boy, had made himself president of Erie—only thirty-two at the time—had fought a famous battle to corner gold, and had, on dying at fifty-six—a comparatively young man—left a fortune of more than a hundred million dollars.
>
> Well, I asked Mr. Sage how Mr. Gould's health was, and he answered in his quick, impulsive way: "Not so good—not so good. Besides, he's got a conference with that man Huntington to-day; it always makes Gould very nervous to meet that man Huntington; that man Huntington's such a bully, you know."
>
> Observe the reiteration of the characterization "that man." It was a way, I noticed, those giants had of speaking of one another. And Mr. Sage must be esteemed a giant when one considers that for years he was the dominating money king of the Street, and that he, too, left more than a hundred millions.
>
> There was no suggestion of contempt in Mr. Sage's words. They bore, it seemed to me, only the stern fighting antagonism of a man to a hated foeman, worthy of his steel.
>
> It was a revelation to me, a most significant revelation, that there existed any man Mr. Gould feared to meet.
>
> Few persons ever suspected that Mr. Sage had a human side to him. He had the reputation of being a very hard-boiled proposition, and "closer than the paper on the wall." One of the silly-ass stories that the Wall Street nit-wits used to tell was that "Uncle Russell" used to bargain with the apple woman on the corner for his mid-day lunch. But Mr. Sage did like to bargain, no question about that. It was a Yankee trait with him. In fact, one morning I saw him buying an alpaca coat at Siegel & Cooper's.
>
> I said to him in a joking way: "I'll have to fine you if you're late, Mr. Sage."
>
> He took it good-naturedly. "You can get a very good coat for a dollar and a quarter," said he.
>
> "But while you're saving a few cents, you're losing valuable time," I suggested, "immensely valuable time."
>
> "I guess they can wait down there," he said, "I guess they can wait."

Mr. Dodge emphasizes the need for the reporter to know every important figure in the particular field he covers, the need to have friends at court. When he made his début as a Wall Street reporter, J. Pierpont Morgan, father of the present J. P. Morgan, was the center of all attention, the most-talked-of man of the day, he tells us. Concerning that epoch in Wall Street we read on:

> It was the great period of reorganization. Things were being done on a colossal scale. It was as if the whole financial world were being remade.
>
> The Morgan of whom I write was a particularly commanding figure. He was of the highest type of Yankee, Yankee in his ability, Yankee in his arrogance. Above all others, the quality of romance attaches to this particular Morgan. He was so picturesque, so princely in the things he did and in the way he did them. There was something splendid about Morgan. While, I imagine, he loathed being spectacular, he just couldn't help being spectacular.
>
> Many men loved Morgan; many men adored him. I suppose many hated him; many feared him. But no man ever had contempt for Morgan. It would have been like having contempt for the Atlantic Ocean.
>
> I asked Edmund Clarence Stedman, the poet-banker, or banker-poet, as you like, author of the Anthology, what he thought of Morgan's financial genius, and he said: "I can't think of any word for it but magnificent. I don't like to use the word in such a way, connected with an abstraction; it is more proper to use it in describing a sunset or a storm at sea; but it's the only word I can think of."
>
> Clearly, Stedman was not a Morgan hater.
>
> I suggested to former Postmaster-General James, then president of the Lincoln National Bank, that he classify Morgan. "You can't classify him," said he. "He's *sui generis*—which means, I believe, the only one of the kind."
>
> It was said that Mr. Morgan was a hard



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In any driving crisis there is no more vital safety factor than the Cadillac-La Salle Syncro-Mesh Silent-Shift Transmission. It permits quiet, easy, instantaneous shifting of gears—at any speed—without pausing in neutral—and without the slightest suggestion of clashing.

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A third great element of safety rests in the fact that all windows, doors and windshields are equipped with Cadillac-La Salle Security-Plate Glass. This means that the Cadillac or La Salle owner may dismiss from his mind all concern about being injured by flying glass fragments.

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> man to approach. But I never found him that way. I went to him many times, while running down rumors, and don't remember more than half a dozen occasions when he uttered a word, always a nod and an inscrutable smile, as if it were easier for him to move his head than his tongue.
>
> At least, one couldn't misquote a nod. I know Mr. Morgan liked me personally; I think he liked me because I never asked him an impertinent question, never a direct question. I used to suggest, rather: "Mr. Morgan, so-and-so is the case." Or: "So-and-so has occurred."
>
> A moment's pondering, then the negative nod and the smile.
>
> Altho Mr. Morgan never gave me any information, I got so I could interpret his way of smiling or not smiling. It became a kind of deaf-and-dumb language between us.

Reiterating the need of friends at court, Mr. Dodge tells us of a merchant who was a heavy operator in tobacco stock. Reading on:

> He never told me as much, but the signs were unmistakable. He was always advancing opinions as to what effect this or that government measure would have on tobacco, what Duke was going to do now, and the like. In fact, W——'s suggestions and opinions got to be quite tiresome, but I always accepted them with quiet complaisance, for I knew that he was an important man and, being in touch with the insiders, might some day give me a valuable hint. In a word, W—— was one of the many watchdogs I had.
>
> American Tobacco was the big speculative feature of the day. James B. Duke was president. Mr. Duke, by the way, had always been very friendly to me personally.
>
> Very well. The Street was on the *qui vive* as to just what tobacco was going to do at the next dividend meeting. But both the time of the meeting and the intent of the directors had been kept a close secret. Try my best, I couldn't get a hint as to either one or the other. Very good. I had just come into the office at two o'clock, one day, when I was told that a Mr. W—— had been on the wire for me, and that he had left the enigmatic message that I was to go up-town at once. That was all. For W——, you know, didn't choose to identify or otherwise commit himself to any one else in the Bureau.
>
> I decided on the instant. There was only one deduction: the tobacco people were holding a dividend meeting. Their offices were then at the corner of Nineteenth and Fifth Avenue. I took an L train and went up there. Everything in the office was quiet.
>
> I affected an air of casualness in order to avoid being suspected of having been tipped off. I asked Henry, a semi-porter in the outside office, if anything were going on.
>
> "No," he said, and then a little too emphatically, I thought, "absolutely not."
>
> I knew that Henry had never liked me, and I also knew that I had never trusted Henry. For I suspected him to be something more than in sympathy with our competitors.
>
> Said I: "It's a hot day; I think I'll smoke a cigar and rest awhile."
>
> Here was where Henry fell down flat, showed himself to be no diplomat. "No use in your waiting for Mr. Duke, for he's out at his place at Somerville—won't be back till morning."
>
> "Nevertheless, I'll have a smoke," said I.
>
> I was convinced now that they were having the unsuspected dividend meeting, and that Henry was eager to telephone results to the enemy.
>
> About five minutes later, a door down the corridor opened—the door of what I knew to be the directors' room—and Mr. Duke appeared. He was about to cross the hall to another office when I brushed Henry, who would have intercepted me, to one side, and approached him.
>
> "Mr. Duke, do you mind telling me what dividend you just declared at the meeting?"
>
> He seemed surprized, but, like all the big fellows, didn't try to evade. He told me the amount declared. That was enough. I didn't care three whoops about when the books were to close or open again, or any of the other details that goes with the paying of dividends; I had the one great fact: Tobacco had declared a dividend, so-and-so much.
>
> I had received the information from W—- down at Wall Street at two o'clock, and had gone to the tobacco offices, Nineteenth and Fifth Avenue; at half-past two my Bureau made the announcement. And it created a lot of excitement. But, best of all, I beat the enemy by an hour.

THE OLD-CLOTHES MAN IN THE BRAZILIAN JUNGLE

SHRIEKS of laughter, shrieks of wonder, and some of dismay, greeted the spectacle so utterly new to the unclad Brazilian Indians. They were seeing clothes for the first time. There was one of their tribe-fellows outlandishly garbed. He wore a coat, his legs through the sleeves and the tunic buttoned up around his hips. And there was one of the belles of the tribe, a smart picture hat on her head and her body covered with a once-dainty dancing frock worn upside down. It all seemed very funny to the Indians, but it seemed harmless, so they, too, went into the hut and donned their first clothes, gifts of the explorer from the outside, an Indian like themselves, Maj.-Gen. Marianno Candido da Silva Rondon. It is principally with old clothes that General Rondon pacifies hostile aborigines as he pursues his explorations in the South American jungles, laying telegraph wires and recording scientific discoveries, Ignatius Phayre tells us in *American Forests and Forest Life*, continuing:

> Since Mother Eve set to work on the first short skirt, the question of clothes has loomed large in human affairs. But the notion of winning vast, dim, unexplored, jungle-blanketed forests by means of clothes is new, and is the policy of General Rondon, of Brazil's Federal Army. This unique little soldier, himself a pure South American Indian, is easily the dean of scientist-explorers in unknown South America—as Theodore Roosevelt testified when he begged this marvelous man to accompany him on his "River of Doubt" expedition through Amazonian wastes.
>
> For thirty years General Rondon has roamed the densest of all jungles without any weapon in his hand; speaking many savage tongues, laying strategic telegraph lines, recording new discoveries in geology, natural history, geography, philology, and anthropology. Upright as a dart in body, simple of soul, courteous and kind, this fearless little soldier has served Brazil as no man has ever done since Cabral, the navigator, entered the peerless Bay of Rio four hundred years ago.
>
> "I will break in softly," General Rondon assured his government. "But this I must do in my own way. Give me materials and a technical staff, and I'll lay your strategic telegraph lines through the heart of Matto Grosso and Amazonas." The need of these lines is plain enough when it is recalled that it requires twenty-two days of sea and river travel to get from Rio de Janeiro on the Atlantic to the rubber city of Manâos, on the mighty Amazon.
>
> Perhaps few of us realize the vastness of the unknown regions that still remain south of the Mexican border. Colombia is only one-third explored. Huge tracts of Venezuela and Bolivia are still blanks on the best of maps. To reach Iquitos, in Peru, from the capital of that romantic land, one must even to-day circumnavigate half of the continent, because 700 miles of terrible jungles intervene. But of all these immense States, Brazil contains the largest area of *terra incognita.* I have but to mention Amazonas, a single province of 736,000 square miles, through which the Rio-Mar (Sea River) sweeps in awesome volume to a mouth 200 miles wide.

So Rondon began with his telegraph lines which "unpacified" Indians promptly destroyed, "often slaughtering the pioneers and wearing their heads as very special tokens of renown and luck." Thereupon, we are told:

> Rondon recast his plans, and set the conciliation of the jungle-folk before everything else, knowing well the advantage of having friends and loyal helpers among these savages of the unknown, instead of furtive enemies who take to the tree-tops in their dim, noisome swamps.
>
> Now behold the little soldier and his officers leaping ashore after a river voyage of lurid adventures. Crocodiles there were, showers of poisoned spears; the terrors of waterfalls, of Amazon storms and tidal waves, of man-eating fishes, of sickness, and a hundred other dangers that no skill or experience can avert. Sometimes the savages assemble to meet him. More often they hide their women in the swamps and then take to the tree-tops, like the pigmies of the Kongo forests. In any event, Rondon marches ahead unarmed, altho in uniform. He knows that a hundred invisible bows are bent at him, with as many blow-pipes and bone-pointed javelins. Yet only once has a poisoned barb been let fly at him. It struck a brass button and glanced off the General's tunic.
>
> Pitching camp in the jungle depths, Rondon devotes great care to the mosquito nets that guard his beds. A single hole may mean disease and death in the "Green Hell" of Amazonas. And by night there are vampire-bats that can suck the sleeper's blood without the victim feeling any pain. If the tribal chief and his wizard appear, well and good; Rondon explains his mission, gets a promise of labor for his telegraph work and soon makes friends with all, including the women and children, whom curiosity draws to the camp to receive the necklets and mirrors that delight these primitive souls.
>
> But usually no sign of life is to be seen. The dense jungle is silent as the grave by day, and in the dark is filled with weird, mysterious and dreadful sounds as the jaguar and the boa join the birds, monkeys and other nocturnal creatures in the furtive riot of the Amazonian darkness.
>
> Near the camp Rondon stretches a few stout wires from tree to tree, and on these he hangs cotton skirts and bodices, gay hats and handkerchiefs, coats and trousers. Then there are knives, hammers, saws,

MR. EVERETT WADDEY, JR.

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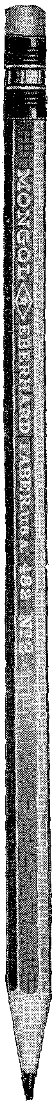

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This chart, prepared in collaboration with leading business men, indicates exactly the type and degree of pencil best suited for each particular purpose. Thus every pencil will do its job . . . complaints will cease . . . waste will be eliminated.

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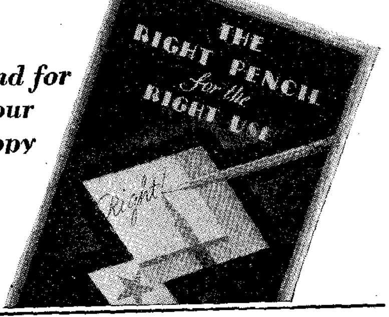

THE RIGHT PENCIL for the RIGHT USE
Right

EBERHARD FABER

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

machetes and other useful or decorative gifts. Needless to say, hidden eyes see all this; and in the dead of night, the naked wild-folk can be heard investigating and appraising the presents left for them in this way.

Before dawn the Chief and his braves may come into camp fantastically clad, often in female garb, and vastly more comic to behold than anything ever seen on the stage. There follows a palaver—an invitation to the General and his aides to a feast in the huge *maloca* or tribal hall, where a concert of nose-flutes and drums, with the maddest of dances and strong drinks, will set the seal upon friendly relations.

But there are tribes that remain hostile for days and even weeks. Rondon's "bait" on the wires is left untouched. His stores are stolen, his river launches scuttled or burned, and arrows shot at his helpers from the impassable bush and swamps beyond. Yet Rondon persists, with never an attempt at reprisals. He varies the presents hung on the forest wires—and in time finds them gone—with native exchanges left in place of them; plaited baskets and pottery, jaguar-skins and weapons, drums, head-dresses of gay toucan feathers, strings of fish-teeth, and other articles. These Rondon accepts and renews his own offerings, this time more richly than before. After a few such exchanges the savage women come out of hiding, their Chief and his fighting men visit the camp, and all further misunderstanding is at an end.

General Rondon's objects and interests are manifold, we are told. He collects new animals and birds, insects and fishes, as well as plants and flowers and mineral specimens. Quoting further:

As topographer and geographer he maps new rivers and lakes. As ethnologist he classifies these tribes, measuring craniums, obtaining photographs and making new dictionaries of the dialects used by the various tribes.

But before all this can be done with good-will and local aid these jungle people must be put in good humor by the distribution of clothes, which is the first step in education and leads at last to the status of citizenship.

A big depot is therefore established, and decoys enlisted. Father, mother, and children of all ages—naked as the day they were born—disappear into the depot hut of wicker and thatch while a chattering crowd waits outside in a sort of gleeful terror. When the decoys come out, more or less completely clothed, their reception baffles description. Inquisitive hands all but tear off their garments in headlong haste to examine the material, and the beads and trinkets that go with it.

Out in the jungle, or in noisy meetings in the huge *maloca* hut, there are still more diverting exchanges, which often leave the tribal wizard himself with no more outfit than a soft felt hat perched on his lank hair and a pair of tight shoes, which he realizes will protect his feet from poisonous snakes.

There is no mistaking the "uplift" produced in this way. Some men and many women at first evince fear of this "new skin." But when others have swaggered in gay cotton garments for a few days, the fashion spreads; and soon other tribes paddle down the great river to share in the wonders. In the general merriment, Rondon makes great headway with his scientific surveys, as well as with his engineering and natural history labors. Indians volunteer to cut down trees and dig holes for his telegraph poles. Workshops are set up; and this nucleus of civilization in the wilds grows and thrives in a friendly atmosphere, with the graphophone and telephone assisting in impressing these primitive people.

A telegraph school is built in a few hours, and natives enlisted as student operators. A fort is constructed, too, and officers sent up-stream to open other centers. On one occasion these last were met with a hail of arrows when about to land, killing two young lieutenants and gravely wounding four more. Here the tribe had heard fantastic tales about the strange "bewitchment" of their neighbors, and were determined to resist all such diabolic advances.

It is perilous, difficult work, calling for surgical aid in case of wounds, and infinite precautions as trails are hacked through dense bush, or rivers forded where the cannibal-fish lies in lurk for blood, Mr. Phayre tells us. Reading on:

This creature is quite small, weighing from six to ten pounds, but is amazingly voracious. One of the General's soldiers, swimming a stream, was attacked by swarms of these tiny sharks, whose bulldog teeth do terrible execution in a few seconds. In this case the victim was rescued, but died the following day, with Rondon left to read the funeral service and put up another cross in memory of a faithful servant.

When the stock of clothes is exhausted the General returns to Manâos, on the Amazon, or to Porto Velho, on the Rio Madeiro, for further supplies. Food may give out, and he can "live on the country." When medicines fail, he falls back upon magical roots and herbs. Even when short of ammunition he can still spear fish and shoot game with the bow and blow-pipe of the wilderness. But "old clothes" Rondon must have, since no agent of "pacification" can replace them, not even steel knives, axes and saws, which so delight the nude jungle peoples and simplify the toil of their women who do all the hard labor.

So goes the life work of Candido Rondon, whose name already figures on Brazilian maps as the pioneer of hitherto unknown jungle regions, to which the collective name of "Rondonia" has now been given by cartographers. His politico-social and scientific reports would fill a library.

"What is your trump card?" I asked of him as we sat together in his bureau in lovely Rio de Janeiro.

"Just a ship-load of old clothes," the General replied.

"With tribal religions, we do not meddle," he went on gravely. "Our work is to blaze a trail for the first elements of civilization. The only Bible counsel we adopt is that given to Ruth by her practical mother-in-law: 'Wash thyself—and put thy raiment upon thee.'"

"I have recommended Yeast for 40 years"—

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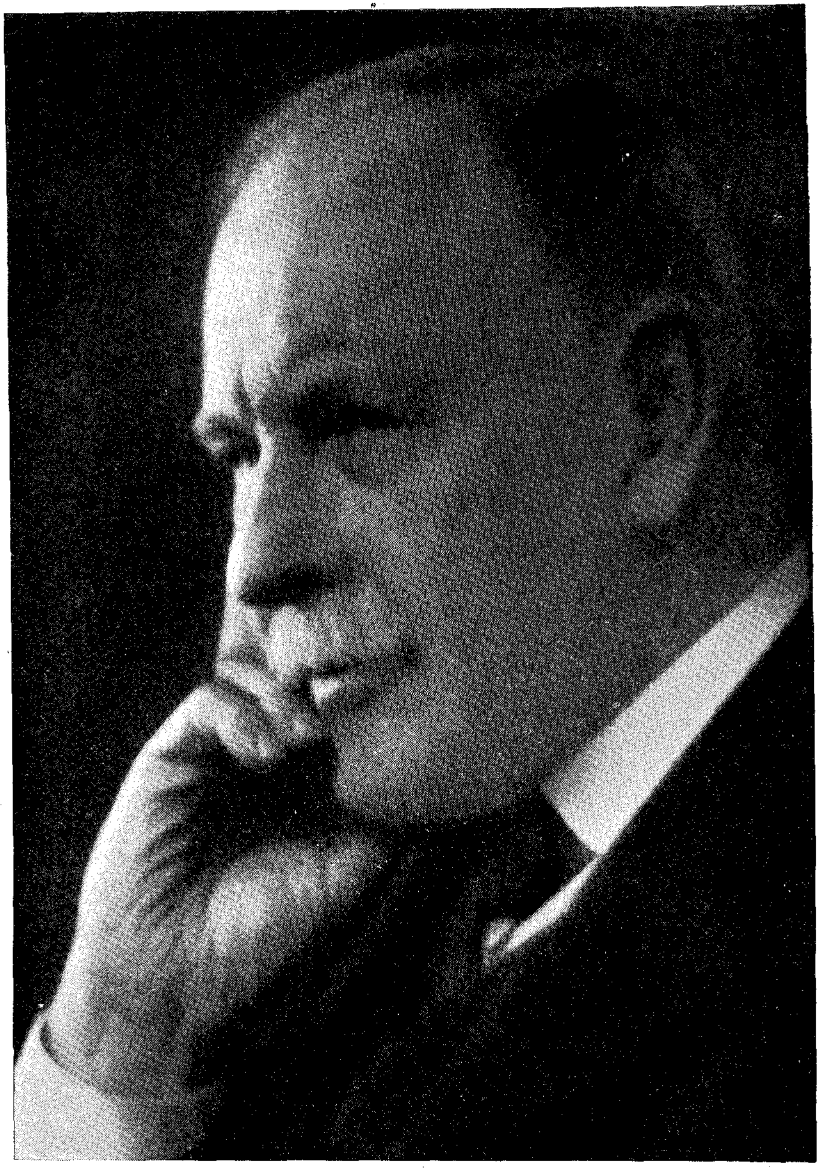
"The laxative action of yeast is mild but reliable . . . Yeast cleanses the system. In continued small doses it is often of service in overcoming habitual constipation. Its effect is to promote both appetite and digestion . . . For 40 years I have lectured to students on the value of yeast."**—Abstract from text book on "Materia Medica" by Dr. H. H. Rusby.**


DEAN HENRY HURD RUSBY, M. D.

DR. HENRY HURD RUSBY stands with the leaders of the American medical world. His contributions to the practical literature of medicine are monumental. Today he is a distinguished dean and professor of physiology at Columbia University.

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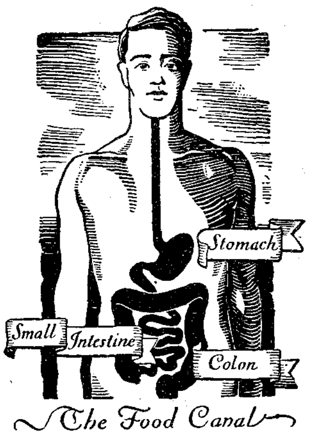
Fleischmann's Yeast is fresh. Unlike dried or killed yeast, it contains millions of living, active yeast plants. As these live yeast plants pass through your system daily, they combat the harmful poisons of stagnation and purify the whole body.

Headaches, colds, sore throats, indigestion, nervousness, bad skin and bad breath are sure signs of constipation and run down vitality.

For renewed health and happiness eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day, one before each meal or between meals, plain or in water, cold or hot (not scalding). To get full benefit from yeast you must eat it regularly and over a sufficient period of time. At all grocers and many leading cafeterias, lunch counters and soda fountains. Buy 2 or 3 days' supply, as it will keep in a cool, dry place. Start now and know what real health can be!

Write for latest booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept.C129,The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York, N. Y.



FROM THROAT TO COLON is one continuous tube. Here 90% of ills start, as intestinal poisons flood the system! But here yeast works, keeping this entire tract clean, active and healthy.

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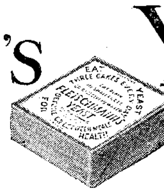

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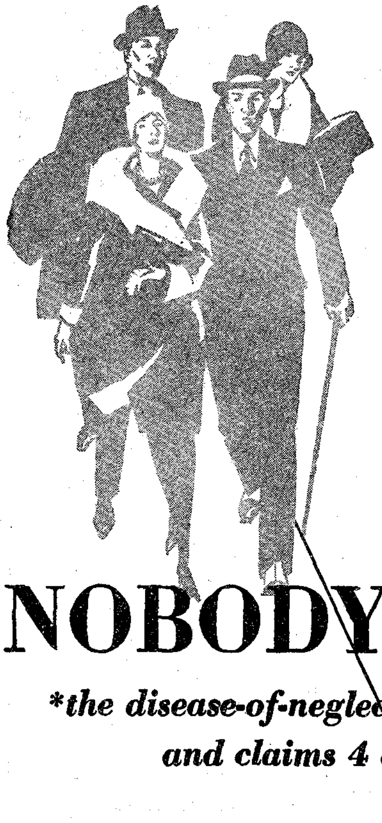

Danger lurks behind white teeth

NOBODY'S IMMUNE*

*the disease-of-neglect ignores teeth, attacks gums and claims 4 out of 5 as its victims

WHITE teeth are attractive. And their soundness contributes to the preservation of good health. But teeth are only as healthy as the gums . . . However white they may be, danger lurks behind them.

For certain diseases-of-neglect ignore teeth and attack the gums. And when once contracted only expert dental treatment can stem their advance. Too many of us disregard this threat, and, as a penalty, 4 persons out of 5 after forty and thousands younger sacrifice health. A needless sacrifice!

These odds are unfair, deceiving. Just follow this regime: See your dentist at least once every six months. And when you brush your teeth, brush gums vigorously, with the dentifrice made for the purpose . . . Forhan's for the Gums. This dentifrice helps to firm gums and keep them sound. Thus it fortifies teeth and health. As you know, Pyorrhea and other diseases seldom attack healthy gums.

In addition, the way in which Forhan's cleans teeth and helps to protect them from decay will delight you.

Start using Forhan's, regularly, every morning and every night. Teach your children this good habit. They'll thank you in the years to come. Get a tube of Forhan's from your druggist. Two sizes, 35c and 60c. Forhan Company, New York.

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TRADE MARK
FOR THE GUMS
BRUSH YOUR TEETH

Forhan's for the Gums is more than an ordinary toothpaste. It is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S. It is compounded with Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid used by dentists everywhere. You will find this dentifrice especially effective as a gum massage if the directions that come with each tube are followed closely. It's good for the teeth. It's good for the gums.

Forhan's

FOR THE GUMS

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

HAVING "ANTS" IN AFRICA

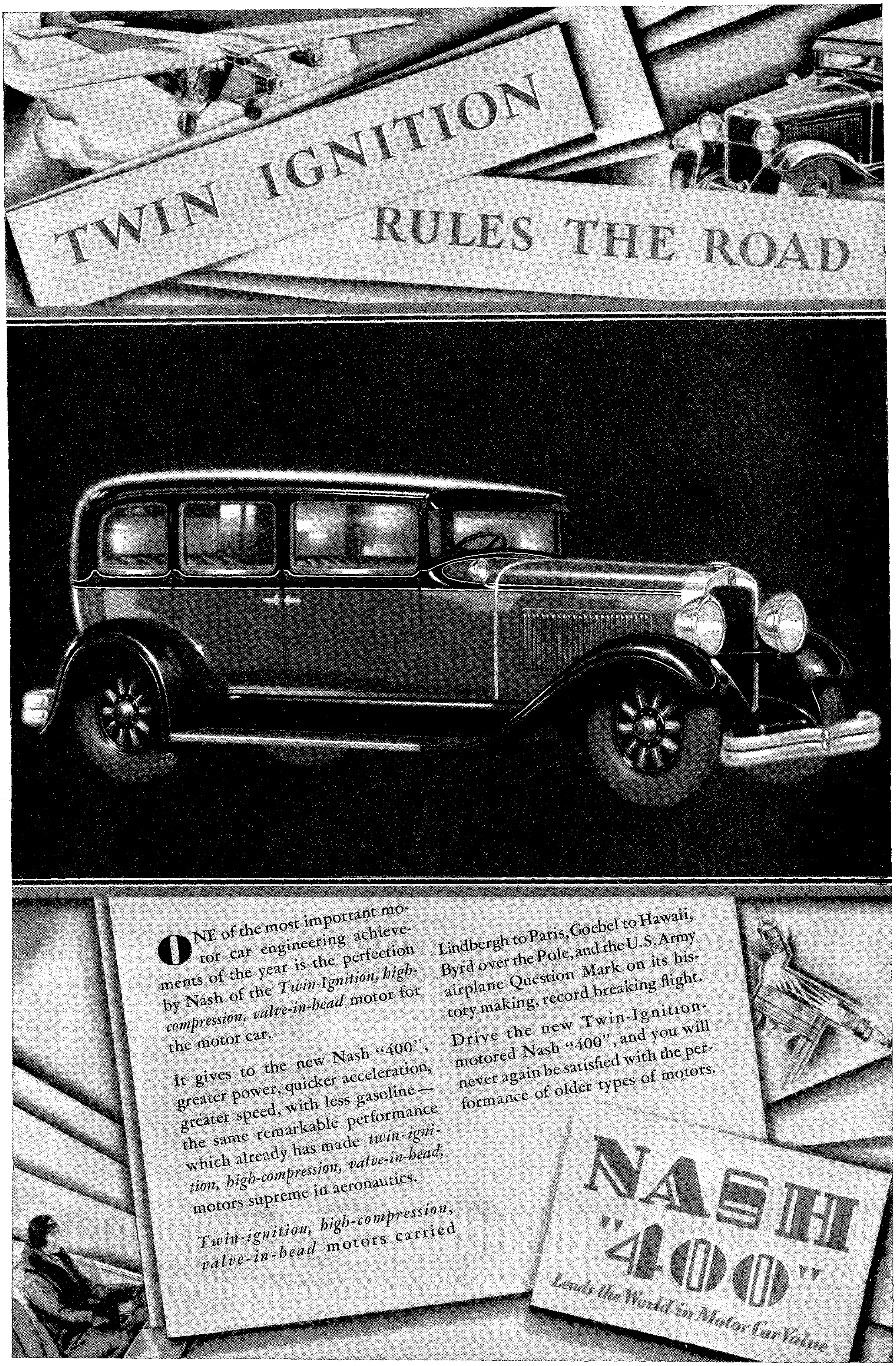
"WHAT'S the matter with Bill?" The question was justified, for Bill, participating in a tennis match in Africa, was not up to his usual form. From the point of view of tennis, indeed, he was hardly performing at all.

"He's got ants," was the laconic and cryptic reply. It was a new term to Lucy Harvie Pope, who writes on ants in Africa in *The Outlook and Independent*, but she soon learned its significance. In a recent issue we quoted Miss Pope, who is engaged in secretarial work in Africa, on various terms used there. Now she discusses a new bit of phraseology and its origin. The explanation that Bill had ants seemed satisfactory, and no surprize was exprest when he was beaten. Miss Pope offers some other cases, thus:

> On another occasion a young man who had quite obviously been devoting some time to a little serious drinking turned up later at a dance.
>
> "Dear, dear," remarked some one disapprovingly. "Look at George. What a condition he is in! Isn't it disgraceful?"
>
> "Yes, poor old George; he has ants tonight." That seemed to settle for all time the unfortunate case of George.
>
> A friend of mine took a new kodak on a picnic, and used up a roll of films on the scenery, human and otherwise. When the pictures came back from being developed, none of them had turned out well.
>
> "That seems strange," I remarked, "with a brand-new kodak; I wonder what the trouble could have been?" I might have known. "It's got ants." The tone was final and resigned. There was evidently nothing more to be said on the subject; the kodak had ants, and that was all there was to it.
>
> The first few times I heard this remark, I took the reference to be to the well-known species of female relative; but it didn't seem to make altogether good sense.

But the mystery was soon explained, Miss Pope tells us:

> Africa has ants, not aunts. To speak of this part of Africa without mentioning the ant-hills would be like attempting to ignore the sky-scrapers in a description of New York.
>
> Africa might be said to be the ant's paradise. Some of the hills are big, pyramid-shaped mounds of earth as much as twenty feet high; these are said to have been built in past time by a race now extinct. These little creatures must have been the real pioneers of Africa, the first settlers, the Pilgrim Fathers; for tho like the American Indians they have passed on to another happy hunting-ground, the evidences of their industry and hardy determination are here for all to see.
>
> All things considered, it is not surprizing that there should be in this country a simple and universal explanation for anything that goes wrong. If the roof springs a leak, or the cook falls down on the soup, or your girl two-times you, there is only one comment necessary on your part, only one remark you need ever make, and you have at once every one's complete understanding and sympathy. He, she or it, as the case may be, has ants.



TWIN IGNITION RULES THE ROAD

ONE of the most important motor car engineering achievements of the year is the perfection by Nash of the *Twin-Ignition, high-compression, valve-in-head* motor for the motor car.

It gives to the new Nash "400", greater power, quicker acceleration, greater speed, with less gasoline—the same remarkable performance which already has made *twin-ignition, high-compression, valve-in-head,* motors supreme in aeronautics.

Twin-ignition, high-compression, valve-in-head motors carried Lindbergh to Paris, Goebel to Hawaii, Byrd over the Pole, and the U.S. Army airplane Question Mark on its history making, record breaking flight.

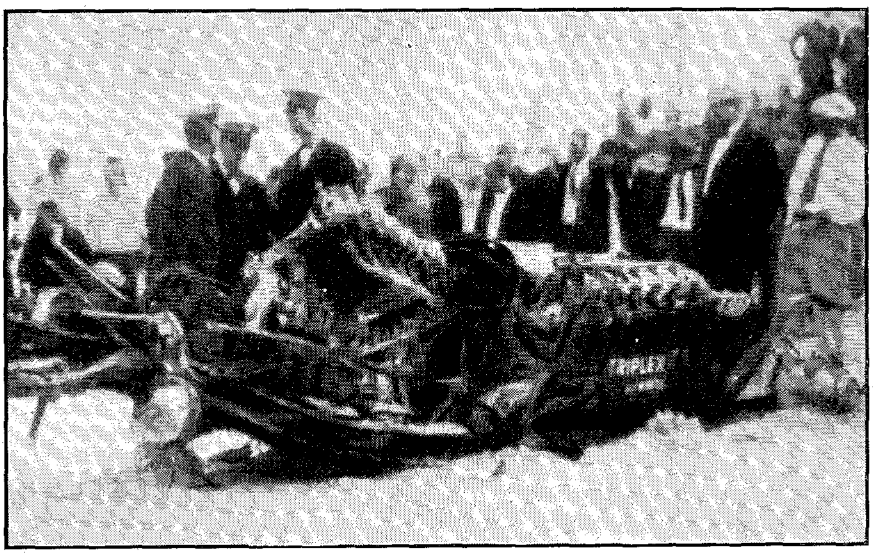
Drive the new Twin-Ignition-motored Nash "400", and you will never again be satisfied with the performance of older types of motors.

NASH
"400"
Leads the World in Motor Car Value

MOTORING AND AVIATION

NEW VICTIMS OF THE PACE THAT KILLS

"IF YOU WANT TO SEE REAL ACTION," said the movie-camera man to the reporter, "you'll get it right here when that fellow takes his foot off the gas, crossing the finishing wire. At that speed something is going to happen," we read in the New York *Times*. And at that speed—some 202 miles an hour—something did happen. Down the sands at Daytona Beach, Florida, roared Lee Bible, garage-man and former dirt-track racer of small cars, trying unsuccessfully and fatally to bring the world's speed record back to America. This record is 231.3624 miles an hour. It had been set two days before by Maj. H. O. D. Segrave of England in his giant, specially built *Golden Arrow*, as discust under Topics of the Day in our last issue. At the finish of the effort to beat Segrave's record, Lee Bible slackened the speed of J. M. White's great Triplex car, in which a former world's record was made. The Triplex swerved and plunged into the dunes. Lee Bible, the driver, and a bystander—Charles Traub, the cameraman, whose remark quoted above had proved so ironically prophetic—were killed. Turning for a more detailed story of the tragedy to the account written by T. R. Gill for the Associated Press, we read:


International Newsreel photograph, telephoned by A. T. & T.

TWO HUNDRED MILES AN HOUR TO THE SCRAP-HEAP!

Is the speed worth the price of two lives and a heap of costly junk? Some authorities would end the competition of racing machines, others claim a constructive value for it.

> Roaring over the course at such a speed the car quickly disappeared in a haze that hung over the beach, and those, who sat in the grandstand a mile away, were unable to see just how the accident happened.
>
> Eyewitnesses, who were standing on the dunes at the end of the mile, declared Bible attempted to run too far out on the course near the surf. They said the driver, evidently believing the car would run into the ocean, lifted his foot too quickly from the accelerator. With the power shut off so suddenly at that speed, the car started to swerve from the course.
>
> Witnesses said Bible probably slammed on his brakes and attempted to swing the machine back into control, but in doing so, turned the steering wheel too far. The machine went out of control, spun around twice and turned over.
>
> It bounced high into the air, going into a barrel roll and smashed into the dunes with a terrific impact. Traub, who was standing on the beach taking pictures of the race, attempted to get out of the way, but the car was traveling too fast.
>
> Traub was struck squarely by the speeding car just before it crashed into the dune.
>
> While the car was turning over, and just before it struck the dune, Bible's body was hurled from the machine onto the beach. Witnesses said he attempted to sit up, gasped, and fell back on the sand dead.
>
> The Triplex, which held the world's record of 207 miles an hour before Major Segrave boosted the mark up to 231, was demolished.
>
> After rolling several hundred feet over the beach it struck the high dunes and rolled back onto the course, rightside up. All four wheels were torn loose and one of them rolled into the surf. None of the tires blew out.
>
> The front twelve-cylinder motor was torn loose from the frame, but the two rear motors remained in place. The steering wheel was broken, and the hood and cowling were stript from the machine.
>
> Bible never had driven a race-car, except at a few small dirt-tracks in Florida and the Middle West, and had staked his life upon the opportunity to make a name for himself.

Traub's tragic death in the line of duty, making motion-pictures for newsreels, was full of irony. He ground on with his machine until the juggernaut was upon him, then jumped. But he miscalculated and went directly into the path of the death-dealing Triplex. Had he stayed by his camera he would have been unhurt, for, when the horrible incident was finished, it stood upright, untouched. And on the film was found to be recorded the mad race of the automobile toward the camera up to the moment that Traub jumped. The end of Bible's attempt produces only slightly varying reactions in editorial comment. Condemnation is the key-note of most observations. Especially interesting is the resolution of Mr. White, owner of the wrecked car, who said, according to *The Times:*

> It was a very regrettable thing. It winds up my racing career. I have absolutely no further ambition. In fact last year, I did not intend to come back.

Another result is the cancellation of further speed trials at

International Newsreel photograph

ALL SET FOR A WILD DRIVE INTO ETERNITY

Lee Bible, garage-man, who felt his ambition gratified when he took the wheel of the doomed Triplex racer.

WHOSE GUIDING HAND?

As MUCH as a pilot fears anything, he fears fog! . . . The moment the dank coolness of a cloud bank enfolds him, he is blind and lost, unless some unseen hand is stretched forth to guide him! . . . Storm-tossed, high above the dark earth, with a rolling sea of blinding vapor below him, where can he turn in the empty sky for help and guidance to clear flying and safe landing? . . .

The Weather Man at Washington who watches the pathways of ships at sea . . . who warns the traveler on his way . . . who tells the farmer clearly when danger to his crops is rolling towards his horizon . . . *the Weather Man is now lifting his eyes to the pathways of the sky!*

A system of hourly weather reports issued by the United States Weather Bureau will soon be available to all aviators. These reports will make it possible for a pilot taking off in blinding snow or fog to know with certainty that at a definite distance beyond the clouds both sky and earth are clear and sunny. At every airport reached by radio, telegraph, or telephone, government reports will tell exactly every few hours what weather conditions are at all points of the compass and at any distance beyond the immediate horizon. . . .

This latest marvel of governmental efficiency overcomes the last great obstacle to the commercial efficiency of aviation. . . . It will never be possible to turn aside the destructive onslaughts of storms, nor will we ever be likely to dissolve the smothering fog. A hundred years from now the same storms and fogs will draw perilous nets between the harborless sky and the safe anchorage of clear, firm land. *But all the vagaries of the weather will be charted as clearly as the tides and currents of the ocean and a guiding hand will help the pilot always on his way. . . .*

Twenty-eight years ago a black hurricane burst out of the Gulf of Mexico upon unsuspecting and unprepared Galveston, *and six thousand people perished in its path.* Last year when an even worse hurricane burst out of the South Atlantic, for ten days . . . from the hour it was born in a sluggish whirlwind in the middle of the sea until it died away in light breezes in Canada . . . the Weather Man at Washington followed every riffle of this terrific storm. Information had flown in to him by radio and telegraph . . . his well-conceived warnings were roared forth from the broadcasting station at Arlington . . . and when the storm burst *the seas had been cleared of shipping and all coastal cities were braced and ready.*

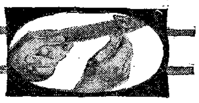
Today far greater precision is being attained in weather forecasting—so that every breeze that blows may soon be charted for the guidance of the commercial pilot!

The American people are now awake to the significance of aviation. Lines of flashing beacons mark the routes of commercial planes on their swift way. Every modern city of importance or ambition has equipped itself with airports. Business men, travelers, and tourists, are rapidly becoming habituated to the use of planes for rapid transport. The airmail is a commercial factor of importance. Soon the whole sky will be open to all.

Ford all-metal, tri-motored planes are flying safely in continuous service, carrying passengers, mail, express and freight, not only over lines that crisscross the United States, but also in Mexico, South America, and as far south as the Antarctic Circle.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

STROPPING IS ESSENTIAL TO THE PERFECT SHAVE!



don't be
Less Careful
than your barber!

To save your face—he always strops before the shave.

Li Fu Wang, to save the cost of oats, fed his horse less and less with each succeeding meal. He saved money—but the horse died!

Many a man goes to similar extremes to *save time!*

Particularly, in his morning shave! Hoping to save a few seconds, he uses a dull blade. In the end, he *loses* time and temper, too . . . and mars his face in the bargain!

The fastest shave *can* be the most comfortable shave . . . if you use the new Valet AutoStrop Razor. It automatically *strops* the blade before each shave—just as barbers do! This quickly smooths out the tiny needle points which cause shaving torture. It makes each razor stroke swift . . . clean . . . slick . . . and cool as a mountain spring! It's the only razor that strops, shaves and cleans without removing the blade!

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MOTORING AND AVIATION
Continued

Daytona Beach this year by the American Automobile Association, while Major Segrave has definitely forsworn racing, according to this Associated Press dispatch, which says further:

> Major Segrave says he will return to England after competing in the Biscayne Bay Regatta at Miami, and will devote himself to the cement business. He will continue to engage in power-boat racing as a hobby.
>
> The *Golden Arrow*, specially designed for superspeed racing, will be taken to New York for exhibition before it is transported to England to be placed in a museum.
>
> The Englishman's declaration cleared up speculation as to his future intentions.

International Newsreel photograph

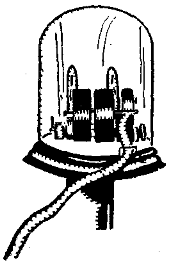
THE VICTIM'S LAST PICTURE

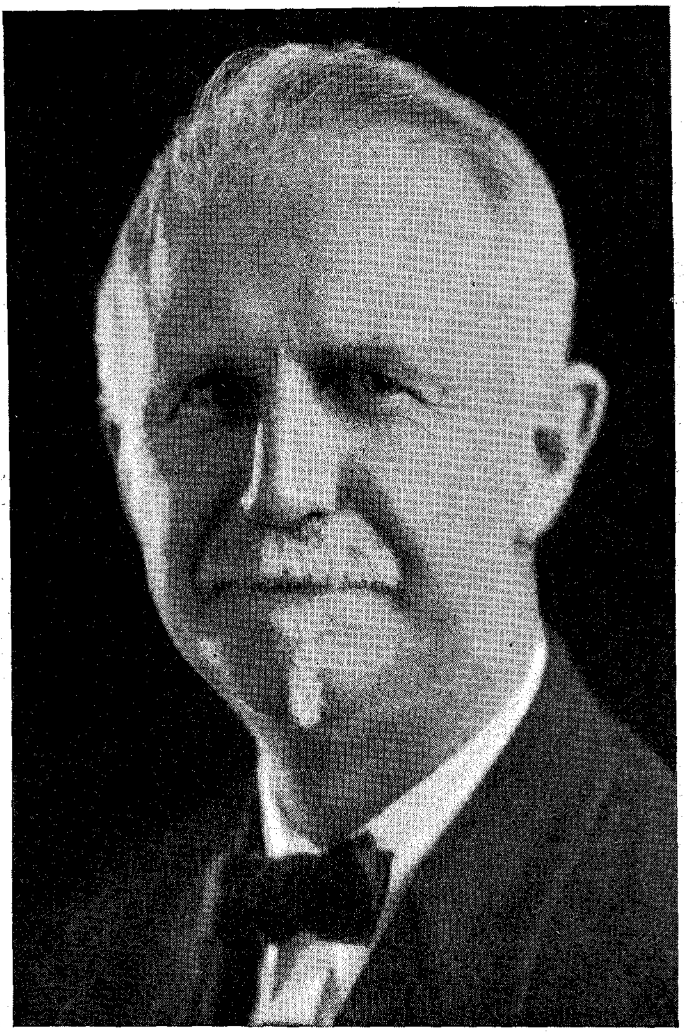
Of the death-dealing car. At this point Traub ceased turning the crank and fled for his life, only to be mowed down in his tracks. His abandoned camera remained untouched.

> After setting the new record Monday, Major Segrave announced he would quit, but later said that he would try to race his car to its maximum theoretical speed, 240 miles an hour.

Experts in the automobile field offered differing opinions on the value of such speed tests, according to *The Times*. Ernest N. Smith, general manager of the American Automobile Association, in an interview with that journal upheld the value of the practise, and said that it will probably continue. Mr. Smith emphasized that in the past twenty-seven years only three lives have been lost at Daytona Beach. Reading on:

> To these tests he gives the credit for not less than 75 per cent. of the refinements in present-day automobiles. He credits to high-speed driving such innovations as balloon tires, multicylinder engines, reduction in piston displacement, and forced oiling systems. In a statement, Mr. Smith indicated that the A. A. A. management regards high-speed tests indispensable to the development of automobile building, and that the organization would continue to sanction high-speed driving as now conducted.
>
> "Fast travel, made possible by the modern automobile, has set the tempo of the





by

Roger W. Babson

Financier, Investment Expert, Publisher of the famous Babson Charts

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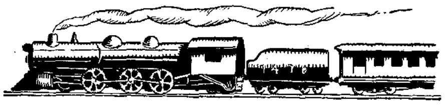

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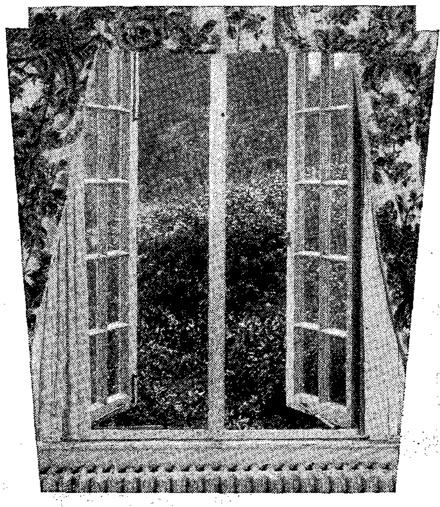

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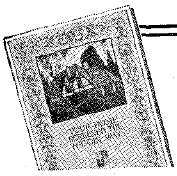

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MOTORING AND AVIATION
Continued

present age," said Mr. Smith. "Ten years ago, the average day's run of motor tourists was 100 miles. In 1928, the average day's run was 234 miles. This tremendous increase in mobility is unquestionably one of the most important factors in American life to-day. The car that makes this possible is the lineal descendant of cars used in high-speed tests.

"At the moment, an entirely new type of automobile is being tested on our speedways under high-speed conditions, namely, the front-wheel drive. Its acceptance or rejection by the automotive world will, in the final analysis, depend on the showing it makes in competitive racing.

"Henry Ford, Alexander Winton, Charles Duryea, A. L. Riker, and many other pioneers in the automotive industry staked their own lives in speed contests to learn the engineering lessons to be embodied in their products.

"On several occasions the board of directors of the American Automobile Association has considered whether or not the association should relinquish its connection with racing. The decision was invariably to carry on, since our directorate felt that racing would continue anyhow, and certainly develop into dangerous and unscientific hippodroming without the careful supervision our contest board had always exercised."

In Detroit, however, *The Times* tells us, no authority on automobiles could be found who would uphold the speed tests as of any value to the industry, most of those asked refusing to comment. But in New York, the account continues, C. B. Veal, consulting engineer and research manager of the Society of Automotive Engineers, said:

"The best answer as to whether or not racing is worth while is shown by the fact that, whereas several years ago all the leading manufacturers of passenger automobiles were building racing cars and entering them in racing events regularly, at the present time we find very few of the passenger-car manufacturers building racing cars and entering them in the recognized events. The regular circuit of races has become almost a professional thing, with two or three producers building most of the cars entered.

"It is true, however, that racing makes it possible to try out new designs and developments in a competitive and searching manner. It has yielded important results in the past.

"Racing abroad was directly responsible for the successful development of four-wheel brakes. Reduction in weight of all mechanical parts has been another direct benefit accruing from racing. To meet the requirements of racing, centers of gravity have been lowered and greater stability secured. Steering mechanisms have been directly improved. These things, also, have been reflected in the development of the modern passenger-car. While it may appear that there can be little in common between the body of a normal car and that of the racing machine, experience in racing has yielded information on head resistance which has resulted in the modification in body shapes."

Ray Keech, who drove the Triplex to a

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record of 207 miles an hour last year, blamed Bible's lack of experience for the wreck, according to an Associated Press correspondent, who relates:

> "Speed is a trade, just like carpentering or plumbing," Keech said, "and you are not qualified as an expert unless you have had experience."
>
> Keech said he believed that Bible met his death when he tried to right the Triplex by using the steering wheel. He explained that at a speed above 200 miles an hour, the terrific wind-pressure was merely split by the blunt nose of the Triplex, creating a vacuum in which the rear of the car "shimmied," while the front was forced up by the wind getting under it. This, he said, could not happen with a stream-line design.

Mr. White let Bible drive the car because of valued mechanical work he had done on it last year, we are told in another Associated Press dispatch, which says:

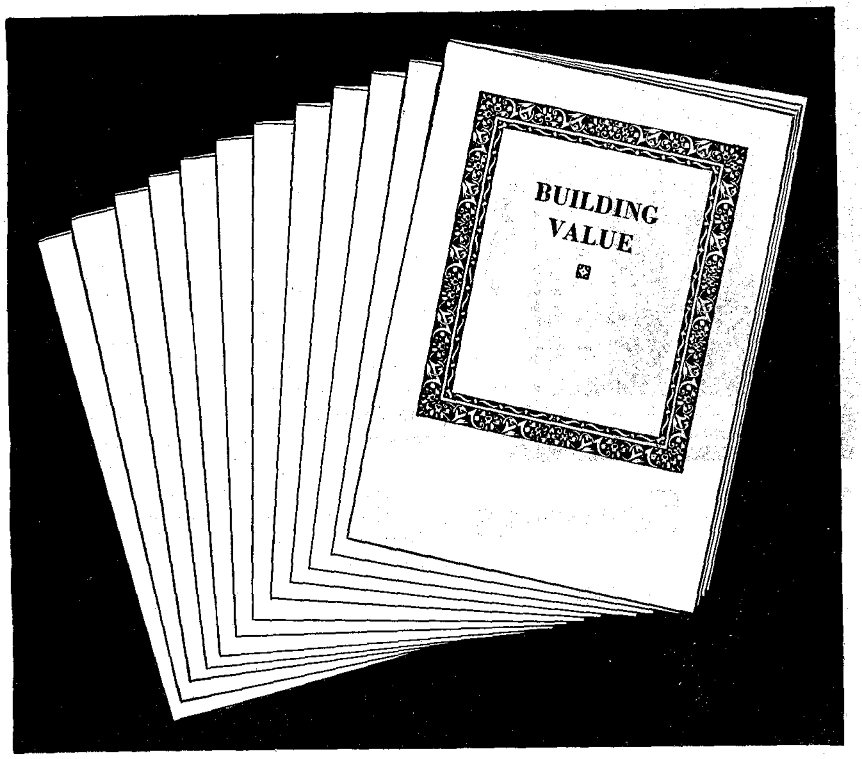
> When White brought the car here last year he stored it in Bible's garage and turned the majority of the mechanical work on it over to him. After Ray Keech, of Philadelphia, drove the Triplex to a record of 207 miles an hour at that time, Bible felt the urge to return to the racing game, and asked White to let him drive the car this year.
>
> White said he had taken a particular liking to Bible, and, because of the work the mechanic had done on the car, decided to let him drive it this year in "repayment of all the things he did for me."

DOUBTFUL TIRE BARGAINS FOR THRIFTY MOTORISTS

MR. THRIFTY MOTORIST was delighted. He had been waiting at the curb in his parked car while his wife hunted bargains in the store. And such had been his luck that a bargain in tires came his way without his seeking it. But, as we shall see, his elation was short-lived, and in the New York *Motor News* we learn the reason why. A truck came to a stop at the curb. A man hopped out and approached Mr. Thrifty Motorist; and the following dialog, we read, took place:

> *Salesman:* Like a bargain in some new "shoes"? I see your rear ones are about gone.
>
> *Motorist:* I guess not.
>
> *Salesman:* You see (this in a significant tone), I got 'em cheap and I'd like to get rid of 'em quick.
>
> *Motorist:* How much?
>
> *Salesman:* What size?
>
> *Motorist:* Thirty by six hundred.
>
> *Salesman:* I'll see. (He disappears within his van and emerges with a tire wrapt precisely like a new first-grade and labeled "30 x 6.00.")
>
> *Motorist:* What make?
>
> *Salesman:* United States. Look here. (And with a deft stroke of his pocket-knife he rips the paper wrapping, disclosing the name made familiar by the "Royal Cords" and balloons of the United States Rubber Company.)
>
> *Motorist:* How much?
>
> *Salesman:* Ten dollars each if you take the set of four. Cash, please, no checks.
>
> *Motorist:* All right. Here's the money. Throw them in.

That night Mr. Thrifty Motorist



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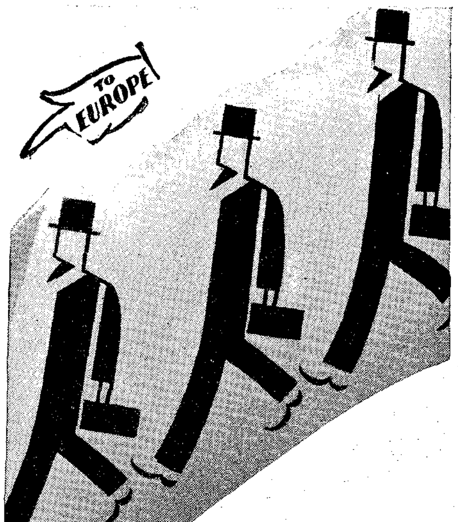

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MOTORING AND AVIATION
Continued

examined his "bargain." Completely unwrapping the "sample," he saw to the left of the words "United States" the obscure lettering "made in." This lettering had not been exposed when the salesman's knife displayed "United States." On the reverse side, three-sixteenths of an inch high, and so placed as to be practically hidden by the rim when mounted, was this lettering—"rebuilt."

Peering inside the casing he saw a boot nestled within, worn and dirty from long wear. And under the boot was a blowout. Disgustedly, Mr. Thrifty Motorist realized that he had been stung. What he thought was a new tire was a junk carcass retreaded, and a very poor job at that. Again looking at the coating of new-appearing rubber in which the deceptive words "United States" had been branded, he saw a serial number thereby further simulating a brand-new first-quality casing, and close by, the size "33 x 6.00." Yet the label on the wrapper was 30 x 6.00, the size he asked for. That was a humorous touch which, in view of the fact he had been gypped out of $40 didn't particularly appeal to him. And the other three tires were as bad, if not worse!

Multiply the above scene hundreds of times in many cities, among which New York, Chicago, Pittsburgh, Springfield, Massachusetts, and Rochester may be named with certainty, and a glimpse may be had into a new and daring scheme to defraud the public.

Complaints were made to the National Better Business Bureau by deceived purchasers, and upon these complaints an investigation was made.

Representatives of the National Bureau and the Better Business Bureau of New York City called at a so-called "factory" and interviewed a man who said he was the owner. The "factory" is on the third floor of a loft building. No signs proclaim that the company is proud to admit its existence, nor was the name listed in the telephone directory. The Bureau investigators represented themselves as used-car dealers, upon which the proprietor rather boastfully admitted that he and his associates were "gyps." He himself chose the word, adding: "Why, we stamp the word 'rebuilt' on all of these tires, but you would need a microscope to find it."

Warming to his subject, this individual explained his scheme. He, too, has "firsts" and "seconds," just like the legitimate manufacturers. "Firsts" to him are unbroken carcasses from the junk-pile. "Seconds" are blowouts; cracked or split ones. The "seconds," he explained, ought to appeal to a used-car dealer. A purchaser in backing to the curb might blow out a tire, to be sure, but he would likely blame himself, as he would not know the car he had bought was equipped with defective tires. This man's specialty in "United States" made interesting his confession that he had long tried to imitate the white line that identifies "U. S. Royal Cords," but had failed to do it perfectly enough to deceive.

The Bureau representatives, we find, by conversation with the owner, by observation in his "factory," and in other ways learned that these "gyp" retreaders come into existence in the following ways:

First: Molds and other equipment of a

Village Smith Rings Anvil Chorus

A chorus of content for this favorite pipe tobacco!

We don't know whether a spreading chestnut-tree still stands in Branford, Connecticut. But we do know that Branford still boasts a village smith—by name, John Donnelly.

A mighty man is John. In sixty years he says he's smoked half a ton of pipe tobacco; and of all the brands he's tried in his pipe he likes Edgeworth the best.

Read Mr. Donnelly's letter:

47 Cedar Street
Branford, Conn.

Larus & Brother Co.
Richmond, Va.
Gentlemen:

Within the past sixty years as a pipe-smoker I have used about a half ton of tobacco. Of all the pleasures I've enjoyed, tobacco costs the least. Of all the brands that I have tried, your *Edgeworth is the best.*

John Donnelly, the Village Blacksmith,
Branford, Conn.

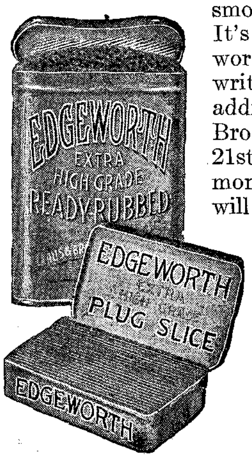
As John swings his heavy sledge a chorus of sparks dance from his anvil—and a chorus of content puffs from his pipe!

And why not. Nearly all pipe-smokers are calm, serene fellows. Come to think of it—you don't know many pipe-smokers of the nervous, flighty breed.

Pipe-smoking runs to calm, thinking men. Ask a pipe-smoker a question; he takes a puff on his pipe and gives you a straight, sound answer. Somehow with a briar between your teeth you simply don't have troublesome, disordered thoughts.

Try this offer—FREE!

There's a lucky horseshoe on this page—especially if it's a long time since you've smoked your pipe! It's this free Edgeworth offer. Simply write your name and address to Larus & Bro. Company, 2 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va., and you will get some welcome pipeloads of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed smoking tobacco all ready to load in your pipe. If you like these trial helpings you can be sure you'll keep on liking Edgeworth, for its likable quality never changes—tin in, tin out!



On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, a.—the Edgeworth Station. Wave Length 270 meters. Frequency 1110 Kilocycles.—Special Feature: The "Edgeworth Club" Hour every Wednesday evening at nine o'clock, Eastern Standard Time.

company that has passed out of existence are obtained. It not infrequently happens that molds are put to such perverted use before the production of the defunct company has been completely absorbed.

Second: The junk-yards are searched for discarded carcasses, preferably those of such big nationally known reputable corporations as United States, Goodyear, Goodrich, Firestone, Racine, Fisk, Kelly-Springfield, General, etc. The usual price paid is 50 cents a casing.

Third: Delivered to the "factory," these carcasses are stript sufficiently to insert the "camel-back" or other repair material obtained in various and devious ways difficult to trace, from some of the legitimate manufacturers whose good-will is being damaged. A covering is then vulcanized which consists of enough new rubber to serve as a binder, plus used rubber "reclaimed" from gum-boots, garden-hose, other old tires, or what not.

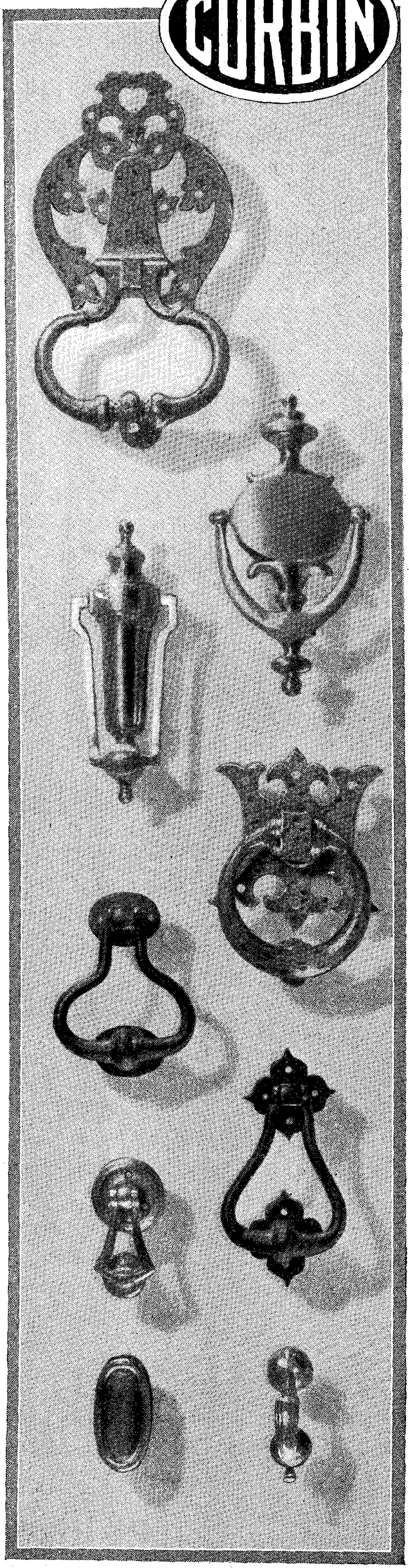
Fourth: Considerable attention is devoted to molding and finishing the retreaded tire. It should simulate a respectable trade name. It must bear a serial number. It must have a size marked on. And altogether it must look rather well on the outside.

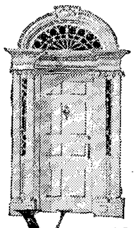
Fifth: From the vulcanizer the "retreaded" tire goes to the wrapper, machine or hand, where it is bound with paper exactly as new legitimate tires are wrapt. In the "factory" under discussion National Bureau representatives observed a hand-wrapper first carefully cover the words "United States," then pause to rubber-stamp a red serial number on the exact spot. This was obviously a thoughtful gesture to aid the pedler to rip the cover at just the right place in order to deceive Mr. Thrifty Motorist.

Here we are invited to pass, for the moment, with the two Bureau representatives to another "factory" in lower Manhattan, New York. Pursuing their investigations at the "speak-easy of tires," they discovered the following facts:

No sign betrayed the presence of this modest but busy establishment. It was discovered through following delivery of a choice batch of decrepit carcasses from a junk-yard. This man specializes in the use of the name Trent on tires retreaded at his plant. The proprietor was a bit anxious at first, but finally offered not only to sell so-called "Trents" at $6 each, but also to buy carcasses at 50 cents each. Asked for further information, he advised the investigators they could sell these "retreaded" jobs any way they pleased. But they would have to call for them. This "factory" did not deliver. For this caution, of course, there was an obvious reason.

Pass again with the investigators to Long Island City, where they posed as pedlers of "retreaded" tires from trucks, and were cordially received. Yes, the manager had "firsts" and "seconds." "No," he reassured them, "they can't be told from new tires." Do they sell? Yes, indeed! He shipped to out-of-town customers by both express and parcel post. In fact, those were the only ways in which delivery could be made. He had just sent some up to Springfield, Massachusetts. To these pretended pedlers this man further offered to pay $1.25 for each junk carcass they brought in, providing the fabric was unbroken. Asked by the investigators if his tires were guaranteed, he said: "My God, no!"





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Varied in beauty, alike in purpose

HERE are knockers—knockers for many different types of homes. Varied styles of undisputed origin, of authentic design. Perhaps the very knocker for your home is among them. All are good Hardware–Corbin.

But as interesting as are knockers, their contribution to your comfort is little compared with other hardware in your home. Hinges, for instance. And locks, catches and latches, bolts and knobs—all must work smoothly and well.

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CONNECTICUT
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Successor
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Send for our leaflet K-175. It depicts many kinds of knockers not shown here. We have booklets on many kinds of period hardware, too. Write Department L-3 for full information.

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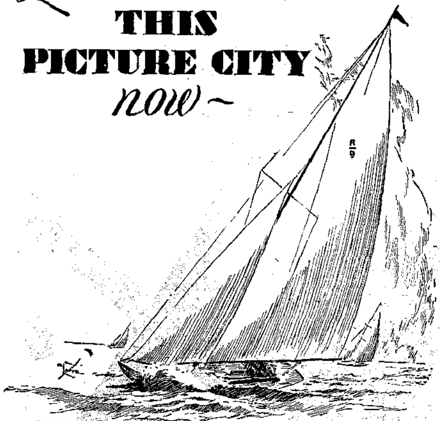

(Lily Pool) Balboa Park, San Diego, California

RIGHT where the blue Pacific meets California's semi-tropics, San Diego raises her white towers and spreads her silvery beaches—for your delight!

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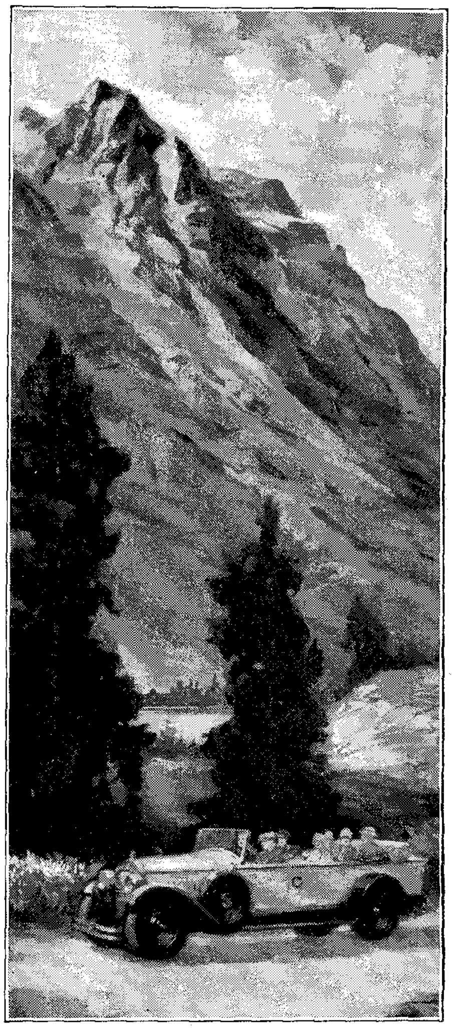
MOTORING AND AVIATION
Continued

MOTORIZED MANKIND BUILDS A BIGGER GARAGE

THE plowman homeward plods his weary way no more. When the day's work is done, perhaps with the aid of a tractor, he presses the self-starter of his automobile and rolls merrily away. In the United States, where there are 24,494,580 motor vehicles, according to the world automobile census compiled by *The American Automobile* (Overseas Edition), and in the Seychelles Islands in the Indian Ocean, where there are fourteen, more and more people are riding. And, no doubt, more and more people are worrying over what disuse is going to do to humanity's legs. The figures, published first in the magazine, and later separately, show strikingly the overwhelming leadership of the United States in motor-vehicle ownership, with one car for every 4.9 persons. For the entire world, we are told, there are 31,929,952 cars, buses and trucks, of which more than three-fourths are in this country. Only three other nations have more than 1,000,000 apiece: Great Britain, France, and Canada. Says George E. Quisenberry, editor, of these world figures:

> The increase for the past year, including all countries, was 2,291,417 units, at the rate of 8.6 per cent., higher in every respect than was attained in 1927, but, because of the mounting tide of replacements in the United States, below the record increase of 3,133,031 units added to service during the year 1924.
>
> All countries of the world outside of the United States, however, presented a completely different picture during the twelve months that have just ended. These countries and territories, making up 126 major political divisions of the various continents, made the largest increase in the history of the industry and, in all of these sections, new records were attained. Not only was operation increased by the largest totals of any year, but likewise were new levels attained in the replacement of old vehicles, in the importations of cars and trucks from the United States and Canada, and in the production of automobiles in Europe.
>
> The world outside of the United States now has nearly 7½ million motor-vehicles, not including an additional 2,053,068 motorcycles. The total of cars, trucks, and buses established by the present census is 7,435,372 automobiles, the increase through 1928 having been 1,050,719 units, or 16.5 per cent.
>
> The 1929 census is marked by the fact that it shows that two countries have passed, for the first time, the million mark in automobiles in operation. These countries are France and Canada, which, added to the United States and Great Britain, give four countries each of which has more than 1,000,000 cars, buses and trucks in operation. Two countries exceeded a half-million units each—Germany and Australia. In the race for automotive ownership, Australia has now yielded the honor of fifth place to Germany and, dropping back, is now the sixth motoring territory of the world. Germany was in the sixth



For a "different" vacation—

Glacier, Waterton Lakes, Rainier National Parks, Mt. Baker Region

These four Alpine wonderlands, with an endless variety of scenic grandeur and summer sport, offer you days of high adventure at surprisingly low cost...For the clean, luxurious Great Northern Route of the New Oriental Limited enables you to visit these and other points of interest in the American Northwest for one low round trip fare...Also enables you to see the new electrified Cascade Tunnel—longest on the Western Hemisphere.

For books and complete information, write A. J. Dickinson, Passenger Traffic Manager, Room 716, Great Northern Railway, St. Paul, Minn.

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A dependable railway

tune in
on the Great Northern "Empire Builders" every Monday, 10:30 p.m. Eastern Time, over Coast-to-Coast network of N.B.C.

position in the 1928 census. Of course, the great disparity in population between Germany and its rival under the Southern Cross made it only a question of time until there would be more automobiles in the larger country. Much time must elapse, however, before Germany will approach the per capita ownership of Australians, who now have one automobile for each 11.8 inhabitants.

New Zealand follows the United States in its per-capita ownership, with one automobile to each 8.9 inhabitants. Canada has one car to each nine inhabitants. South Africa now has one automobile to each 13.2 persons of its white population. The palm of ownership of all countries, however, is believed to continue with British East Africa, on the basis of calculating its white population at about 6,000 and its automobiles at about 17,000. That this comparison is accurate is open to some doubts, as undoubtedly many automobiles there are utilized by non-Europeans.

Africa has the honor of showing the highest percentage of increase of any continent, we learn, and it seems that this was the third consecutive year that the Dark Continent has thus distinguished itself. Its 1928 gain was 21.4 per cent. In 1927 the gain was 27 per cent., and in 1926 30.2 per cent. Reading on:

More than a quarter of a million automobiles were in use in all parts of Africa and its adjacent islands on January 1, 1929, the enlargement during the year, according to the detailed information presented herewith, having been 49,082 units. Thus, the increase was the largest on record, the smaller percentage in comparison to previous year having been due, of course, to the larger totals of operation at the beginning of 1928.

Increases were attained throughout every classification. Particularly notable is the enlarging use of trucks, not only in Equatorial and Central Africa, where trucks in several territories have always exceeded the passenger cars, but in both the northern and southern sections of the continent as well.

The increase during 1927 was 48,714 units.

And here are the figures for the Western Hemisphere:

The Western Hemisphere, on January 1, 1929, had in operation a total of 26,308,342 automobiles. The twelve months' increase was 1,813,762 cars and trucks, at the rate of 6 per cent., the enlargement having been heavier both numerically and by percentage than in the previous year, when the net increase was 1,370,750 units, or 5.9 per cent.

The United States, of course, has the bulk of the automobiles within this section of the world and its further increase of nearly a million and a quarter automobiles, despite its already high operating totals, was considerably higher than had been anticipated. The United States did not yet have 25,000,000 automobiles in operation when 1929 began, but it was approaching that great total, and undoubtedly will surpass it long before the present year is ended.

Canada in 1928 passed the million mark for the first time. Argentina, in an astonishing development, almost equaled 300,000 automobiles, a figure that undoubtedly will have been surpassed before this issue reaches its readers.

YOU CAN ESCAPE

NORTHERN PACIFIC
YELLOWSTONE PARK LINE

From
—desks
—stiff collars
—telephones
—heat
—invitations
—noise
—routine
—taxicabs
—and all friendly enemies

To
—a comfortable chair on a shady veranda
—old clothes
—music of waterfalls
—coolness
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At a Dude Ranch in the Rockies!

We can tell you about all sorts of western ranches—ranches where you can indulge in luxurious loafing and rough it with ease — real ranches where rodeo stunts are part of the cowboys' everyday job. If you want a vacation that is *different*, please mail the coupon now!

Route of the "North Coast Limited"

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Mail this coupon to E. E. Nelson, Passenger Traffic Manager, 100 Northern Pacific Building, St. Paul, Minnesota

My Vacation Trip

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Address --

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Books or trips I am Interested in (√)	Round Trip Summer Fare from Chicago
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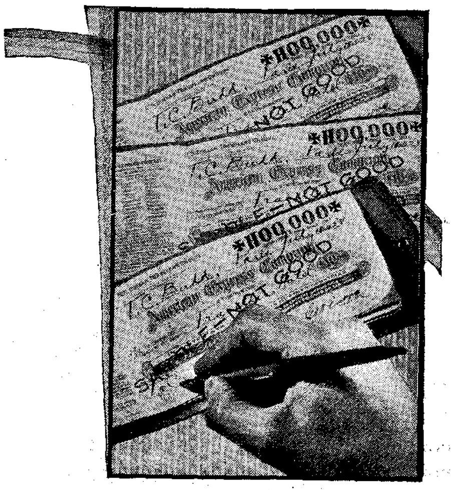
☐ Pacific Northwest } Portland Seattle Tacoma	90.30
☐ Rainier Park } Portland Seattle Tacoma	90.30
☐ Mt. Baker National Forest	90.30
☐ Yellowstone Park	59.35
☐ Rocky Mountains (Helena-Butte)	61.95
☐ Inland Empire (Spokane)	85.05
☐ Alaska (Skagway)	180.30
☐ Burlington Escorted Tours (all expense)	$155.23 to 476.68
☐ Canadian Northwest	90.30



The First International Currency

It was in 1891 that the sky-blue Travelers Cheques were devised by the American Express. They were the first cheques to show the foreign money equivalent of a specified amount of U. S. dollars.

Their method of identification was made simple, but sure. The purchaser signs his name on each of the cheques when he buys them. When he wishes to spend them, he signs his name again in the presence of the person accepting them. The agreement of the signatures makes the cheques spendable. If they are lost or stolen, uncountersigned or not surrendered for value, the American Express refunds in full.

American Express Travelers Cheques have stood the test of time, and are known all over the world. To many foreign hotels, shopkeepers, they are synonymous with American travelers, and signs bearing the announcement "American Express Travelers Cheques are accepted here" may be seen even in the smallest of villages and hamlets.

Issued in denominations of
$10, $20, $50 and $100
Cost 75c *for each* $100

Sold by 22,000 Banks, American Express and American Railway Express offices. Merely ask for the sky-blue American Express Travelers Cheques.

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

MYSTERIOUS ISLANDS

MYTHICAL or doubtful, or disappearing islands, the puzzlement of map-makers ever since map-making began, are discust by Rupert T. Gould in his "Oddities: a Book of Unexplained Facts" (New York, 1928). We give below the substance of a group of extracts made by *The Science News Letter*, a publication of Science Service (Washington). Mr. Gould thinks that until we know considerably more about geography than we do now, there will always be such "doubtful islands." He goes on:

It may seem curious that we should still be in this state of uncertainty. But we still know much less about the "round world" than is generally supposed, and a small departure from the beaten track may still transform the ordinary mariner into a discoverer. An excellent example is the case of the Belcher Islands in Hudson Bay. Hudson Bay has been known and traveled ever since 1610, and the Hudson Bay Company has maintained trading posts on its shores for centuries past; yet in quite recent times (1915) a group of unknown islands were discovered within the bay itself, and almost within sight of land. Several are more than seventy miles long, and they have a total area of about five thousand square miles.

Old charts showed, in their vicinity, one or two little clusters of tiny islets, but their actual size, extent and position had remained unknown and unguessed at. They merely happen to lie off the ordinary trade route, and in a region which, until 1915, had never been properly examined.

Until the beginning of the seventeenth century it was not much more than an even chance that any particular island shown on a chart had any real existence. It was just as likely to have come there direct from the draftsman's imagination; or through a misreading or miscompilation of old and irreconcilable authorities; or as a compliment to a patron of either sex; or in consequence of some political exigency. Yet some of the non-existent islands, especially in unfrequented parts of the ocean, held their place on the charts for what seems an amazing length of time. Such, for example, was the island of Hy Brasil, supposed to be visible in the sunset from the west coast of Ireland. Its charted position is now occupied by a shoal with the comparatively prosaic name of "Porcupine Bank."

St. Brandan's Isle, too, was long charted as the westernmost of the Azores; while Mayda, another mythical island, which was probably a distorted version of Bermuda, turned up smilingly in the middle of the Bay of Biscay, on a map published at Chicago so recently as 1906.

Between these entirely mythical islands and the "doubtful" islands of the Admiralty charts, brief mention may be made of another class of island, apparently created for the sole purpose of irritating the map-maker. These appear and disappear, generally as the result of volcanic action; or shift their position from time to time. Actual "floating islands" the cartographer severely and justly neglects. The best-known specimens, such as those in Lake

in England's Wonderland

The breath-taking beauty of the English Lakes has been made famous by poets whose names are known throughout the world. The haunts they loved are still to be seen in a region that has lost none of its beauty with the passage of years. Make a tour of the Lake District and recapture the spirit of these famous men. Visit Wordsworth's seat at Rydal . . . Brantwood where Ruskin lived for thirty years, and Coniston where he is buried. Then there is Grasmere, with its Wishing Gate, full of associations with Wordsworth, with Coleridge, with de Quincey and with Matthew Arnold. To these places and to many others full of precious memories, the London Midland and Scottish Railway will take you speedily and in great comfort.

L M S
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A 64-day cruise of 16,398 miles visiting 20 chief ports and cities in 11 countries during the delightful springtime of Latin America.

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STANDARD DICTIONARY superiority quickly becomes plain to the man or woman who investigates

Orion and the famous island in Derwentwater, which usually comes up for a few weeks in summer and then sinks again, can never form a menace to shipping.

In the Indian Ocean, islets formed of decayed vegetation and sometimes bearing small trees, are occasionally blown out to sea at the changing of the monsoon. Some of the enormous Antarctic icebergs could give points to many real islands. An L-shaped berg sixty by forty miles in length was seen in the South Atlantic in 1865 and 1866, and one unfortunate vessel which got embayed between the two arms of the L was wrecked and destroyed on its shore. Even this is not a record for size, for a Norwegian whaler recently sighted off the South Shetland Islands, an ice-island over a hundred miles long.

But while floating islands are outside the purview of the cartographer, those irritating volcanic islands which periodically appear and disappear are not Falcon Island, in the northwest Pacific, is a good example of the class, and there have been one or two instances nearer home.

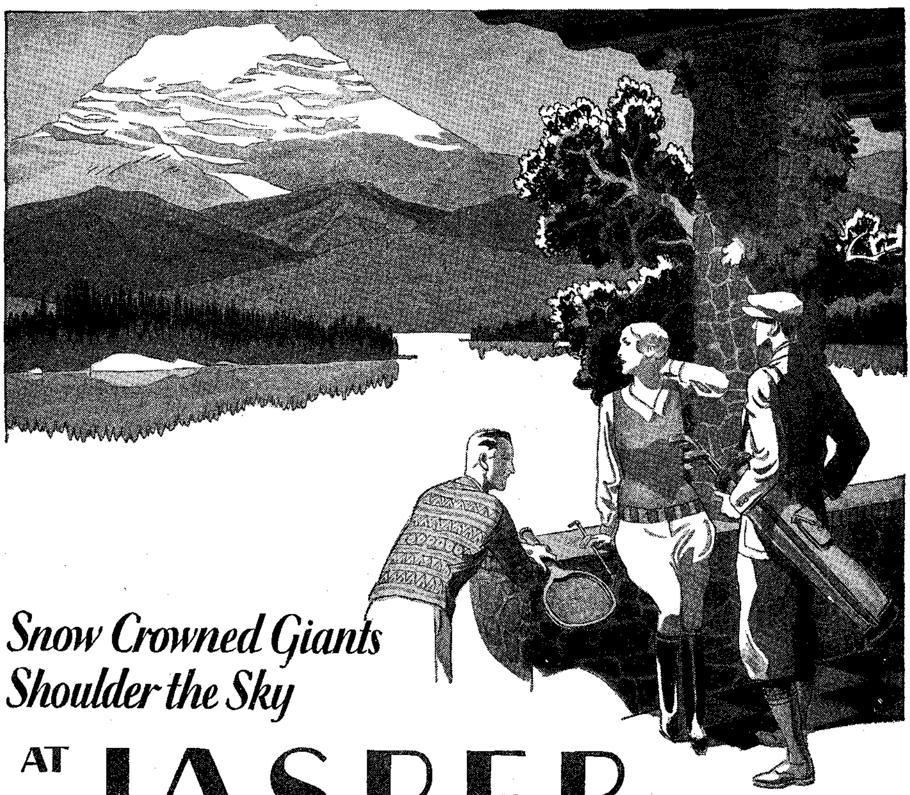
For example, in the year 1831 an islet emitting smoke and fire appeared some miles off the southwest coast of Sicily and rose gradually to over a hundred feet above sea-level, with a diameter of about half a mile. At the end of the year, however, it modestly effaced itself, sinking back toward the bed of the Mediterranean, and has ever since remained covered by several fathoms of water.

GERM THEORY IN ANCIENT INDIA

PHILOSOPHERS of ancient India understood the modern germ theory of disease, differing only in such unessential details as the name given to the disease-producing creatures. This, says Dr. E. E. Free in *New York*, has been maintained by Dr. A. N. Chatterjee, a modern Hindu physician who has collected references to disease and medicine in Hindu writings of thousands of years ago. We read:

> Dr. Chatterjee does not imagine that the sages of ancient India possest microscopes, or were able to see the disease germs, as modern bacteriologists do. Their conclusions were merely good guesses, formed, he admits, by inference from the habits of diseases; for example, in the spread of epidemics. The imagined causes were called "pishaches," Dr. Chatterjee reports, and were believed to be tiny invisible animals. Pasteur did not invent the idea of disease germs; he did something far more important. He proved it. Where modern science excels ancient philosophy is not in imagining possible causes for things but in making sure which of these imaginary items are real.
>
> This is no disparagement of Dr. Chatterjee's ancient, pishache-chasing sanitarians. They did the best they could, and it was not bad. The "pishaches" were said to congregate around decaying waste matter, in dirty dwellings, on battle-fields, and on public highways, where they lay in wait for human victims. In precisely these surroundings modern bacteriology knows disease germs to be plentiful. Measures urged to combat the pishaches resembled those now used by sanitarians against bacteria. Polluted materials were burned or buried; food and houses were kept clean; victims of disease were isolated, as they now are by quarantine; infected houses were fumigated by burning herbs, now known to be antiseptics.

CANADIAN NATIONAL—TO EVERYWHERE IN CANADA



Snow Crowned Giants Shoulder the Sky

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IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

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Mountain climbing—up neighboring heights and back between meals, or extended trips with Swiss guides to high summits; conducted expeditions to Mount Robson and to the Columbia Ice Fields.

Or relax and rest in the comfort of your fully-serviced log villa. Evenings of bridge, music and dancing at the central lodge—canoeing on Lac Beauvert—a delightful social atmosphere with visitors from all parts of the world.

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For detailed information and for reservations at Jasper Park Lodge, consult the nearest Canadian National office.

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INVESTMENTS ▾ AND ▾ FINANCE

ENGLISH WORRIES OVER YANKEE DOLLARS

PERHAPS it is because the Britisher is so used to the creditor rôle that he finds himself confused in the presence of the invasion of Yankee capital. American gold is being invested in British securities at an increasingly rapid rate, so that on the street, in the press, and in Parliament there is talk of the danger of letting the Americans into the control of British corporations. But when drastic action is taken to prevent such control, from the same sources come declarations against disturbing international trade relations and violating the British tradition of fair play. And on this side of the water editors are set to wondering about the eventual effects of the present tendency to put the American dollar at work abroad. What was called "probably the most significant tie-up of American and British capital since the war" was the recent purchase by an American concern, the Utilities Power and Light Corporation, of the entire common stock of the Greater London and Counties Trust, Ltd. The latter corporation controls seven leading British power companies, has a substantial interest in others, has assets amounting to $150,000,000, and serves exclusively large areas adjoining London, besides ninety-five cities and towns in England and Scotland. The territory served is said to include large manufacturing centers and to lie largely within a 100-mile radius of the city of London. No less a personage than the Earl of Birkenhead, former Secretary for India and Lord High Chancellor, has been made Chairman of the Board of Directors of the British company.

The American company secured control of the British group, we read in the New York *Times*, "for the distinct purpose of bringing its experience to bear on the solution of British manufacturing problems through the supply of adequate electric power at reasonable cost through the utilization of the most modern machinery and methods available."

But a Labor member arose in Parliament to ask the Government whether it was not "a serious position" that a monopoly created by Parliament should be controlled by foreign capital. This answer to such patriotic misgivings has been made by Sir Philip Dawson, one of the directors of the Greater London and Counties Trust:

> There is no possibility, of a set of American financiers getting together and doing anything deleterious to British interests. The position is absolutely controlled on the British side. It is just what British capital did in the early days of American railway development. They built railways all over the United States, and nobody ever doubted that this development was for the good of that country.

And President Harley L. Clarke of the Utilities Power and Light is quoted in the New York *Herald Tribune* as saying:

> The Greater London and Counties Trust is strictly a British company, tho the funds for it have been furnished by the Utilities Power and Light Corporation. The English company is entirely manned by a British directorate, British engineers, and buys British plant equipment exclusively.

A different angle of the Yankee invasion problem is presented by the action of the directors of the General Electric Company of Great Britain (not a subsidiary of our General Electric) which decided last September to try to prevent American control by depriving American stockholders of voting rights, and then a few days ago took further action to dilute the American stockholding interest. It was decided to issue 1,600,000 new common shares, restricting the issue to purchasers of British nationality and offering them at 42 shillings (about 20 shillings below the market price) without giving any preference to stockholders. About 60 per cent. of the stock of General Electric, Ltd., is said to be held in the United States. The American stockholders formed a protective committee, which protested that they would be treated unfairly, first, by not being allowed to increase their holdings at the price offered in England, and second, by the denial of "rights" generally given to stockholders when additional shares are issued.

The Chairman of General Electric, Ltd., Sir Hugo Hirst, has justified his original action by saying: "With a national key industry committed to their care, employing 25,000 men, the directors of the General Electric Company could not ignore the possibility that control of the company might pass from British to American hands." The purpose of restricting the new stock, according to Sir Hugo, was "to secure to us in continuity a certain percentage of British shareholders who are interested in the use of our products and the development of our company at home."

But according to the London correspondents, it was not the protests of the American stockholders, but the loud outcry at home that led the directors of General Electric to announce the postponement of the new stock issue after the bankers were ready to put it on the market. Papers like the London *Times*, *Daily Chronicle*, *Daily Express*, *Daily Mail*, *Observer*, the Manchester *Guardian* and the financial *Economist* and *Financial Times*, all came out in one way or another calling the scheme unfair and contrary to British traditions. "If we are to prosper as a business community," said *The Daily Mail*, "we must be resolute in seeing that foreign capital is treated fairly when it is placed in British securities." "The desire to insure British control of the company was entirely laudable, but there are right and wrong ways of doing laudable things," was the way *The Financial Times* put it. In the House of Commons attacks were made upon discrimination "which is injurious to this country's reputation in the capital markets of the world." Finally a committee of the London Stock Exchange brought pressure to bear, and on March 16 Sir Hugo agreed to postpone the issue of the new stock.

The significant thing that the New York *Times* sees in the flurry over the General Electric, Ltd. "British shares" is the intense concern for the reputation of British finance:

> In it there must be no discrimination against foreigners. A share of stock is a share of stock, and whatever rights or privileges go with it belong to its owner, no matter who he may be. This is the kind of thing that British investors abroad insist upon, and get whenever they can, so that it would be with the poorest kind of face that a plan should be attempted in England which would be denounced by Englishmen as sharp practise if it were tried at their cost.
>
> The Board of Trade recently figured the net income from British investments across the seas at nearly $1,500,000,000 yearly. It would never do to have foreign companies turn upon British lenders and threaten to execute upon them the financial villainy taught by them. These arguments, and others like them, have finally prevailed, at least to the extent of compelling the withdrawal of the proposed issue of shares. The whole has been a fine example of the enlightened selfishness with which British finance seeks to guard its honorable and enviable position in the world.

"The anxiety of the British to uphold British industry and British ownership in every possible way is intense; and it is understandable." So the Chicago *Journal of Commerce* remarks, and it continues:

> Britain's economic experiences since the war have been none too happy. Out of necessity has sprung the cry "Buy British goods." The Morris cars and the Dunlop tires are only two of the numerous commodities which have thrived by appeals to British patriotism. Popular support has been asked for the industries of the British Isles, first, and of the colonies and dominions overseas, second. Antagonism has been aroused toward the goods of the competitors of Britain, particularly the goods from America.
>
> All this, as has been said, is understandable; and if, in accordance with this self-protective impulse, the British Government, people, or limited companies wish to take precautions against American control of British industries, they have a right to do so. But nobody in England has the right to increase the proportionate share of the British stockholders in a limited company and correspondingly reduce the ownership interest of the American stockholders, without compensating the latter.

The stir in London is simply additional

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

evidence "that Europe fears the dollar more than she courts it," writes Glenn Griswold, in his column in this Chicago daily:

> The British seem most sensitive and fearful: one after another of their great companies, whose securities have been made active by American buying, are meeting hastily and amending their charters or by-laws to provide that control can never go overseas, and that a majority, and frequently all, of the directors of the corporation must be born British subjects.
>
> The German press is agitating the question more than that of any other country, but little is being done about it because German industry is so sorely in need of American dollars.
>
> Nothing suggesting governmental interference or policy has occurred in France, for the reason that the French are more clannish in such matters than almost any other nation, and the spirit of business and of the people so far has successfully rebuffed any important American acquisition of French industry.
>
> American money has made a good deal of progress in Spain in the utility field, but it has been discouraged from other important investments. Italy is working out a detailed plan for attracting American dollars, but the first consideration of Mr. Mussolini and his experts is to see that the intense national spirit of the country is not violated by the loss of control in any industry or important corporation.
>
> European fears probably are natural. American capital has been so blatantly advertised in recent years that the vague impression of most foreigners is that America has abundant capital to buy and dominate all of the industries of all of the world. But regardless of the extent to which American capital infiltrates, as these countries become prosperous and accumulate a capital surplus of their own, it will yield to adverse domestic pressure and find employment where the field is newer and the opportunity broader.

In the British alarm *The Wall Street Journal* finds "a curious parallel to the familiar outcry against the invasion of this country, before and after the Civil War, by immense amounts of British and other foreign capital, applied here to various development purposes, but particularly to the construction of railroads":

> It would be difficult if not impossible to show that such foreign investments here, tho they amounted in some instances to control of something like monopolies created by the States, worked anything but good for the communities in which the industries affected were situated. Foreign investors were no different from domestic in their aims; they sought the highest return compatible with the development of the business on a permanently sound basis.
>
> These corporations were themselves subject to the laws of the States and of the United States, and public regulation grew up unhampered by this form of absentee ownership.

MR. MELLON'S GOOD WORD FOR BONDS

WHEN, in the clamor of opinion about speculation, brokers' loans, money rates and Reserve Bank regulation, the Secretary of the Treasury makes a quiet suggestion to investors, the newspapers can not help taking notice. Mr. Mellon's recent remark that just now bonds are a good buy, wins not only attention but commendation from editors. Moreover, as the New York *Evening Post* noted in its Wall Street comment, "the bond market experienced a decided change for the better, giving indication that the recommendation of Secretary Mellon with regard to the attractiveness of many bonds over stocks was being accepted at its face value at least in some directions."

Such counsel as Mr. Mellon's, thinks the Philadelphia *Bulletin*, "is particularly needed by the inexperienced small investor, who has been using his savings to participate in the wide-spread speculative movement." "It can hardly be possible that the next two years will witness a further rise in stock values comparable to that of the past two years," reflects the Boston *Post*, adding: "There are bargains in the bond list to-day, probably more attractive ones than in the stock market of the moment." The virtues of bonds are being overlooked, says Merryle Stanley Rukeyser, in his financial column in the New York *American*, and he thinks that "tho the advantages of sound stocks reasonably priced are conceded, there are indications that investors are at present going to extremes." The Milwaukee *Journal* manages to hint a criticism of the Secretary of the Treasury, while agreeing with him that what he says about bonds is true—"they are down, largely because people have turned so strong to stocks, encouraged thereto from time to time by statements from Mr. Coolidge and Secretary Mellon."

This is what Mr. Mellon said about bonds, as he is quoted in the New York *Herald Tribune:*

> For prudent investors I would say, if making a prediction, that now is the time to buy good bonds. This does not mean that many stocks are not sound investments. Some are, however, too high in price to be good buys.

What Secretary Mellon means, explains *The Herald Tribune* editorially, is that "while a large majority of bonds are now attractive in point of investment yield, safety, and the possibility of appreciation in price, it is becoming more and more difficult to select stocks which have not discounted favorable developments for some time ahead." This paper continues:

> So far as the bond market is concerned, the recent and present nation-wide demand for stocks has been a two-edged sword. Not only have potential buyers of bonds turned away from them in favor of more speculative securities, but institutions which ordinarily are accustomed to carrying large portfolios of high-grade bonds

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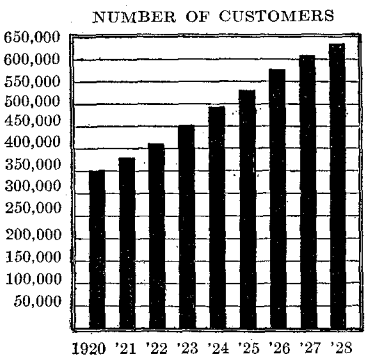

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

Continued

have been liquidating their holdings to put their funds into the call-money market, with its higher rate of return. The result has been an almost uninterrupted decline in the prices of interest-bearing securities since January, 1928, when they reached their post-war peak. As is always the case, the higher grade the bond the more heavily it has felt the impact of high money rates. Thus, the last fourteen months have seen one or two of the long-term government issues decline ten points or more, or more than $100 a bond. To-day we have the unprecedented situation of high-grade bonds selling at prices affording the investor approximately a full 1 per cent. more than he can obtain on industrial stocks of the better grade.

In the face of present money-market conditions it would be futile to predict the course of either bond or stock prices, or to say that now, or six months hence, would be a good time to buy this or that security. We are in hearty agreement with the Secretary of the Treasury, however, when he says that under present conditions picking a bargain on the bond counter is substantially simpler than on the counter for stocks.

Wall Street "characteristically" acted upon Mr. Mellon's opinion that some stocks are too high by sending them still higher the day after his words appeared in the papers, remarks the New York *Times*. And yet, we are told, his statement is bound to have weight, for it is now evident that Mr. Mellon is in full agreement with the other members of the Federal Reserve Board, "with Mr. Paul Warburg, and with other bankers of sound judgment, in pointing out the dangers of excessive speculation."

The Secretary's words, the Philadelphia *Record* contends, had a dual significance:

First, they stated obliquely the palpable fact that many present stock prices reflect not true values, but purely speculative demand.

Second, the Mellon comment was an added notice that there will be no let-up in measures to check the abuse of credit in maintaining a speculative orgy.

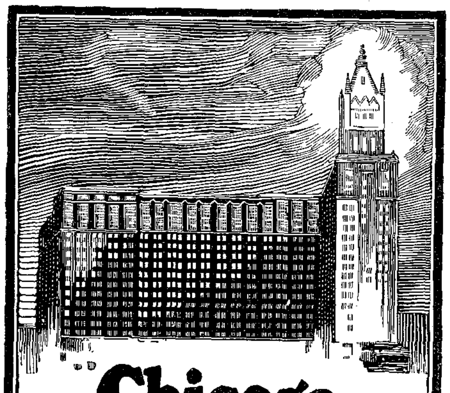
Wall Street may jeer at warnings, but, continues *The Record*, "because the pressure is slow doesn't mean that it isn't calculated and won't ultimately prevail," and "prudent investors" are told they may accept the facts of the situation as follows:

President Hoover and his entire Administration support the policy of the Reserve Board to limit the diversion of reserve credit from business to speculation.

They will favor a program designed to establish the ascendency of the Board as the ultimate arbiter of credit uses.

The corrective policy of the Board will be carried out, if not through persuasion, through pressure, as in increased bank rates.

And yet, "there is no reason to suppose that investors will be diverted from their interest in the stock market so long as stocks continued to offer the allure of rising capital values," observes the New York *Journal of Commerce*, continuing:



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THE TOURNEY OF THE TEXTILES

THE recent opening of a woolen pageant arrests the attention of a writer on the market page of the New York *Times*, because he sees it bringing a third group into the contest that has developed to win fashion favor for particular textiles. Each of these three promotional efforts is directed by a trade institute, we are reminded:

> The Rayon Institute undertook its style exhibitions to push the sale of the synthetic fibers some months ago. More recently the Cotton-Textile Institute launched style shows and a complete information service on behalf of cotton goods. For wool goods the style drive is sponsored by the Wool Institute. Silk is now the only major textile for which special promotion work is not under way, and strangely enough this industry was the pioneer in such enterprise.
>
> In the cotton and wool goods it is true that style promotion has been rather secondary to a determined effort to adjust output to demand and to reduce constantly recurring surpluses. Some success has been achieved along this line by both industries, tho there is still great question whether the control will prove to be more than temporary.
>
> At any rate, the equally important work of widening markets has been started, and rayon, cotton, and wool are lined up one against the other in a fine illustration of what the "new competition" means.

"What will come of this struggle?" The writer in *The Times* does not undertake to answer the question, merely suggesting that:

> Perhaps there will be a little more apparel sold, tho that is doubtful since the trend is not that way. Then again, perhaps one industry may succeed in besting competitors in the race. But, as likely as not, fickle fashion might turn to her silent suitor, silk.

Hoop-la!—

THE NUEVO LAREDO BULL RING After 11 years of service will be waste, but before this deplorable success, we want give to you the last chance to appreciate the Marvellous Bull Fight that will be effect Sunday March 10. 4 Brave and Fierce Bulls from Venadero—4, Will be fought to death by the elegant and marvellous Mexican Matador Esteban Garcia, Who make her apparition for the first and last time in this city.—*Handbill circulated in Laredo, Texas.*

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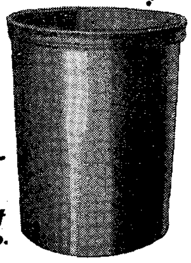

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National Vulcanized Fibre Co.
Wilmington, Del.

CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

March 13.—Gen. Umberto Nobile, late commander of the ill-fated *Italia*, North Pole expedition, resigns from the Italian air service.

The Italian Council of Ministers approve the bill presented by Premier Mussolini fulfilling the Italo-Vatican treaty.

The Belgian Chamber of Deputies, following similar action by the Belgian Senate, and the Swedish Riksdag, ratify the Briand-Kellogg pact renouncing war.

March 14.—In his report on the Italo-Vatican treaty, Premier Mussolini says that the Roman Catholic religion is the official religion of the State, but that the complete liberty of other religions "is not and could not be touched in the slightest way."

Dispatches from Asuncion say that Brazilian forces have attacked and driven the Paraguayan customs guards from the island of Margarita, in the Paraguay River.

March 15.—Mexican government forces under General Calles force the rebels out of the city of Durango and take Culican in their drive north.

The Paraguayan Foreign Office instructs its Minister at Rio de Janeiro to make representations to the Brazilian Government concerning the clash on the island of Margarita.

March 16.—Directors of the British General Electric Corporation, Ltd., announce the postponement of their much-criticized plan to issue new stock for sale to British citizens only.

March 17.—It is announced in Berlin that the General Motors Corporation has purchased the Opel Works, Germany's largest automobile-manufacturing plant.

March 18.—The Council of jurists appointed by the League of Nations accepts the Root plan for American adherence to the World Court with the Senate reservations.

Mexican rebel forces evacuate the city of Torreon.

March 19.—Sir George Paish, British financier and economist, declares that we are facing "the gravest financial crisis the world has ever seen, because the governments of the world have followed a policy of trade restriction, preventing debtors from paying their debts."

DOMESTIC

March 13.—Lee Bible, driving J. M. White's 36-cylinder, 1,500-horse-power *Triplex*, is killed at Daytona Beach, Florida, in attempting to break the world's speed record made by Major H. O. D. Segrave, his car also killing Charles Traub, a motion-picture photographer.

Eight people are reported killed by a tornado in Pickens County, South Carolina.

Secretary Wilbur of the Department of the Interior instructs all local Federal land officers that they are not to receive further applications for permits to prospect for oil or gas on the public domain.

March 14.—President Hoover issues an executive order requiring that all future

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IS NOT one that finds you fatigued, mentally and physically. Tired, aching feet will spoil any otherwise perfect day. Try shaking Allen's Foot=Ease into your shoes in the morning and you will walk all day in comfort. It takes the friction from the shoes and soothes sore, smarting or perspiring feet. If you walk, dance or engage in sports, Allen's Foot=Ease will keep your feet in trim and make your tight or new shoes feel easy.

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decisions of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue dealing with tax refunds in excess of $20,000 shall be open for public inspection.

Elba, Alabama, is marooned by the flood waters of Pea River and Whitewater Creek, and Gov. Bibb Graves issues an appeal for help for the endangered people.

March 15.—George W. Olvany, leader of Tammany Hall, tenders his resignation, to become effective not later than April 15.

Airplanes drop food to the marooned flood sufferers in Elba, Alabama, and 900 people are reported rescued, leaving 1,500 still marooned in the town. Nine people are reported dead, and the torrential rainfall continues in Alabama, Georgia, and Florida, imperiling other communities.

March 16.—The Alabama National Guard established a relief camp and brings out 1,500 persons from the flood-ridden district at Elba; 3,500 are removed from Geneva, and seventeen Army airplanes fly over various flood sectors with food, serum, and other supplies.

Fourteen people are killed and one seriously wounded in the crash of a giant Ford air transport near the municipal airport at Newark, New Jersey.

March 17.—Louise McPhetridge, already holder of the airplane altitude record for women, sets a new women's endurance flight record of 22 hours, 3 minutes, 12 seconds, at Oakland, California.

Governor Bibb Graves of Alabama appeals for a relief fund of $250,000 for the flood sufferers. The number now officially reported dead is twelve.

John W. Snook resigns as warden of Atlanta Federal Prison.

March 18.—Additional floods inundate four counties in Alabama.

It is announced in Washington that income-tax receipts this month are in excess of those for March, 1928.

March 19.—It is announced from Washington that the Administration program for law enforcement will not be carried out in any spectacular or sensational fashion.

No Gunning Allowed.—President Coolidge to-day telegraphed the editor of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch:*

"A bill appropriating $48,000 to improve Mount Weather for a Presidential refuge is just being signed by me. I congratulate you on the success of the campaign first broached in your newspaper, and almost unanimously approved by the press of the nation. The Congress has shown an inclination to treat a President with the same kind of consideration it extends to our birds and other wild life."—*A. P. dispatch from St. Louis.*

Under the Best Auspices.—President J. Oliver Buswell of Wheaton College entertained the twenty men of the faculty at a luncheon at the Open Gate Tea House Tuesday noon in honor of Sidney T. Smith of Winnipeg, who is spending the week in Wheaton, conducting evangelistic vices at the College church.—*Wheaton (Ill.) paper.*

Quick, the Sandpaper.—Milady's facial beauty must be supported in 1929 by a beautiful spine, roughed and powdered in harmony with her face.—*Seattle Daily Times.*

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"How simply poisonous of him to come to a dance with such a cold! With that cough he's absolutely impossible."

Nothing so quickly relieves coughs and colds as the exclusive Luden's Menthol Action. Often imitated, of course, but found only in Luden's, for the Luden's formula is jealously guarded.

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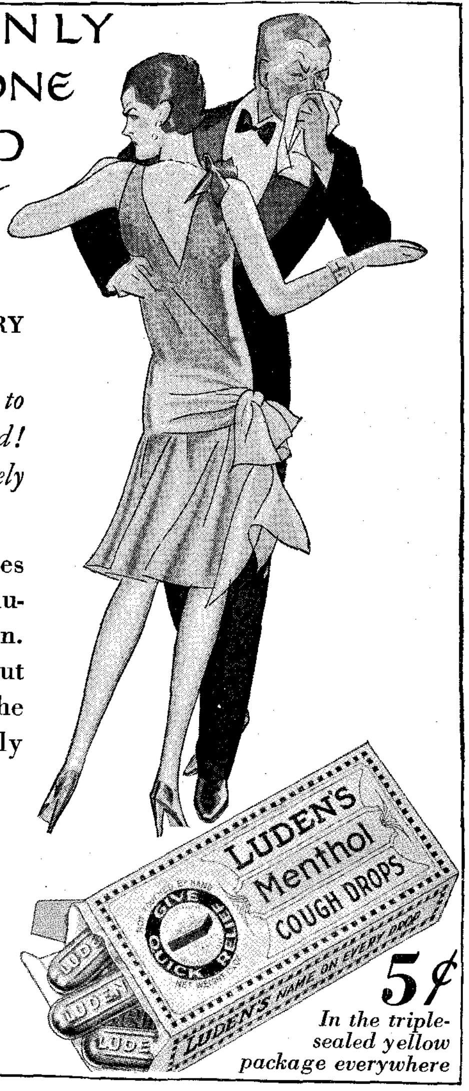


5¢ *In the triple-sealed yellow package everywhere*

THE SPICE OF LIFE

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Proud Author.—"Have you heard the story that's going around about Alice?"

"Heard it? Why, dearie, I started it."—*Boston Transcript.*

Sports Query.—Herman Thomas wants to know whether anything will be done toward barring Mr. Coolidge from the Presidency in 1932 under the player-writer rule.—*New York Sun.*

National Treasure.—After his marriage we'll have to give up calling him the Lone Eagle, remarks an exchange. Well, after it let's call him the Double Eagle—Charlie is pure gold.—*Boston Transcript.*

His Nose Knows.—DAUGHTER—"Oh, papa, what is your birthstone?"

FATHER OF TWELVE—"My dear, I'm not sure, but I think it is a grindstone."—*Herald of Gospel Liberty.*

A Drop Too Much.—"He was considered the most expert parachute-jumper in the country," remarked one of the friends standing beside the open coffin.

"Yes," said the other, "he was good till the last drop."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Needs Practise.—FIRST STOUT GIRL—"Madge lost ten pounds in two weeks by worrying."

SECOND DITTO—"I tried that, but I couldn't keep my mind on it."—*Boston Transcript.*

Baffling a Wizard.—Professor Einstein may be a wonder when it comes to handling theories, but we often wonder how he makes out when he gets up against a reality of such substance as an income-tax blank. —*Albany Knickerbocker Press.*

Why They Pine.—Commenting on the number of petrol-driven boats on the Thames above Richmond, a writer points out that oil is very bad for fish. That must be why sardines always look so unutterably depressed.—*Humorist* (*London*).

Just the Man for It.—POLITICIAN—"Can you give my friend a job on your railway?"

MANAGER — "But he can not talk English."

POLITICIAN—"Well, then, give him a job calling out trains."—*Watchman-Examiner.*

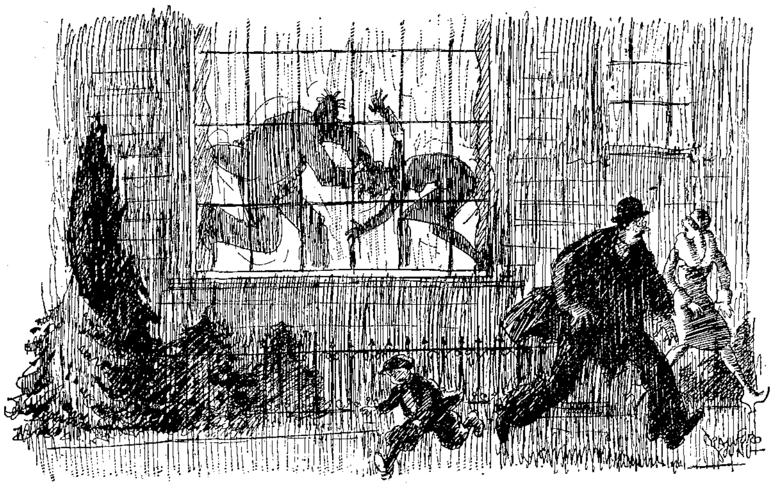
Left-handed Compliment.—It transpires that Mr. George Gershwin, take it from the advertisement, is never bored from a—— book. If some night club wants to offer us a price to indorse it in that fashion, we are willing to say that we never are bored by the This and That Night Club. As a corollary we never have been bored by a week-end at the North Pole.—*F. P. A. in the New York World.*

Durable Monument.—A certain man left his wife money to pay for a stone to his memory. She carried out the letter of the bequest by buying a diamond.—*Pathfinder.*

Skedaddle!—Rufe Johnson's pet hound disappeared. Rufe put the following ad in the paper:

"Lost or run away—one liver-colored bird dog called Jim. Will show signs of hydrofobby in about three days."

The dog came home the following day.—*Herald of Gospel Liberty.*



The neighbors called the police to stop the Joneses' awful fight, but he was only helping her pull off one of those tight jerseys. —*Judge.*

The Masculine Protest.—

"I shall not use tobacco,"
Said little Robert Reed.
"It seems since girls smoke cigarets,
Effeminate, indeed!"

—*Philander Johnson in the Washington Star.*

Up to the Neck.—The teacher said to her class: "Words ending in 'ous' mean full of; as joyous means full of joy and vigorous means full of vigor. Now give an example of such a word."

Tommy raised his hand and said: "Pious."—*Herald of Gospel Liberty.*

From Pasturized Cows.—"I do hope you keep your cows in a pasture," said Mrs. Newlywed as she paid the milkman.

"Yes, madam," replied the milkman, "of course, we keep them in a pasture."

"I'm so glad," gushed Mrs. Newlywed. "I have been told that pasteurized milk is much the best."—*Watchman-Examiner.*

Lady Clara Vere de Vere.—E. R. favors us with a few social tips, as follows:

When a young woman is introduced to a bachelor who says, "I'm very happy to meet you," she should say with a smile, "Lucky is the word, old thing!"

Should a young lady while out skating approach a gentleman who has come a cropper on the ice, she should say, "How do you do, Mr. Jones? Oh, don't get up."

Frequently when one is introduced to a well-known person, one remarks, "I've heard a lot about you," the well-known person should reply lightly, "Well, you can't prove anything."—*Boston Transcript.*

SLIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT

Darn It!—During the ceremony "To a Wild Hose" was softly played.—*Alabama paper.*

Yum-yum.—Place a thin slice of Swiss cheese on top, and season with a little tobacco and Worcestershire sauce.—*Seattle Post-Intelligencer.*

Ballot Stuffing. — Remember when Abraham Lincoln was elected President and the people drove oxen to the polls to vote?—*Des Moines Register.*

Get This Straight.—When a kettle of water is put on a stove, it gets hotter and hotter until it boils.—"*New Practical Physics," by Black and Davis.*

Love Laughs at Geometry.—But the testimony of a fourth corner to the love triangle started their tongues clicking again.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Stepping Heavenward, or (?)—Accredited scientific observers are telling us with increasing plainness that under the new ideas of to-day which have translated liberty into license multitudes of girls, to say nothing of young men, are being swept away into open and notorious immortality. —*New York Journal.*

Picked a Healthy Spot.—

Improve After Fall
At Metropolitan Church

—*Toronto Evening Telegram.*

Tag, You're It!—

3 CHILDREN RUN DOWN
BY TRUCK AT PLAY

—*Omaha Bee-News.*

Call the Police.—

FAST GIRLS' TOURNAMENT
OPENS HERE WEDNESDAY

—*Dallas* (*Tex.*) *Journal.*

Keep the Home Fires Burning.—"Sacred to the memory of James J. ——, who died Aug. 6, 1900. His widow, who mourns as one who can be comforted, aged 24, and possessing every qualification for a good wife, lives at 140 —— street, this village." —*Tombstone inscription quoted in an unidentified clipping forwarded by a* DIGEST *reader in Los Angeles.*

Volstead Law in Africa.—A Transparent Dining-Room.—We had to eat our dinners in Northern Uganda under a mosquito netting tent. Inside the tent are Mr. George Eastman, Osa, Dr. Kaiser and Philip Percival, Mr. Eastman's white hunter. The bottles on the table contain vinegar and olive oil.—*Caption in Martin Johnson's "Lion."*—(*Putnam's*).